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L I F E
OF
L O R D J E F F R E Y.

WITH A
Selection from his Correspondence.

BY
L O R D C O C K B U R N,
ONE OF THE JUDGES OF THE COURT OF SESSION IN SCOTLAND.

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.

VOL. I.

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LORD JEFFREY.

1844

Selection from his Correspondence.

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LORD COCHRAN.

Selection from his Correspondence.

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PREFACE.

MY only apology for the presumption of engaging in this work, is, that it was undertaken at the request of the family, and of several of the friends, of Lord Jeffrey. Besides other objections, there is an age, after which it is seldom safe for one who has never tried to write a book, to begin the attempt.

There are both advantages and disadvantages in the nearness of a man's biography to his actual life. One of the disadvantages consists in the difficulty of speaking plainly of persons still living, or recently dead. "*His greatest fault* (says Lord Jeffrey of Hardy's Life of Charlemont) is, *that he does not abuse anybody*, even where the dignity of history and of virtue calls loudly

for such an infliction ;” and, no doubt, this is a serious objection. But if the biographer of Charlemont, though dealing with Irish transactions, felt the indelicacy of the censorian duty in a work published eleven years after the death of his subject, how would he have recoiled from it, if engaged, with any other affairs, within less than two? But, indeed, there were few persons whom Jeffrey himself abused; and though there were some public matters connected with his life on which it would not be wrong to speak, even now, in terms of severe condemnation, it would be unworthy of his magnanimous spirit, if, in the very act of describing him, his friends were to remember provocations which he had forgotten.

My thanks are due, and are hereby given, to all those who have assisted me by contributions of letters.

These letters will probably be deemed the only valuable part of this work. It must, therefore, be explained, that he was so constant a correspondent, that those now published are but a small portion of what he was always writing;

and that his letters were generally so long, and so full of those personal and domestic details, which, however delightful to receive, would be of no interest, and not even intelligible, to strangers, that they very seldom admit of being communicated entire. Nothing is omitted from this publication for any other reason. What have been selected are not given on account of any particular opinions or occurrences which they may record, but solely from their tendency to disclose the personal nature of the man. And I am bound to state, that, out of many hundreds of his letters that I have seen, there are scarcely three lines that might not be read with propriety to any sensitive lady, or to any fastidious clergyman.

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LIFE OF LORD JEFFREY.

FRANCIS JEFFREY, the greatest of British critics, was born in Edinburgh on the 23d of October, 1773. There are very few persons the precise spot of whose nativity it is worth while taking much pains to fix. But as almost all the accounts of Jeffrey do specify a place, and a wrong one, it may be as well to mention that he certainly was *not* born in either of the three houses, in Fisher's Land, or Patterson's Court, or Buchanan's Court, all in Lawnmarket Street, where the family afterward lived; but in one of the flats or floors of what is now marked No. 7, on the west side of Charles Street, George Square. Besides other unquestionable evidence, he himself pointed this out as his birth-place to his friend, Mr. Adam Black, bookseller.

His father was George Jeffrey, who was bred to the law, and became one of the depute-clerks in the Supreme Court, (called the Court of Session;) not a high, but a very respectable, situation. His mother was Henrietta Loudon, a daughter of Mr. John Loudon, who had been educated for the church, but abandoned it for farming, which he practised near Lanark. Their children were Margaret, who died in childhood; Mary, afterward married to George Napier, Esq., a writer to the signet, Edinburgh; Francis; John, a merchant; and Marion, afterward the wife of Dr. Thomas Brown, physician in Glasgow, now of Langfine, in

the county of Ayr. Francis survived the whole family.* The father, who died in 1812, aged seventy, was a sensible and very respectable man; but of rather a gloomy disposition. Mrs. Jeffrey had all the maternal virtues, and was greatly beloved by her family; the more so from the contrast between her and her husband. She died suddenly in September, 1786. Francis, then thirteen, happened to be passing a few days at Stevenson, in East Lothian, about seventeen miles from Edinburgh. Intelligence of his mother's danger reached the family he was living with; but as it was too late to get the boy into Edinburgh that night, they meant to conceal it from him till next day. But he had detected, or suspected it, and set off next morning before the house was astir, and walked home alone. The loss of their mother drew the children closer to each other, and the warmest affection subsisted between them throughout their whole lives.

Francis learned his mere letters at home; and John Cockburn, who had a school in the abyss of Bailie Fyfe's Close, taught him to put them together. He was the tiniest possible child, but dark and vigorous, and gained some reputation there while still in petticoats. One Sealy had the honour of giving him his whole dancing education, which was over before his ninth year began. It is to be hoped, for Mr. Sealy's sake, that this pupil was not the

* A story that is told of a fire having broken out, when he was about a year old, in his father's house, and of his being nearly sacrificed by having been forgotten in his garret crib, till rescued by a poor slater, whom he lived to save in return long afterward by gratuitous professional services, is, unfortunately, groundless. It has probably arisen from some confusion with a fire which consumed his father's house in 1792, when he was at Oxford, and when it was with difficulty that his grandmother was rescued by her grand-daughter, Mary Crockett, afterward Mrs. Murray.

best specimen of his skill; for certainly neither dancing, nor any muscular accomplishment, except walking, at which he was always excellent, were within his triumphs.

The more serious part of his education commenced in October, 1781; when, at the age of eight, he was sent to the High School of Edinburgh, where he continued for the next six years. This day-school had long been the most celebrated establishment of the kind in this country. Its mere antiquity gave it importance, and its position, as the metropolitan school, enabled it to look down upon the few rival institutions that then existed. Its triumph was completed by its not having been then discovered that interchanging Scotch and English boys did good to both, and by the total absence of the idea, which has since taken possession of so many weak heads, that whenever a boy is supposed to be not signalizing himself in Scotland, sending him to England, instead of stupifying him, must set him up. So that in addition to its age, its fame, and its merits, it had the still greater advantage of a monopoly, and this in the place where the aristocracy of Scotland chiefly resided. It had then what would now be deemed intolerable defects; but defects of the age, and not of the place, and which do not now exist. And it was cursed by two undermasters, whose atrocities young men cannot be made to believe, but old men cannot forget, and the criminal law would not now endure. It was presided over, however, by Dr. Alexander Adam, the author of the Roman Antiquities, whose personal and professional virtues were sufficient to sustain, and to redeem, any school; and in his two other undermasters, Mr. Luke Fraser, and Mr. French, he had associates worthy of their chief.*

* The school still survives and flourishes. Dr. Adam was succeeded in 1810 by Professor Pillans, who introduced the modern spirit of teach-

His first master was Mr. Fraser; who, from three successive classes, of four years each, had the singular good fortune to turn out Walter Scott, Francis Jeffrey, and Henry Brougham. He is justly described by Scott as "a good Latin scholar, and a very worthy man." There were about one hundred and twenty boys in Jeffrey's class, all under one master, unaided by any usher. When Jeffrey was in his seventeenth year, he wrote "A Sketch," &c., full of personal recollections and views. In this paper he gives the following account of his first day's sensations at this school:

"My next step was to the Grammar school; and here my apprehensions and terrors were revived and magnified; for my companions, either through a desire of terrifying me, or because they had found it so, exaggerated to me the difficulty of our tasks, and dwelt upon the unrelenting severity of the master. Prepossessed with these representations, I trembled at what I was destined to suffer, and entered the school as if it had been a place of torture. Never, I think, was surprise equal to mine, the first day of my attendance. I sat in silent terror—all was buzz and tumult around—a foot is heard on the stairs—every thing is hushed as death, and every dimply smile prolonged into an expression of the most serious respect. The handle of the door sounds—ah! here he comes!—I thought my heart would have burst my breast. There began my disappointment. I had expected to have seen a little withered figure, with a huge rod in his hand, his eyes sparkling with rage, and his whole attitude resembling the pictures and

ing, and as many of the modern improvements as was wise for the place, and was probably the best head master of a Scotch classical school that had then appeared. He, when advanced in 1820 to a chair in the college, was succeeded by the late excellent Dr. Carson; who, on his retirement, made way for the present rector, Dr. Schmitz; whose learning is an honour to the institution, and whose ability as a teacher, and worth as a man, give the school all that strong claim to public support that the eminence of a head master ought to confer.

descriptions of the furies. Absurd as the idea was, I don't know how it had laid hold of my imagination, and I was surprised to see it reversed; and reversed it certainly was. For Mr. Fraser was a plump, jolly, heavy-looking man, rather foolish-like as otherwise, and, in my opinion, would have made a better landlord than a pedagogue. He seats himself, looks smilingly around, asks some simple questions, and seems well pleased with answers, which I knew I could have made. I was struck; I could hardly believe my own senses; and every moment I looked for the appearance of that rod which had so terrified my apprehensions. The rod, however, made not its appearance. I grew quiet, but still fixed in a stupor of wonder. I gazed at the object before me, and listened with the most awful attention to all the trifling words that dropped from his lips. At last he dismissed us, and I returned home full of satisfaction, and told eagerly to every one around me my expectations and disappointment."

He continued with Mr. Fraser four years, learning only Latin. Greek and mathematics were proscribed. His few surviving class-fellows only recollect him as a little, clever, anxious boy, always near the top of the class, and who never lost a place without shedding tears. He says, in the Sketch, that he was "not without rivals, and one of them at least got the better, being decidedly superior in several points." I have not been able to discover even the name of his solitary victor.

In October, 1785, he passed on to the rector's class, where he remained two years. He was here in the midst of one hundred and forty boys, one-half of whom was a year in advance of the other half, but all in one room, and at the same time, and all under a single master. But this master was Adam, who added some Greek to the Latin, and delighted in the detection and encouragement of every appearance of youthful talent or goodness. "It was from this respectable man, (says Scott,) that I first learned the value

of the knowledge I had hitherto considered only as a burdensome task." Jeffrey, through life, recollected him with the same judicious gratitude. Of this class he says, "During my first year (with Fraser) I acknowledged only one superior; in the last there were not less than ten who ranked above me." Whether they were of the ten or not, the only two of his school-fellows whom I have been able to trace into any distinction, are, the Rev. Dr. Brunton, Professor of Oriental Literature, and Dr. Alexander Munro, the third of his illustrious line, Professor of Anatomy, both in the College of Edinburgh.

Voluntary reading was not much in fashion then with the High School boys; but Jeffrey had not neglected it utterly, or been frivolous in his selection; for besides some travels and natural history, the library register shows that he was rather steady in the perusal of Hume's History, and of Middleton's Life of Cicero.

Thus six years passed away; and without being marked by any of those early achievements or indications which biography seems to think so necessary for its interest, and is therefore so apt to detect, or to invent, in the dawnings of those who have risen to future eminence. He escaped being made a wonder of. Forty years after leaving the school, he testified his recollection of it by contributing £50 towards its removal to its present beautiful building,* and noble site.

One day, in the winter of 1786-7, he was standing on the High Street, staring at a man whose appearance struck him; a person standing at a shop door tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "Ay, laddie! ye may weel look at that man! That's Robert Burns." He never saw Burns again.

In the beginning of the winter of 1787, he was sent to Glasgow College, in his fourteenth year. This is often a

* By Mr. Thomas Hamilton, architect.

dangerous liberation; but it was very salutary for one whose ambition was already awakened, and whose taste was beginning to feel the literary attractions which proved the delight of his life. Exemption from the task-work of school, and getting into a region of new scenes, and with higher pursuits, and more independence, were the very change which his progress required. I believe that Glasgow was preferred, with a view to the Oxford exhibitions, to which it has long owed so many of its best students, and of which it has in general made so fair a use. None of our other colleges have such academic prizes. If there be any rich Scotchman who is now thinking of perpetuating his name by public munificence, let him not waste himself on hospitals, or such common objects, but let him think of the depressing poverty of his native colleges, and of the honour which a long roll of distinguished men, receiving the higher part of their education through his bounty, has, for a century and a half, conferred on the founder of the Glasgow exhibitions. But if Jeffrey's father had any such view, it was soon abandoned.

He remained at Glasgow for two sessions, that is, from October, 1787, to May, 1788, and from October, 1788, to May, 1789; and was at home during the intervening summers. In his first session his classes were the Greek, taught by Professor John Young, and the Logic, by Professor John Jardine. Neither masters nor pupil could have been better suited for each other. They gave him good teaching, and he took them a spirit most anxious to be taught. Jardine, in particular, though recently appointed, and conspicuous neither for ability nor for learning, had already evinced that singular power of making youths work, which, for the forty subsequent years, made his class the intellectual grindstone of the college. Jeffrey seems to have fancied at first that Jardine did not take sufficient notice of him; but he soon formed a steady friendship with both him and Young, and never forgot what he owed them.

There was an article in the *Edinburgh Review* in 1821, (No. 70, Art. 3,) on classical education, shortly after Mr. Young's death. It was not written by Jeffrey, but he added a discriminating note explaining Young's merits, (p. 308;) and in addressing the college on his first inauguration as rector, he mentioned him and Jardine in grateful and affectionate terms. Of Jardine, he says: "I cannot resist congratulating myself, and all this assembly, that I still see beside me one surviving instructor of my early youth,—the most revered, the most justly valued, of all my instructors—the individual of whom I must be allowed to say *here*, what I have never omitted to say in every other place, that it is to him, and his most judicious instructions, that I owe my taste for letters, and any little literary distinction I may since have been enabled to attain. It is no small part of the gratification of this day to find him here, proceeding, with unabated vigour and ardour, in the eminently useful career to which his life has been dedicated; and I hope and trust that he will yet communicate to many generations of pupils those inestimable benefits to which many may easily do greater honour, but for which no one can be more grateful than the humble individual who now addresses you."

The only class that I can ascertain his having attended during his second session was the Moral Philosophy, under Professor Arthur; who, being the assistant and successor of Reid, must be supposed to have been a person of some merit.

Professor John Millar, whose subject was Law and Government, was then in his zenith. His lectures were admirable; and so was his conversation; and his evening parties; and his boxing (gloved) with his favourite pupils. No young man admitted to his house ever forgot him; and the ablest used to say that the discussions into which he led them, domestically and convivially, were the most exciting and the most instructive exercises in which they ever took a

part. Jeffrey says that his books, excellent though they be, "reveal nothing of that magical vivacity which made his conversation and his lectures still more full of delight than of instruction; of that frankness and fearlessness which led him to engage, without preparation, in every fair contention, and neither to dread nor disdain the powers of any opponent; and still less, perhaps, of that remarkable and unique talent, by which he was enabled to clothe, in concise and familiar expressions, the most profound and original views of the most complicated questions; and thus to render the knowledge which he communicated so manageable and unostentatious, as to turn out his pupils from the sequestered retreats of a college, in a condition immediately to apply their acquisitions to the business and affairs of the world." (Rectorial Address.)

It has been supposed that this description could only have been drawn by one who had attended the course; but this is a mistake. It was the result of subsequent acquaintance, and of common fame; for he was never one of Millar's pupils. This is confirmed by the class lists, which have been preserved, and do not contain Jeffrey's name; and by two of Mr. Millar's daughters, recently, if not still, alive, who remember their father and Jeffrey's introduction to each other, which took place in the theatre, some years after the latter had left Glasgow. The truth is, that Millar's free doctrines, and his Whig party, were held in abhorrence by Mr. Jeffrey senior; who, after it appeared that the political opinions of Francis were on the popular side, and incorrigible, used to blame himself for having allowed the mere vicinity of Millar's influence to corrupt and ruin his son.

The Rev. Dr. Macfarlane, now Principal of the College of Glasgow, and the Rev. Dr. Haldane, now Principal of the College of St. Mary's, St. Andrews, were fellow-students with Jeffrey at Glasgow, and have given me some information about his state and proceedings there. Prin-

cipal Macfarlane says, that, during his first session, "he exhibited nothing remarkable except a degree of quickness, bordering, as some thought, on petulance; and the whim of cherishing a premature moustache, very black, and covering the whole of his upper lip, for which he was much laughed at and teased by his fellow-students." But there was no want of spirit; for Adam Smith had been set up that year for the office of Lord Rector, which depends on the votes of the professors and students, and Principal Haldane recollects seeing a little black creature, whom he had not observed before, haranguing some boys in the green against voting for Dr. Smith. This was Jeffrey. Not that he had any objection either to the *Wealth of Nations* or to its author; but the *Economist* was patronised by the professors, which has often made the students take the opposite side. The opposition, however, was withdrawn, and, on the 12th of December, 1787, Smith was installed. It is very unlikely that Jeffrey would miss seeing such a ceremony, in honour of such a man; but an expression in his own Inaugural Address, where he says that Smith "is *reported* to have remained silent," seems to throw a doubt on his presence.

In his second session he disclosed himself more satisfactorily. Principal Macfarlane says, "He broke upon us very brilliantly. In a debating society, called, I think, the Historical and Critical, he distinguished himself as one of the most acute and fluent speakers; his favourite subjects being criticism and metaphysics." Professor Jardine used to require his pupils to write an exercise, and then to make them give in written remarks on each other's work. Principal Haldane's essay fell to be examined by Jeffrey, who, on this occasion probably, made his first critical adventure. "My exercise (says the Principal) fell into the hands of Jeffrey, and sorely do I repent that I did not preserve the essay, with his remarks upon it. For though they were unmercifully severe, they gave early promise of that critical

acumen which was afterward fully developed in the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*. In returning my essay to me, the good professor, willing to save my feelings, read some of the remarks at the beginning of the criticism, but the remainder he read in a suppressed tone of voice, muttering something as if he thought it too severe." The first prize in the Logic class was awarded, by the votes of the pupils, to a person called Godfrey; but he was much older than Jeffrey, who, Principal Haldane says, had, all throughout, made "a brilliant figure," and was, "unquestionably, the ablest student of the class."

Some of the students formed themselves into the Elocution Society, which met every Monday evening, for their improvement in recitation. From recitation to acting is but a short step; and, accordingly, they meant to have performed *Tancred and Sigismunda*, when Principal Macfarlane was to have shone as *Rodolpho*, and Jeffrey as *Sigismunda*. But, as an apartment within the college was to have been the theatre, the academical authorities stopped the scheme, to the rage of the disappointed actors. On the last page of his notes of Professor Arthur's lectures, Jeffrey sets forth that, before finally leaving the college, he had one thing to "advise, to declare, to reprobate, to ask, and to wish."—"What I have to advise is, Mr. Arthur and the Principal to pay a little more attention to the graces in their respective modes of lecturing and praying." "What I declare is, that the Faculty has acted in the meanest, most illiberal, and despicable manner with regard to the Elocution Club."—&c. &c.

He began here the practice, to which he steadily adhered, of taking full notes of all the lectures he heard;—not mere transcripts of what the lecturer said, but expositions by the pupil, in his own language, of what he had meant, with discussions of the doctrines. Hence, even the division of separate prelections is seldom regularly observed; but the whole course is run together, in a way which, while

it does not swamp the professor, afforded an excellent exercise for the student, both in thinking and composing.

The turn that his mind was taking is evinced by the following letter to his old master, Dr. Adam, which, for a boy of fifteen, seems to be curious:—"Dear Sir, I do not question that you will be surprised at the freedom of this uninvited intrusion; and when I tell you (by way of apology) that for these some weeks I have been impelled to the deed by the impulse of some internal agent, I question if your surprise will be diminished. As a student of philosophy I thought myself bound to withstand the temptation, and as an adept in logic, to analyze the source of its effects. Both attempts have been equally unsuccessful. I have neither been able to resist the inclination, nor to discover its source. My great affection for the study of mind led me a weary way before I abandoned this attempt; nor did I leave the track of inquiry till I thought I had discovered that it proceeded from some emotion in the powers of the will rather than that of the intellect. My epistolary communications have hitherto been confined to those whom I could treat with all the familiarity of the most perfect equality, and whose experience or attainments I was not accustomed to consider as superior to my own. This, I think, will account and apologize for any peculiarity you may discern in my style. I think it superfluous to assure you, that whatever appearance of levity or petulance *that* may bear, the slightest, the most distant shadow of disrespect was never intended. When I recollect the mass of instruction I have received from your care—when I consider the excellent principles it was calculated to convey—when I contemplate the perspicuous, attentive, and dispassionate mode of conveyance—and, when I experience the advantages and benefits of all these, I cannot refrain the gratification of a finer feeling in the acknowledgment of my obligations. I am sufficiently sensible that these are hackneyed and cant phrases; but, as they express the senti-

ments of my soul, I think they must be tolerated. If you ever find leisure to notice this, I shall esteem your answer as a particular honour; and that you may more easily accomplish this, I inform you that I lodge at Mr. Milne's, Montrose Lodgings. So—this is an introductory letter! It wants indeed the formality of such a performance; but the absence of that requisite may for once be supplied by the *sincerity* with which I assure you I am, dear sir, yours, &c. &c., F. JEFFREY.—Glasgow, January, 1789.”

To this communication the worthy rector sent the following answer:—Edinburgh, January, 1789—“I received your favour with great pleasure, and the more so as you say it has proceeded from an emotion in the powers of the will rather than the intellect. I perceive, however, it has been the joint effect of both, and I am happy to observe the latter so well cultivated. For your sentiments and expressions are such as indicate no small proficiency in the studies in which you have been engaged. I should have shown you how much I valued your epistolary communications by acknowledging them in course; but I delayed it till I should have a little more leisure. It is long since I have relinquished the field of metaphysical speculation, otherwise I should answer you in kind. I was very fond of these studies at your time of life; but I have exchanged them, if not for more entertaining, at least for more practical pursuits; as I hope you will soon do, with all the success which your industry and talents merit. You need not be afraid to take up hackneyed phrases; for it is the property of genius to convert every thing to its own use, and to give the most common things a new appearance. I thank you for your very polite compliments. You have handsomely expressed what I have at least attempted, for I have not yet effected what I wished. There is much room for improvement in the plan of education in this country; but there are so many obstacles to it, that I begin to despair of seeing it accomplished. One thing

gives me the greatest satisfaction—that in our universities, and particularly in yours—young men have the best opportunities of acquiring extensive knowledge, and the most liberal principles. I hope you will never forget to join classical elegance with philosophical accuracy and investigation. Even the mechanical part of writing is not below your attention. You see the freedom which you are always to expect from me, and I know you will take it in good part.”

It would have been comfortable to Jeffrey's many correspondents if he had taken the rector's hint about the mechanical part of writing. His incapacity of manuscript seems to have been a very early subject of domestic censure. He tells his sister Mary about this time, “I am sure I would willingly forfeit any of my attainments to acquire a good form of writing. For I am convinced much more time and trouble have I bestowed upon this, without effect, than would have been sufficient for the acquisition of a much more complex object. The truth is, I detest the employment. Such a mechanical drudgery! and without any certainty of the attainment of my end.” Of course, the detestation prevailed, and a more illegible hand has very rarely tormented friends. The plague of small and misshapen letters is aggravated by a love of contractions, and an aversion to the relief of new paragraphs. There are whole volumes, and even an entire play with the full complement of acts and scenes, without a new line. Here, however, as in every thing else, he improved as he advanced.

To those who only knew him in his maturity, there was nothing more prominent in the character of his intellect than its quickness. He seemed to invent arguments, and to pour out views, and to arrive at conclusions, instinctively. Preparation was a thing with which it was thought that so elastic a spirit did not require to be encumbered. Nevertheless, quick though he undoubtedly was, no slow

mind was ever aided by steadier industry. If there be any thing valuable in the history of his progress, it seems to me to consist chiefly in the example of meritorious labour which his case exhibits to young men, even of the highest talent. If he had chosen to be idle, no youth would have had a stronger temptation or a better excuse for that habit; because his natural vigour made it easy for him to accomplish far more than his prescribed tasks respectably, without much trouble, and with the additional applause of doing them off hand. But his early passion for distinction was never separated from the conviction, that in order to obtain it, he must work for it.

Accordingly, from his very boyhood, he was not only a diligent, but a very systematic student; and in particular, he got very early into the invaluable habit of accompanying all his pursuits by collateral composition; never for the sake of display, but solely for his own culture. The steadiness with which this almost daily practice was adhered to would be sufficiently attested by the mass of his writings which happens to be preserved; though these be obviously only small portions of what he must have executed. There are notes of lectures, essays, translations, abridgments, speeches, criticisms, tales, poems, &c.; not one of them done from accidental or momentary impulse, but all wrought out by perseverance and forethought, with a view to his own improvement. And it is now interesting to observe how very soon he fell into that line of criticism which afterward was the business of his life. Nearly the whole of his early original prose writings are of a critical character; and this inclination toward analysis and appreciation was so strong, that almost every one of his compositions closes by a criticism on himself.

Of these papers only four, written at Glasgow, remain. They are on the Benevolent Affections, the Immortality of the Soul, the Law of Primogeniture, and Sorcery and Incantation. The one on the Benevolent Affections, ex-

tending to about fifty folio pages of ordinary writing, is the earliest of his surviving compositions. Both in its style and its reasoning, it seems to me an extraordinary performance for his age.

He was occasionally assisted in his Glasgow studies by Mr. James Marshall, who was soon afterward appointed one of the college chaplains; and at last had the charge of the Presbyterian congregation of Waterford, where he died in 1827. He was an able and accomplished man, of considerable colloquial powers, and greatly respected. His pupil and he kept up their acquaintance so long as Mr. Marshall lived.

The pupil was subject at this time, or supposed so, to what he deemed superstitious fears; to cure himself of which he used to walk alone at midnight round the Cathedral and its graveyard, which were then far more solitary than they are now.

After leaving Glasgow, in May, 1789, he returned home, and remained in and about Edinburgh till September, 1791, when he went to Oxford. During this long and important interval he seems, fortunately, to have been left entirely to himself. There is no reason to suppose that he attended any of the Edinburgh College classes, except a course of Scotch Law, by Professor David Hume, (Session 1789-90,) and of Civil Law, by Mr. Dick, (Session 1790-91,) and he was not even distracted by companions. He had scarcely a single intimate associate beyond his own relations. The place he most delighted to go to was Herbertshire, in the county of Stirling, belonging to his uncle-in-law, William Morehead, Esq.. He was strongly attached to that gentleman, and to all his family. His son Robert was his great friend through life. The place was then entire, well kept, and unpolluted by manufactures; the house full of good plate and good pictures, with a sumptuous cellar, and a capital library. The happiest days of his youth were those spent there. He once made me go with him from Stirling to see it; but it was deformed and impoverished,

and saddened by many painful changes; and he came away, resolving never to see it again.

No period of his youth was passed more usefully than this; when he was left to his own thoughts and to his own occupations. He adhered so steadily in what he calls the "*dear, retired, adored, little window*" of his Lawnmarket garret, to his system of self-working, that, though leading a very cheerful and open air life, the papers of his composition that remain, deducting articles of only a sheet or two, are about sixty in number. This is not mentioned in order to earn for him the foolish and unfortunate praise too often given to prematurity, but as facts in the history of the individual, and because they reveal the culture which was rewarded by the subsequent harvest. Besides various lighter pages, there are among these exercises, translations of Cicero, *pro Ligario* and *pro Milone*, an epitome of Gillies's *Greece*, a *Discourse on Ancient and Modern Learning*, Notes from Beattie's *Essays*, Remarks on Composition, chiefly in favour of the reality of happy moments, an *Essay on Happiness*, one on Physiognomy, a clever and well-written refutation of Lavater, one on Poetry, being an excellent discourse on the poetical character, four sermons, and a long poem on Dreaming. Several other papers of a higher order, however excellent, owe their principal interest now to the criticisms on themselves by which they are closed.

Some of these are as follows:—

"Excerpts carptatim from Blackstone's Commentaries;" being, besides excerpts, a condensed exposition and discussion of the author's doctrines.

Some translations from Livy; among others, "*The speech of Appian Claudius against the motion for withdrawing the army from the siege of Veii.*" It is not a bad translation; but the best of it is these closing remarks:—"The contents of the preceding pages are certainly not estimable productions, nor are the moments which were spent in their

composition to be recalled with that complacency which generally attends the recollection of well-spent time. They are neither, however, totally contemptible, nor altogether without use. The translation is of that vague and licentious nature which scruples not to insert any extraneous ideas which seem entitled to a place, or to omit such as appear to be unjustly admitted. The habits of the oratorical and florid style that I have assumed, though totally improper for any other species of composition, are sometimes beneficial to those, *who, like me, have some prospect of one day speaking in public*. At any rate, the practice of it, as it increases the store of new expressions, has a necessary and rapid tendency to enrich and enlarge our common language; and it appears to me that those benefits are more certainly, or at least, more easily, acquired from aiming at this sort of luxuriance in translation, than in original composition, both because it is difficult to invent topics so well adapted to the embellishments of oratory as the genius of the ancients has preserved, and chiefly because the mind, not being at all occupied about the sentiments or sense of the work, is at full leisure to attend to the expression, which, in original composition, must always be a secondary object. It is, after all, however, but a work of indolence; and so little exertion is requisite to succeed in it, as well as it is possible for me to succeed, that I suspect there is more of ostentation and self-flattery than real love of knowledge, or desire of improvement, in thus formally writing down what I could go on to translate extempore with very little or no hesitation. To all conscientious rebukes of this nature, I reply in a set form,—It is better than doing nothing.—F. J.—December 14th, 1790.”

“*An Epitome of Lucretius, or the nature of things*,” ends thus:—“The epitome I have now completed of this beautiful author is, I am sensible, a very disgraceful performance. The poetical beauties of the original are entirely lost; the ingenious climax of argument which he

has uniformly adopted, as well as the rhetorical declamation he has employed to enforce them, are also necessarily annihilated in a work which only gives the result of the progress, and is contented with barely stating the sum of the reasoning. For any other person's undertaking a work like this, I should, I believe, be as much puzzled to discover a reason, as they may possibly be to account for my attempting it. The explication of the matter is this:—Having heard the philosophy of Lucretius much undervalued, and partly ridiculed, by personages whose condemnation I have been accustomed to regard as an infallible token of merit in the object of it, I resolved as usual to employ my own judgment, either to reverse or confirm their award. A bare perusal I at first thought would be sufficient for this purpose; but so uniformly was I transported and carried away by the charms of the poetry, and the inimitable strength of the expressions, that I generally forgot the subject on which they were displayed—and in the enthusiasm of admiration, lost that cool impartiality which alone can produce a correct judgment. It was necessary, then, to divest the philosophy—the reason—of this poem of that blaze of light, which, by dazzling the senses, prevented them from judging truly. I have done so, and the few preceding pages contain the execution. This is all I think necessary to write for my future information. The result of my experiment I do not choose to perpetuate. My judgment, I hope, for some years, will not at least be decaying—and while that is not the case, I should wish it always to form its daily opinion from a daily exertion. The authority of our own opinion, though perhaps the least dangerous of any, still participates in those inconveniences which all species of authority create, and while a man's powers are unimpaired, it were a lucky thing if he could every day forget the sentiments of the former, that they might receive the correction or confirmation of a second judgment.—Edinburgh, Sept. 3, 1790.”—F. J.

A discourse without any title, but which is on the terms and the ideas, poetry and prose, terminates thus:—"I do not like this piece. But of which of my productions can I not say the same? Here, however, it is said with peculiar energy. The style is glaringly unequal: affectedly plain in the beginning, oratorical in the end. The design is not one, and I am afraid the sentiments not consistent. It is proper to remark that the word prose, which is the only one I can find antithetical to poesy, is not qualified for that station; for it implies, I believe, merely a mechanical distinction, and is properly opposed to verse. This has occasioned part of the confusion I lament. This is not the time to add, or to correct; but before I had done asserting the contrary, I began to suspect that the old ground of discrimination was preferable to my mode of abrogating it, and that we were in the wrong to give a more extensive meaning to the term poetical, when applied to a sentiment, or genius, which ought only to signify that they were peculiarly fit to be exposed in that style, which (though not from any magical or innate sympathy) had been most usually allotted to the expression of those ideas. Were I to proceed to unfold this new idea at full length, I would very likely, in the course of my defence of it, discover some new obstacle to my belief which might return me to my abdicated opinion, or perhaps turn me over to yet another, which might serve me in the same way. I have no mind to encounter such a hydra."—F. J.

This is his apology for a translation of part of Racine's *Britannicus* into blank verse—"This barbarous version of the elegant Racine, I feel myself bound to stigmatize with its genuine character, that as often as the proofs of my stupidity, displayed on the foregoing pages, shall mortify my pride, I may be comforted by the instance of candour set forth on this. At those moments, too, I would likewise have it known, that these verses, if so they may be called, were written down just as they were composed, and with

more rapidity than I in general blot my prose. Fully satisfied with my performance, and fully convinced that any purpose I had in view is abundantly fulfilled, I think it unnecessary to labour through another act, and have just sensibility enough to restrain me from unnecessarily mangling more of so complete an original. I find myself not a little puzzled to assign any use to which this work may be put. Though, upon reflection, I find that it may be of some service to me in the labours of future days, and, by being compared with any of my more correct performances, will serve as a perpetual foil, and stimulate my exertion, by showing me how much my late works surpassed my earlier. It would not perhaps be inexcusable if I should insist that, being written with that design, the multiplicity of its imperfections is commendable.—F. J.—Edinburgh, October 29, 1790.”

Four *Speeches* are supposed to be addressed to the House of Commons. The first is entitled “*Orationis Exemplar*,” the second, “*Tenuis*,” the third, “*Mediocris*,” the fourth, “*Sublimis*.” *Exemplar* is on the constitutional control of the Commons over the public expenditure. *Tenuis* urges the abolition of the slave trade; and *Mediocris* is a fierce onset on a member who had agreed with him in this, but puts it on a bad ground, and “was somewhat too abstruse and metaphysical for my comprehension.” *Sublimis* fulminates against a wretch who had actually defended the trade. But then, “the proceedings of this day, Mr. Speaker, have caused me to feel more shame and sorrow than I ever believed could fall to the lot of integrity and honour; and I am the more severely affected by their oppression, as they have assailed me from a quarter whence they were little expected, and have flowed from a source which I used to regard as the fountain of my happiness and pride,” &c.

“*My opinions of some authors*” is a collection of short critical judgments. He says in a note, “I have only

ventured to characterize those *who have actually undergone my perusal.*" Yet they are fifty in number; and, besides most of the English classics, include Fenelon, Voltaire, Marmontel, Le Sage, Moliere, Racine, Rousseau, Rollin, Buffon, Montesquieu, &c. His perusal of many of these must have been very partial; yet it is surprising how just most of his conceptions of their merits and defects are. Many of these criticisms, especially of English writers, such as Dryden, Locke, and Pope, are written in a style of acute and delicate discrimination, and express the ultimate opinions of his maturer years. Johnson, as might be expected of a youth, is almost the only one whom he rates far higher then than he did afterward.

There are twelve *Letters*, each somewhat longer than a paper of the Spectator, addressed to an imaginary "My Dear Sir," and subscribed by *Philosophus, Simulator, Proteus, Scrutator, Solomon*, &c., and all dated July, 1789. They are all on literary and philosophical subjects, lively and well composed. One of them is upon *Criticism*—by no means the best, but now curious from its subject. It explains the importance of the art, and the qualities of the sound critic.

Between November, 1789, and March, 1790, there are thirty-one essays, each about the same length with these letters. They are full of vigorous thinking, and of powerful writing; and a mere statement of these subjects will show his fertility. They are entitled:—

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| 1. On Human Happiness. | 13. Of Love. |
| 2. On a State of Nature. | 14. Of Man. |
| 3. On Slavery. | 15. Of Local Emotion. |
| 4. On Sincerity and Self-Love. | 16. Ancient and Modern Learning. |
| 5. On Indolence. | 17. On the Fate of Genius. |
| 6. On the Praise of former Ages. | 18. On Death. |
| 7. The Superiority of the Sexes. | 19. Of a Town Life. |
| 8. Of Man. | 20. Of Human Instinct. |
| 9. Of the Love of Fame. | 21. On Novel Reading. |
| 10. Of Fancy. | 22. On New Year's Day. |
| 11. On Jealousy. | 23. On Beaux-ism. |
| 12. Celibacy and Marriage. | 24. On Beauty. |

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| 25. On the Poetic Character. | 28. The Use of Ridicule. |
| 26. On Fortitude. | 29. Of Literary Habits. |
| 27. The Use of Philosophy. | 30. The Companionable Virtues. |
| 31. Of the Foregoing Essays. | |

This last discourse is as follows:—"As I think this sort of trivial writing serves very little purpose in the line of improvement, I believe I am now writing the last essay of this size and style, that shall ever be reduced to legible characters. Dr. Johnson has spent papers in measuring the syllables of blank verse, and surely I may employ part of one to justify my own conduct, and satisfy myself of the reasons which induced me to reduce to permanency the vague and trifling conceptions of my mind upon the most trite topics of general declamation. It was, I thought, and so far I surely did think justly, a very essential point for a young man to acquire the habit of expressing himself with ease upon subjects which he is unavoidably [illegible] one time or another to talk of. This, to be sure, might perhaps have been attained, in a degree adequate to all common occasions, without being at the trouble to write down all that I said, or might have said, on them; and as the habit of writing and speaking are not quite reciprocal, the plan of accustoming myself to speak a great deal upon them may perhaps appear better calculated for this purpose. But besides that I thus avoid many inaccuracies, and as I am in Scotland, many improprieties, I can spare auditors from the fatigue of being the tools and vehicles of my experiment, and save myself from the reputation of talkativeness and folly. But though the habit of speaking easily be a very valuable one, that of thinking correctly is undoubtedly much more so. These, too, cannot be attained by mere mechanical practice, and an earlier exertion of these powers with which every one is endued is absolutely necessary to confirm it.

"The human mind, at least mine, which is all I have to do with, is such a chaotic confused business, such a jumble

and hurry of ideas, that it is absolutely impossible to follow the train and extent of our ideas upon any one topic, without more exertion than the conception of them required. To remedy this, and to fix the bounds of our knowledge and belief on any subject, there is no way but to write down, deliberately and patiently, the notions which first naturally present themselves on that point; or if we refuse any, taking care it be such as have assumed a place in our minds merely from the influence of education or prejudice, and not those which the hand of reason has planted, and which has been nurtured by the habit of reflection. There is likewise a subordinate habit, of no little importance, which is more nearly applicable to the uniformity and size of these essays. Though the subjects of which they treat are very various in point of dignity, it is by no means useless that an equal share of time and paper should be allotted to each. The common routine of mental occupation is so much habituated to little and trivial subjects, that it is requisite to treat even more sublime topics in the same style and fashion, if we would have them received. As in early ages a moral writer is alleged to convey his instruction in the form of a fable, a parable, or a tale, we have as frequent occasion to take up . . . [torn.]

“By habituating myself to this sort of management, I thought I should never want something to say upon trivial subjects,—something to the purpose on more important ones. The only other object I had in view was, perhaps not the least important of the whole, to attempt an imitation of the style and manner of the principal persons who have exhibited their abilities in periodical and short essays. Dr. Johnson, Addison, Mackenzie, and Steele, are the only personages I have attempted to ape, and these it would be absurd in me to cope with. I have at least this consolation, that my emulation can be called by no means little. Of these essays I have little more to say. I have in truth said perhaps already more than they deserve. Though for two reasons

it was impossible to avoid their escape ; the one, that it was to myself the contained apology is addressed ; the other, that I should otherwise have been at a loss how to have filled a sheet, while on the first lines I declared that such was its limitation, an excuse which will often be necessary for many absurdities in the preceding leaves of this packet. Simplicity, and not elegance, is the quality I have chiefly studied. In some the language, in others the sentiment, was principally attended to. In all, however, originality of both was as much as possible endeavoured to be displayed."

But the most curious of these youthful compositions is a paper of about seventy folio pages, entitled "*Sketch of my own character*," dated 23d November, 1790, on the first page, and 12th December, 1790, on the last. It is so singular a piece of self analysis for seventeen, that I have sometimes been inclined to put it into the appendix ; but it is better not. Though well written, and full of striking observations, it is seldom safe to disclose descriptions by a man of himself. Even when perfectly candid, and neither spoiled by the affectation of making himself better nor worse than he really was, they are apt to be misunderstood ; and their publication, especially near his own day, is certain to provoke ridicule.

Many younger men have distinguished themselves by more surprising displays of early ability. But (as it seems to me) the peculiarity of Jeffrey's case is, that in these efforts he was not practising any thing that depended on positive rule, or could be found laid formally down in books, or implied chiefly the possession of a good memory. His science was life and its philosophy ; which he prosecuted, apparently, in order to acquire that power which enables its possessor to form correct perceptions of what is true in matters resolving into mere opinion. The merit of these and subsequent exercises, it resolves into judgment and taste, as applied to subjects which admit of no absolute

criterion, and on which there is little to be learned, except from the teacher within. His doctrines and decisions, when he is serious, and not merely upholding a theme, are generally just; and even when they are wrong, the delicacy of the discrimination, the richness of the views, and the animation of the style, are indisputable. The wonder is how such ideas got into so young a head, or such sentences into so untaught a pen.

It was about this time (1790 or 1791) that he had the honour of assisting to carry the biographer of Johnson, in a state of great intoxication, to bed. For this he was rewarded next morning by Mr. Boswell, who had learned who his bearers had been, clapping his head, and telling him that he was a very promising lad, and that "if you go on as you've begun, you may live to be a Bozzy yourself yet."

He left Edinburgh for Oxford towards the end of September, 1791, with his father, his brother, and Mr. Napier, who afterward married his oldest sister. They loitered and visited so much that they took a fortnight to reach their destination. He had been at Oxford before, but only passing through it; and after being left there, felt a pang on his first entire loneliness. It may seem to be rather an unreasonable pang for a youth going to so bright a country as England, and to a place with so many attractions as Oxford. But with whatever cordiality Jeffrey entered into social scenes, it was always on affection that his real happiness was dependent. He ever clung to hearts. As soon as any excitement that kept him up was over, his spirit, though strong, and his disposition, though sprightly, depended on the presence of old familiar friends. He scarcely ever took even a professional journey of a day or two alone without helplessness and discomfort. When left to himself, therefore, for the first time, at a distance from home, it was according to his nature that he should feel a lowness which gave an unfavourable inclination, from the very first, to his Oxford impressions.

This place was not then what it is now. Jeffrey went there eager for improvement, by literary energy; and as he knew it only by the echo of its fame, he thought of it as purely a great seat of learning and of education, and of all the appropriate habits. No wonder that, with such ideas, he was shocked on finding some things in the reality of the place different from what he had expected. This was especially the case at Queen's, the college he entered, which was then not distinguished by study and propriety alone.

However, he neither gave his new comrades nor his own candour a very long trial. In a letter to the late Mr. Robertson, of Inches, one of his Glasgow companions, dated 23d October, 1791, being within a week of his arrival, he describes his fellow students as a set of "*pedants, coxcombs, and strangers*"—the last quality, no doubt, being the worst in his sight. On the 19th he wrote to his sister:—"Dear Mary, Shut up alone in my melancholy apartment,—a hundred miles at least distant from all those with whom I have been accustomed to live,—surrounded by chapels, and libraries, and halls, with hardly an acquaintance to speak to, and not a friend to confide in,—what do I feel—what shall I write? If my writing must be the expression of my sensation, I must speak only of regret, and write only an account of my melancholy. But I feel too keenly the pain of such a sensation, to think of communicating a share of it through the sympathy of those I love. Fancy yourself in my place,—but two days parted from my father and brother,—with the prospect of many irksome and weary days before I shall meet them again—ignorant of the forms and duties of my new situation, diffident of my own proficiency, and apprehensive of destroying my own happiness by disappointing the expectations of my friends—fancy yourself thus, and I think you will be able to comprehend my situation. But it is cruel to make you share in it even in fancy. I should have told you I was happy, and made you so, in the belief of my report; but

let us pass from this. It is a noble thing to be independent—to have totally the management and direction of one's person and conduct; and this is what I enjoy here, (did I not always so?) for except being obliged to attend prayers at seven every morning, and at five every evening—except that, I say, and the necessity of coming to the common hall at three to eat my dinner, and to all the lectures of whatever denomination at some other hours—I have the absolute and uncontrolled disposal of myself in my own hands. I am dependent upon nobody to boil my kettle or mend my fire. Not I. I am alone in my rooms—for you must know I have no less than three—and need not permit a single soul to come into them except when I please. But you wish to know perhaps how long I have enjoyed this monarchy. On Wednesday morning my father, John, and Napier departed for Buxton, and left me here alone and melancholy in a strange land. The rooms I had chosen could not be ready for me before night, and I sauntered about from street to street, and from college to college. I would not recall the sensations of that morning, were not those of the present hour too similar to let me forget them. I felt as if I were exposed to starve upon a desert island; as if the hour of my death were at hand, and an age of torture ready to follow it. I came to dinner at the common hall—got a little acquainted with one or two of the students, and kept in their company, for I was afraid of solitude, till I retired to sleep. Why must I always dream that I am in Edinburgh? The unpacking of my trunk rendered me nearly mad. I cannot yet bear to look into any of my writings. I have not now one glimpse of my accustomed genius nor fancy. Oh! my dear, retired, adored little window; I swear I would forfeit all hopes and pretensions, to be restored once more to it, and to you, could I do it with honour and with the applause of others. But this is almost mad too, I think. I came to study law—and I must study Latin, and Greek, and Rhe-

toric, and Grammar, and Ethics, and Logic, and Chemistry, and Anatomy, and Astronomy—and Law afterward, if I please—that is, I must attend lectures upon all these subjects, if there be any, and pass examinations in them by-and-by. By heaven, I am serious, and they will allow neither absurdity nor inconvenience in the practice.”

Six weeks after this he tells his cousin, (and a great favourite, Miss Crockat, afterward Mrs. Murray)—“This place has no latent charms. A scrutiny of six weeks has not increased my attachment. It has, however, worn off my disgust; and knowing that neither the place, nor its inhabitants, nor their manners, can be changed by my displeasure, I have resolved to withdraw that displeasure, which only tortured myself, and to fancy that this is the seat of elegance, and virtue, and science. But I have made a vow not to speak again upon the subject.”

Even the social habits of his new friends were unsatisfactory. “My dear Miss, (his sister Mary, 6th March, 1792,) don't you think it a pity, when the moon shines in all the majesty of silence—when every breeze is sunk to rest—and every star is glowing on high—don't you think it a pity to waste such an hour as this—an hour which so seldom shines upon us here—in reading such infernal uninteresting stuff, as is almost too bad for the cloudiest day in November? I think so, upon my soul; and, therefore, after trying two or three pages, and finding I did not understand one syllable, I laid aside Heineccius, half in triumph and half in despair, set the candlestick a-top of him, and took up my pen to converse with you. I wish it were a speaking-trumpet for your sake.”

“Is there any thing, do you think, Cara, so melancholy as a company of young men without any feeling, vivacity, or passion? We must not expect, here, that warmth and tenderness of soul which is to delight and engage us; but let us at least have some life, some laughter, some impertinence, wit, politeness, pedantry, prejudices—something

to supply the place of interest and sensation. But these blank parties! oh! the quintessence of insipidity. The conversation dying from lip to lip—every countenance lengthening and obscuring in the shade of mutual lassitude—the stifled yawn contending with the affected smile upon every cheek, and the languor and stupidity of the party gathering and thickening every instant by the mutual contagion of embarrassment and disgust. For when you enter into a set of this kind, you are robbed of your electricity in an instant, and by a very rapid process are cooled down to the state of the surrounding bodies. In the name of heaven, what do such beings conceive to be the order and use of society? To them it is no source of enjoyment; and there cannot be a more complete abuse of time, wine, and fruit.” “This law is a vile work. I wish I had been bred a piper. For these two months I have conceived nothing distinctly. For all that time I have had a continual vision of I know not what beautiful and sublime things floating and glittering before my eyes. I at first thought it was a fit of poetry; but upon trial I could find neither words nor images. When I offered to lay hold upon any of its beauties, the splendid show vanished and grew confused, like the picture of the moon you may have tried to scoop up out of the water. I am much pleased with your late letters; though there is still a remnant of what I found fault with in your style. You must either be merry, or melancholy, or angry, or envious, when you write again. You have not the ease of a style which is merely calm or indifferent. I avoid it as much as possible.”

“Except praying and drinking, I see nothing else that it is possible to acquire in this place.” (To Mr. Robertson.)

After only seven months' residence he had a prospect of escaping, and says to his sister, (22d April, 1792,) “Our long vacation commences about the end of June, and I suppose my residence at Oxford will finally conclude at that

period. But for Scotland—Scotland! I have not the same assurance of visiting it at that time. Yet I have never heard any thing, even a hint, to the contrary from my father, whose prohibition alone can disappoint me. Ah! Cara! you cannot imagine how much I languish to return; with what visions of happiness my fancy deludes me when I permit it to feign myself practising at the Scotch Bar with plentiful success! I believe it is the prospect of the expense I must occasion by proceeding on my present line, and the uncertainty of my success, that renders my situation so unpleasing. I have an idea that I am happier than most people I see here; yet I am the only one that thinks of complaining of his situation, or who does not appear perfectly satisfied with himself.”

At last, in June, 1792, his short connection with Oxford closed, and its end was thus recorded by himself. His admission had been attested by the following certificate, or whatever else it is called. “Oxonizæ, Octobris 17mo, Anno Domini 1791. Quo die comparuit coram me Franciscus Jeffrey, e Coll. Reg. Arm., Fil., et subscripsit Articulis Fidei et Religionis; et juramentum suscepit de agnoscenda suprema regiz majestatis potestate; et de observandis statutis, privilegiis, et consuetudinibus hujus universitatis. Sam. Dennis, *pro* Vice Can.” Below which the said Francis writes, “Hanc universitatem, tædio miserrime affectus, tandem hilaris reliqui, Ter. Kal. Jul. 1792; meque hisce obligationibus privilegiisque subduxi. F. Jeffrey.” And on the other side of the parchment he sets down a list of twenty-seven of his acquaintances and a tutor, with a character, in one line of each. The tutor is soon disposed of. “Pedant,” is all he gets. Such a one is “honest, plain, sensible;” one “polite, lazy, quick, dissipated;” one “merry, good-natured, noisy, foolish;” one “stiff, ignorant, silent, passive, foolish;” and so he goes on through the whole twenty-seven; never, but in one instance, all complimentary. This instance is in the case of

Maton, who I understand to have been his future friend, the late Dr. Maton, described "philosopher," as he really was.

In spite of the prevailing dissipation and idleness, he himself was a diligent student in his own way. Sir John Stoddart, who knew him there, says that though "not a reading man, he must have devoted much time to literature in general; for his conversation, though always gay and lively, evinced a large store of information." Accordingly, he himself used to acknowledge, that though, on the whole, disappointed with Oxford, his time there had not been lost totally. This indeed is implied in the fact, that during these nine months, he wrote a great many papers, of which eighteen happen to have been preserved.

Some of them are short and immaterial, such as a translation of the life of Agricola, and another sermon; which last seems to be a species of composition rather seductive to literary laymen. His are about as good as any sermons can be which are got up as mere rhetorical exercises. Several of them were preached, with considerable effect; particularly by Mr. Marshall, whose elocution did justice to the author's style, and by a late respectable minister of our Established Church, who had been a tutor at Herbertshire, and imposed some of them on his congregation so lately as 1825.

Among the longer papers, there is one on Beauty; which is interesting, as the germ of his treatise on that subject, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, many years afterward. It is in the form of a dialogue between him and Eugenius, in which the two speakers discuss the nature of the qualities by which objects are recommended to taste. The whole theories of association, of utility, of properties inherent in the objects, or of its all resolving into the state of the observer's own mind, &c., are discussed with ability and liveliness. He inclines to the association principle, of which the following is his first illustration:—"For what is it,

continued I, stopping and stretching out my arm, as I pointed to the landscape around us,—What else is it, do you think, Eugenius, that enables this retired valley, that peaceful stream, or these velvet hills, to warm and transport my bosom with the satisfaction in which it now overflows—what is it but the talisman, and the proof it affords of the happiness and security of so many of my brethren as are employed and supported, and made happy, in the cultivation and produce thereof. See ! added I eagerly, and grasped his arm with violence—see that little, dim, distant light, which shines like a setting star on the horizon ; is there any thing in the whole circle and series of objects with which we are surrounded on every side, that pleases and affects you more than its soft and tranquil light,—than the long line of trembling fire with which it has crossed the lake at the bottom of the cliff under which it burns ? And what is it that yields this simple object so high a power of pleasing, but that secret and mysterious association by which it represents to us the calmness and rustic simplicity of the inhabitants of that cottage ; by which we are transported within its walls, and made to see and to observe the whole economy and occupation of the household.”

A paper on the poetry of Hayley and Miss Seward is an anticipation, both in style and opinion, of one of his future reviews. Another, without a title, but which, in its matter, appears to be on the Philosophy of Happiness, though able, is vague, for which he thus censures himself : “I cannot write either with the ease or the rapidity with which some time ago I used to astonish myself. I cannot think it a consequence of this, that I should write prolixly and diffusely. This I meant to fill a sheet ; it is, as usual, very unequal in style ; in some passages ridiculously affected, in others disgustingly careless. The argument is not good, nor the arrangements luminously applied. My meaning is here, however, I believe—scattered and imperfect, to be sure, but I think it is here.”

Another article, without a title, begins thus:—"All that regards man is interesting to me. Every thing which explains his character and his contradictions; every investigation that promises to illustrate the phenomena which he unfolds, I pursue and explore with insatiable eagerness and affection." Then follows what appears to be a discourse on the sources and correctives of human wickedness, which, as usual, is not done justice to by the author himself:—"Opus deductum; the work is brought to a conclusion, has a full and uniform connection, and is the sincere advocate of my own sentiments. This is all that can be said in its favour. The enumeration is defective throughout, the style loose, and, in some passages, intolerably diffuse. Besides, the whole performance is more crowded with commonplace, than a subject on which I was so sincere, should have admitted."

A long "*Speech on the slave, on the model of Demosthenes*," is, of course, not the least like Demosthenes, nor even a speech—it is a declamatory essay. I only mention it for the sake of the description of the style of the model which closes the imitation. "On the model of Demosthenes! admirably executed! I wonder which of the characteristics of that orator I had it in my mind to imitate, while I covered these pages. There can hardly be any thing more unlike the style, though at times it is evident I have been jumping at that too; and the solicitude with which I have avoided special narratives and individual illustration, is still more inconsistent with the instant peculiarity of that model. Now I knew all this when I [illegible] my intention of imitation. What was it, then, that I designed to imitate? That perspicuity and simplicity of arrangement, that direct and unremitting tendency to the single object of the discourse, that naked and undisguised sincerity of sentiment, that perpetual recurrence to acknowledged and important positions, which are certainly the most intrinsic and infallible marks of the orations of

Demosthenes. No intermission of argument, no digressive embellishment, no ostentatious collocation of parts, no artificial introduction, no rhetorical transition is to be found in the pages of this accomplished and animated orator. He falls from argument to argument with the most direct and unaffected simplicity; and at every transition from argument to exhortation, and from exhortation to reproach, he holds the one object of his discourse fully in his own eyes, and in those of his auditors. This I say by way of self-defence, that I may not be thought to have mistaken the character of this writer, whom my imitation evinces me to have understood so ill. In one respect it is similar to my model;—it is sincere, and has not declined any part of the argument that occurred. Towards the end it is most defective; the turgid breaking in upon me unawares. I never read ten pages on the question in my life. I pretend, therefore, that this is original.” (14th April, 1792.)

A full and able paper, without a title, contains a spirited argument against the notion of ascribing every odd occurrence to Divine interposition.

These are not the fruits of idleness.

But there was one accomplishment of which he was particularly ambitious, but failed to attain. He left home with the dialect and the accent of Scotland strong upon his lips; and, always contemplating the probability of public speaking being his vocation, he was bent upon purifying himself of the national inconvenience. “You ask me (says he to Mr. Robertson) to drop you some English ideas. My dear fellow, I am as much, nay more a Scotchman than I was while an inhabitant of Scotland. My opinions, ideas, prejudices, and systems are all Scotch. The only part of a Scotchman I mean to abandon is the language; and language is all I expect to learn in England.”

He certainly succeeded in the abandonment of his habitual Scotch. He returned, in this respect, a conspicuously altered lad. The change was so sudden and so complete,

that it excited the surprise of his friends, and furnished others with ridicule for many years. But he was by no means so successful in acquiring an English voice. With an ear which, though not alert in musical perception, was delicate enough to feel every variation of speech; what he picked up was a high-keyed accent, and a sharp pronunciation. Then the extreme rapidity of his utterance, and the smartness of some of his notes, gave his delivery an air of affectation, to which some were only reconciled by habit and respect. The result, on the whole, was exactly as described by his friend, the late Lord Holland, who said that though Jeffrey "*had lost the broad Scotch at Oxford, he had only gained the narrow English.*" However, the peculiarity wore a good deal off, and his friends came rather to like what remained of it, because it marked his individuality, and it never lessened the partiality with which his countrymen hailed all his public appearances. Still, as the acquisition of a pure English accent by a full-grown Scotchman, which implies the total loss of his Scotch, is fortunately impossible, it would have been better if he had merely got some of the grosser matter rubbed off his vernacular tongue, and left himself, unencumbered both by it and by unattainable English, to his own respectable Scotch, refined by literature and good society, and used plainly and naturally, without shame, and without affected exaggeration.

But though the tones and the words of Scotland ceased to be heard in his ordinary speech, they were never obliterated from his memory. He could speak Scotch, when he choose, as correctly as when the Doric of the Lawnmarket of Edinburgh had only been improved by that of Rottenrow of Glasgow; and had a most familiar acquaintance with the vocabulary of his country. Indeed, there was a convenience and respectability in the power of speaking and of thinking Scotch at that period, which later circumstances have impaired. It was habitual with persons of

rank, education, and fashion, with eloquent preachers, dignified judges, and graceful women ; from all of whose lips it flowed without the reality, or the idea of vulgarity. Our mere speech was doomed to recede, to a certain extent, before the foreign wave, and it was natural for a young man to anticipate what was coming. But our native *literature* was better fixed ; and Jeffrey knew it, and enjoyed it. He was familiar with the writers in that classic Scotch, of which much is good old English, from Gavin Douglas to Burns. He saw the genius of Scott, and Wilson, and Hogg, and Galt, and others, elicited by the rich mines of latent character and history with which their country abounds, and devoted to the elucidation of the scenes which awakened it ; and, of all their admirers, there was not one who rejoiced more, or on better grounds, in the Scotch qualities that constitute the originality and the vivid force of their writings. He felt the power of the beautiful language which they employed, and were inspired by ; and, as many of his subsequent criticisms attest, was most anxious for the preservation of a literature so peculiar and so picturesque.

He left Oxford on the 5th of July, 1792, having told Miss Crockat the day before, "To-morrow I take off my gown ; to-morrow I resign the honours of my academical character, and bear myself for ever from these venerable towers." His absence had diminished even the small number of his former companions ; while his increased age, and greater fitness for society, aggravated the solitude to which he found that he had returned. He used to mention this as the loneliest period of his life. But its loneliness did him no harm. His own family supplied him with objects enough of affection ; and a thoughtful mind like his was not the worse for being concentrated on its own pursuits.

He was now nineteen, and his ideas about what he was to do for subsistence or for reputation began to settle into something definite. Some passages in his letters show that

he had occasional visions of living by literature, and chiefly by poetry. But these were only the casual longings of taste, not the prevailing views of his practical judgment. He was at one time in a great fright lest he should have been made a merchant. On the 30th of April, 1790, he wrote a sheet of observations "On a mercantile life," not at all favourable to its tendencies on happiness or the mind, and ends by this postscript: "P.S.—The former part of these observations was written while I was myself a little apprehensive of being made an example of their veracity. They are consequently written with the greatest feeling. From the place where the ink first varies, I wrote merely to give a sort of conclusion to my thoughts; and that I might be more ready, should I ever again have occasion to consider them as a matter of personal concern." But his apprehensions do not seem to have ever been revived; probably because his brother John soon joined a paternal uncle, a merchant in Boston, in America, in the business which had apparently excited them.* He would have made a miserable merchant; for he had a horror of risk and a strong sense of the value of pecuniary prudence. With a liberality of disposition; which was evinced by munificent charity, he had no spirit of adventure, and therefore one shilling certain had charms for him which twenty shillings doubtful could not impart. He would have made himself or his partners crazy by perpetually demonstrating, in the midst of their most solid prosperity, that they were all bankrupt, or must speedily become so.

The law, and in Edinburgh, was plainly his destiny. He thought frequently of the English bar; but his views in that direction were superseded by the strong considerations that decided his friends. His father could not have afforded the expense of his preparation for the English bar;

* His uncle, the brother of Jeffrey's father, had married a sister of John Wilkes.

and still less of that costly abeyance by which, after being called to it, practice must be waited for. The bar of his own country was cheaper, less precarious, and less irrecoverable from, if it should fail; and a little practice might be expected from some of his own connections. Above all, to the imagination of a father in the position of Mr. Jeffrey senior, the idea of his son being a distinguished counsel in the Supreme Court, and possibly occupying at last a seat on its bench, was perhaps the loftiest conception of family grandeur it could form. He was thus set into the stream of the Scotch bar naturally and irresistibly, and his preparations were made accordingly.

During the winter session of 1792-3, he again attended the Scotch Law lectures of Professor Hume, those of Professor Wyld on the Civil Law, and those of Professor Alexander Tytler on History. He groaned under what he held to be Hume's elaborate dulness. His "*notes taken from*" Tytler, that is, his transfusion of the lectures into his own thoughts, occupy four hundred and thirty-six folio pages of his writing, which would be at least double in ordinary manuscript. There is another course from which it is almost inconceivable that he should have been kept, that of Moral Philosophy by Dugald Stewart. This most eminent person has two reputations, one as an author, and one as a lecturer. Many who knew him only as a philosophical writer, venerate him profoundly, both for his philosophy and for the dignified beauty of his style. But this idolatry is not universal. There are some who, admitting his occasional felicity both of thought and of composition, deem him, on the whole, vague and heavy. But I am not aware that there has ever been any difference of opinion with respect to his unsurpassed excellence as a moral teacher. He was one of the greatest of didactic orators. Mackintosh said, truly, that the peculiar glory of Stewart's eloquence consisted in its having "*breathed the love of virtue into whole generations of pupils.*" He was the great

inspirer of young men. Yet I can discover no evidence that Jeffrey was a pupil in this, to him, congenial class, and many circumstances satisfy me that he was not. Nor can I doubt why. Stewart, though shrinking from every approach to active faction, was known to hold liberal political opinions; and his class door, I believe, was shut to Jeffrey by the same prejudice that had shut John Millar's.

In a letter to his brother in America, of the 1st of December, 1792, he says, "I cannot think of any material alteration that has taken place among your friends since you left them, except it be a most laudable reformation that has been wrought in my person within this last week; whereby, from a lounging, idling, unhopeful kind of fellow, I have become a most persevering and indefatigable student, and have no doubt of turning out President of the Court of Session, or chief macer at the least; for I have brought back my views in some degree to the Scotch bar, and half determined to leave the English dignities to their own disposal."

The steadiest affection always subsisted between these brothers, although in nothing, except their mutual regard, was there any resemblance between them. John continued in America, but not without visits home, till about 1807. His commercial concerns did not end very profitably, and some other misfortunes, operating upon feeble health, clouded his latter years. With a dry manner, he was a sensible and intelligent man, much beloved by the few he cared to cultivate.

On the 11th of December, 1792, Jeffrey entered the Speculative Society. Insignificant as this may seem, it did more for him than any other event in the whole course of his education. Literary and scientific, and especially debating societies have long existed in connection with the College of Edinburgh, as they have occasionally in all the other colleges in Scotland; and so beneficial are these institutions, when properly used, so encouraging both for

study and for discussion, and so well-timed in reference to the condition of young minds, that it is not easy to understand how any college can succeed without them. The Speculative had been instituted in 1764, and had raised itself above all similar establishments in this country. Fifty-eight years more have passed since Jeffrey joined it, and it still flourishes, and can never expire now, except by the unworthiness of the youths in whose days it shall sink. Jeffrey scarcely required it for improvement in composition; but though he had occasionally tried his speaking powers in one or two obscure and casual associations, he had never been a regular working member of a society like this, on which age and reputation conferred importance, where the awe of order was aided by hereditary respect for not very flexible rules, and superiority was difficult, and every effort to attain it formidable. It was exactly what he required, and he gave himself to it with his whole heart. The period for regular attendance was three years; but his voluntary and very frequent visits were continued for six or seven years more. In the course of these nine or ten years, he had a succession, and sometimes a cluster, of powerful competitors. It is sufficient to mention Sir Walter Scott, with whom he first became acquainted here; Dr. John Thomson; John Allen; David Boyle, now Lord President of the Court of Session; the Rev. Dr. Brunton; the Marquis of Lansdowne; the late Charles, Lord Kinaird; Dr. Headlam; Francis Horner; the late William Adam, Accountant General in the Court of Chancery; John A. Murray, and James Moncrieff, both afterward Judges; Henry Brougham; Lord Glenelg, and his late brother, Robert Grant; James Loch, the Honourable Charles Stuart, and William Scarlett. The political sensitiveness of the day at one time obtruded itself rather violently into this hall of philosophical orators; but it soon passed away, and while it lasted, it only animated their debates, and, by connecting them with public principles

and parties; gave a practical interest to their proceedings. The brightest period in the progress of the society was during the political storm that crossed it in 1799.

Jeffrey read five papers in it, viz:—On Nobility, 5th March, 1793; on the effects derived to Europe from the discovery of America, 28th January, 1794; on the authenticity of Ossian's Poems, 10th February, 1795; on Metrical Harmony, 17th February, 1795; and on the Character of Commercial Nations, 19th January, 1796. The one on Nobility is a defence of inequality of rank, and a discussion of the principles on which it ought to rest, and is greatly above his estimate of it,—“This was written, as the dates testify, in a furious hurry, and delivered in the Speculative within a quarter of an hour after it was finished; in truth, it is not finished. And, so far from having received any correction, it was never honoured by a review. Its doctrines are but faintly impressed on my memory. I believe, however, that I am sincere in the greatest number of my assertions. I am conscious that my theory is in several places highly whimsical; and very sensible that my information and my research were throughout very inadequate to the conduct of a subject intricate in itself, and so deeply sunk in the profundities of history, politics, antiquities, and law. The style, though far from being equal, is greatly too diffuse and pompous throughout. Yet there are few faults more excusable to such expositions as this, than that disorderly superfluity of words which usually swells hasty performances. Anxious to express fully that thought upon which he cannot afford to dwell again, the author confounds himself with a number of tautologous expressions; and, not allowing himself sufficient leisure to ascertain the one luminous and steady position, he flutters rapidly round, giving an imperfect view of what a little coolness might have exhibited entire.”

But it was the debates that he chiefly shone in. He took a zealous part in every discussion. I doubt if he was

ever once silent throughout a whole meeting. The Tuesday evenings were the most enthusiastic and valuable of his week. It is easy to suppose what sort of an evening it was to Jeffrey when he had to struggle in debate with Lansdowne, Brougham, Kinnaird, and Horner, who, with other worthy competitors, were all in the society at the same time. It has scarcely ever fallen to my lot to hear three better speeches than three I heard in that place, —one on National Character by Jeffrey, one on the Immortality of the Soul by Horner, and one on the Power of Russia by Brougham.

It was here that his feeling about the fewness of his friends ceased. His first acquaintance with the persons I have named, and many others of the best friendships of his life, arose in this society.

No wonder that, forty-three years afterward, when presiding at a dinner to celebrate the seventieth anniversary of the institution, he, in the course of a beautiful address, thus recalled what he owed it. "For his own part, on looking back to that period when he had experience of this society, he could hardly conceive any thing in after life more to be envied, than the recollection of that first burst of intellect, when, free from scholastic restraint, and throwing off the thralldom of a somewhat servile docility, the mind first aspired to reason, and to question nature for itself, and, half wondering at its own temerity, first ventured, without a guide, into the mazes of speculation, or tried its unaided flight into the regions of intellectual adventure, to revel uncontrolled through the bright and boundless realms of literature and science. True it was, that all those hopes were not realized; that those proud anticipations were often destined to be humbled; but still, could it be doubted that they were blessings while they lasted, or that they tended to multiply the chances of their being one day realized? He was afraid he was detaining them, but he could not avoid stating what had been so long

familiar to his own mind respecting institutions of this kind, which, he considered, under proper guidance, calculated to develop the seeds of generous emulation, to lay the foundation and trace the outlines of that permanent and glorious triumph to be achieved in after life.”*

In June, 1793, he lost his uncle, Mr. Morehead, and saw in that event the ultimate loss of his happy days at Herbertshire. In announcing this calamity to his brother, (29th June, 1793,) he says:—“On the 18th of this month, we lost a most excellent man, and an undoubted friend, in our worthy Mr. Morehead, who died at Herbertshire, on that day, after a short and distressing illness. A man whose amiable and elegant manners were by far his least accomplishment; whose unruffled gentleness flowed from the pure benevolence of his heart; whom envy could not injure, nor malice hate. He was the only man I have ever known, whose character was eminent by virtue, without the taint of a single vice: the friend of the friendless, the peacemaker, the liberal. There is no event that I at present recollect, that has occasioned me more sorrow.”

On the 30th of August, 1793, he got one of his first views of the scenes he was to act in, by being present, as a spectator, at the case of Mr. Thomas Muir, advocate, who was that day dealt with at Edinburgh for what was then called sedition. There was a story about the mother of that unfortunate man having dreamed that he would one day be lord chancellor. Jeffrey says to Robert Morehead, (31st August, 1793,) “I shall only add, that I stayed fourteen hours at the chancellor’s trial, who was this day condemned to banishment for fourteen years.” Sir Samuel Romilly saw that trial too. Neither of them ever forgot it. Jeffrey never mentioned it without horror.

“I have been busy (he writes to John, 4th November, 1793) ever since my return in preparing for my civil law

* See a minute and excellent history of the society, by the ordinary members, published in 1845, p. 68.

trials, which will be held in the beginning of our session, and in endeavouring to amass a sufficient stock of patience to carry me through the relentless fogs with which I am menaced by the winter. I got a fit of spleen on my birthday, I think, by recollecting that I had been crawling between heaven and earth for twenty unprofitable years, without use, distinction, or enjoyment."

These trials took place on the 28th of November, 1793. In alluding to the approaching ceremony, he told his brother, (25th September, 1793,) "I have lounged away the weeks which have passed since I wrote you last, in a state of more complete indolence than I have been able to enjoy for several months; and it is not without some emotion of alarm that I look forward to the drudgery which is preparing for me in winter. Yet I cannot say that the interval of inaction has been distinguished by any feeling of peculiar satisfaction, or enlivened by any occurrence which ought to make its remembrance pleasing. Yet tranquillity is delightful; and it is with regret that the mind rouses itself to active exertion, after it has languished for a long time in the pensive bowers of recollection. It is certainly giving a very wretched account of my employment of time; but I live less for the present than for the past, and rarely look into the future, except for the end of some scheme whose birth my retrospection has been contemplating. I have been, however, yawning over my civil law, in which I take my trials on my return; and have besides found time to write a variety of sonnets, and to dissuade Robert Morehead from the temptation of a bishopric."

This dissuasive was a very long letter (25th June, 1793) advising Morehead not to enter the English Church. One of his reasons was, that if he once got into it, he could never get out. "But there are permanent truths and permanent tempers too, after all, no doubt; and if you are really persuaded that no future day, nor any future occurrence can alter your sentiments, I have nothing to do but

to congratulate you, and sigh for myself, who have lived on this earth very nearly one score of years, and am about to pass some professional trials in a few months, who have no fortune but my education, and who would not bind myself to adhere exclusively to the law for the rest of my life, for the bribery of all the emoluments it has to bestow."

This "tremendous epistle," as, from its length, he calls it, did not convince the person it was addressed to. Mr. Morehead took orders, and never once desired to leave that church, to which he was sincerely attached, and into which he carried all the kind and lowly qualities that grace it. After some slender preferments, he became Rector of Easington, in Yorkshire. He published some very pleasing sermons; and though he published very little poetry, its composition was one of his habitual enjoyments. Simple, humble, pious, and beneyolent,—devoted to his official duties, of literary habits, contented with every position in which it pleased Providence to place him,—he could not but be beloved by all who knew his quiet virtues. To Jeffrey, who had been his playmate in the fields of Herbertshire, and throughout life was never estranged from him one moment, and knew his very heart, he was an object of special affection. No two creatures of the same species could be more unlike; but in mutual regard they were one.

After committing himself by the rather expensive step of his first trials, there are some interesting gleams in his letters to his brother, of his feelings and anticipations.

"I shall study on to the end of my days. Not law, however, I believe, though that is yet in a manner to begin; but something or other I shall—I am determined. I told you, I think in my last letter, I had just surmounted my first public trials. I think you know that I cannot be brought up on my last till after the interval of twelve months. So that I shall yet have a reasonable period for the preparation of my first speech."—(28th December, 1793.) "I wish you would let me know what sort of a

thing it is to be a merchant, and whether you think I should like it; for, without any affectation, I have very often deep presages that the law will not hold me. There is such a shoal of us, and I have seen so much diligence and genius and interest neglected, that there would be insolence in reckoning upon success. For my own disappointment, I should not grieve above measure, but there are others through whom it may affect me.—(1st February, 1794.)”

“I have been so closely occupied in hearing and writing law lectures ever since November, that a short interval of leisure very much distresses me. For the habit I have acquired, of doing nothing but my task, prevents me from laying it out to any advantage, and the shortness of its duration will not allow me to supplant that habit. If this be a specimen of the life which I am hereafter to lead, though the stupidity which accompanies it may prevent me from feeling much actual uneasiness, yet the remembrance of other days will always be attended with regret. That sort of resignation of spirit which was favoured by the depression and the confinement of winter, is beginning to fail on the approach of spring, and, raised by the rustling of the western gales, and the buds, and the sun, and the showers, my spirits have awakened once again, and are execrating the torpor in which they have been lost. This I write to you merely because it is what is uppermost in my mind at present, and because I would have you accustomed, in due time, not to look for my success as a man of business. Every day I see greater reason for believing that this romantic temper will never depart from me now. Vanity indulged it at the first, but it has obtained the support of habit, and, as I think, of reason.”—(2d March, 1794.) “My notions of philosophy rather lead me to consider a steady contemplation of the worst as the best preparation for its possible occurrence. But my temper is too sanguine, and my activity, I believe, too great, to render it possible for such occasional anticipation to induce a

habit of dejection or remissness. In the mean time, I will tell you truly, again, that my prospects of success are not very flattering; though I cannot help believing that this impression will not greatly abate my efforts to insure it, though it may lighten the disappointment which would attach upon my failure. I do not know whether I may have changed, or you may have forgotten, but I assure you that at present I look upon myself as a person of very singular perseverance, and know very few who will engage in greater labours with expectation less sanguine.”—(Glasgow, 29th August, 1794.)

He was possessed of a notion, at this time, that he hated Edinburgh, and liked Glasgow. “After a long abode in the country, I am disgusted with every thing that offers itself to me in the town, and cannot comprehend the force of those motives which have led men to bury themselves there. There was something very soothing to my feelings in the tranquil and easy manner in which my days succeeded one another at Herbertshire; and so much peace, and so much innocence, and so much simplicity, I shall not very easily find in Edinburgh. Indeed, I hate this place more and more, and in January as well as in June. For I am almost alone in the midst of its swarms, and am disturbed with its filth, and debauchery, and restraint, without having access to much of the virtue or genius it may contain.”—(Edinburgh, 1st June, 1794.) “It is now nearly two months since I have been in Edinburgh, and I do not yet know how long it may be before I return to it. There are few places which have less hold upon my affections, and few in which I feel myself so truly solitary.”—(Glasgow, 29th August, 1794.)

This short-lived fancy was not unnatural at the moment. He had got into none of the society of either place, but the privation which mortified him in his native city was not felt in Glasgow, where he was a stranger. And there was a “*Hebe*” at this time in the latter place.

What he thought the severity, which only meant the dulness, of his legal studies, was relieved by a continuance of literary labour. After leaving Oxford he wrote several papers, besides the Speculative Society essays, which, without any exact observance of chronological order, may as well be disposed of now, before bringing him into his professional life. Very few of them remain.

One is a translation of Tacitus, *de Moribus*, dated October, 1792, of which he says:—"This is very unequally translated. There are, however, more passages to be censured than to be praised. Yet the greatest part of them are capable of amendment, and by taking the pitch from the highest, a translation, certainly not inelegant, might easily be laboured out. The most general fault is prolixity. For incorrectness I take rather to be a quality of every thing written as this has been done, than of any genius whatever. I shall never correct nor copy this, and in time may mistake the blunder of precipitation for that of ignorance."

Two abstracts, one of the *Wealth of Nations*, and one of the *Novum Organum*, though short, bring out the substance of these works with condensed fulness.

A translation of Demosthenes against Ctesiphon is as good as most such translations.—(Herbertshire, 22d July, 1794.)

There is a long and very interesting paper entitled "*Politics*," dated on the top of the first page, "Edinburgh, April 4th, 1793," and at the end of the last—"Edinburgh, 29th December, 1793." It occupies about two hundred folio pages. His criticism on it closes thus:—"There are many things which no man would be justified, even in my opinion, for speaking to the world; but I am not sensible that there is any thing here which I ought to have been ashamed of having thought. My conscience has no kind of burden. My errors, I am sure, are those of ignorance, and cannot, by any party, be construed into

guilt, as long as I have diffidence enough, or prudence enough, to keep them secret. I wrote this partly with the design mentioned in the beginning, (though I have become a great deal more neutral since April,) and partly that I might know what I thought, and upon what reasons my opinions were founded,—circumstances in which, if I do not greatly err, many would require some illumination. The style of this work is not so unequal as that of some of my other compositions, though certainly most tolerable where it has been least attended to. I think just so much of this work, that I wish I had bestowed more attention on its composition, and adhered more to plainness and to practicability. Yet it is not all system, and I am sure there is none of it party.”

The statement that “There are many things which no man would be justified, even in my opinion, for speaking to the world,” is a striking indication of the terror which was then felt of any disclosure of independent opinions. So far as I can judge, there is not one expression or one sentiment in the whole paper which might not have been avowed, though perhaps not with the approbation of every Tory, at any time within the last forty, or even fifty years; yet he was then afraid to utter them. It is a disquisition on British affairs, foreign and domestic. After a powerful exposition of the principle, that forms of government are of far less importance to the happiness of the people than the good administration of any system to which they have been accustomed, he discusses the duties and the rights of the rulers and of the subjects of this country, under the constitution which has grown round them. His doctrines are those of a philosophical Whig; firm to the popular principles of our government, and consequently firm against any encroachment, whether from the monarchical or the democratical side. He is hostile to the recently proclaimed war with France, and to the policy and objects of the party that had embarked in it. But it is a perfectly fair and

temperate examination of matters always open to discussion, and is written with great richness of reflection and illustration, and with great force and animation of style. The views expressed in this essay adhered to him through life. Indeed, he says that they will. His beginning is, "History will record the events which signalize the present crisis, and posterity will contemplate with a cool and unprejudiced eye those parties, principles, and actions, which now divide mankind so widely. But history will not record, what it may be pleasant hereafter to review, the personal opinions and present impressions of an observer, who, if he cannot pretend the impartiality of absolute indifference, may yet claim the credentials of candour, sincerity, and moderation, in the principles he has embraced. Though the frenzy of opposition may often beget a similar violence, in a mind of itself disposed to accommodation, and though several circumstances of unpleasing recollection have attempted to impose upon my judgment by such exasperation, I am pretty confident that the opinion I am now about to deliver will continue to influence my political sentiments as long as subjects, in themselves so cumbrous and fatiguing, shall retain any decided place in my mind. I am enrolled in no party, and initiated in no club; habit has added nothing to the confidence of my trust in reason, nor raised any illegal obstacle to the repetition of her triumphs by the demolition of my errors. Neither vanity, nor interest, nor avarice, have hitherto had any effect in warping the political tenets of one who is too mean to catch a glimpse of glory, and too honest to belie the assertion of his soul for the sake of riches or promotion. Those seductive principles may one day overthrow that integrity which they have not yet assailed; and even I may smile with contempt, as I overlook those words, and remember that they were written neither to be seen nor to be obeyed, but merely to perpetuate the memory of that innocence which is never despised till it has ceased to exist."

I am tempted to quote one other passage, neither from its importance nor its originality, but because it evinces a spirit in advance of the age. If there was any principle that was revered as indisputable by almost the whole adherents of the party in power sixty, or even fifty, or perhaps even forty years ago, it was, that the ignorance of the people was necessary for their obedience to the law. A concession was always made in Scotland, in favour of such teaching as might at least enable the poor to read the Bible; but even this was a step beyond England; and in both countries the expediency of a more extended and a higher popular education was considered as a mere Jacobinical pretence. Jeffrey, writing in 1793, says: "The violence of the multitude is indeed to be dreaded, but it will not be violent unless it be uninformed. It is superfluous to add, that a people who are enlightened are likely to be in the same proportion contented; and that the diffusion of knowledge is yet more essential, perhaps, to their tranquillity, than it is to their freedom. Those who are in possession of the truth, and of the principles on which it is founded, will not be moved by all the artifice that sophistry can employ, and will laugh to scorn those dangerous impostors who succeed in seducing the ignorant. As a wise man rarely suffers from the errors which delude the vulgar, so that vulgar, when informed and illuminated, may listen in safety to the charms against which it was not proof before; as the twig that was agitated with any breeze, may come at length to sustain the force of the tempest without bending."

But the most curious of all his early pursuits was the poetical one. There is nothing wonderful in any young man being allured into this region; because, of all ambitions, poetry, where its laurels appear to be attainable, is the least capable of being resisted; and where the rhythmical form is mistaken for the poetical substance, it is reduced to an easy, yet attractive mechanical art. But none

of Jeffrey's lines were written, as youthful lines so often are, for immediate display. His being in the habit of making verses seems to have been known only to his brother and sisters, and to Robert Morehead; and, like his other early exertions, were almost never mentioned afterward by himself. If he had practised the art as a mere superficial accomplishment, he would have cared less for his addiction to it being known. But he plainly had a higher and more distant end in view, and sometimes fancied that the glories of genuine poetry were not certainly beyond his grasp.

Writing from Oxford to his sister, (25th October, 1791,) he says, "*I feel I shall never be a great man unless it be as a poet;*" and, "I have almost returned to my water system, for I have scarcely tasted wine this fortnight; of course I have spent it mostly in solitude, and I think most pleasantly of any since I came here. This way of life does certainly nourish a visionary and romantic temper of mind, which is quite unfit for this part of the world, and which makes one first be stared at, and then neglected. But my aim is to live happily without regard to these things. Notwithstanding all this, *my poetry does not improve; I think it is growing worse every week. If I could find in my heart to abandon it, I believe I should be the better for it.* But I am going to write over my tragedy in a fortnight. Though my own compositions please me less, those of higher hands delight me more than ever."—(7th December, 1791.)

He by no means abandoned it. On the contrary, between 1791 and 1796, inclusive, he exercised his faculty of verse considerably. The largest portion of the result has disappeared. But enough survives to attest his industry, and to enable us to appreciate his powers. There are some loose leaves and fragments of small poems, mostly on the usual subjects of love and scenery, and in the form of odes, sonnets, elegies, &c.; all serious, none personal or satirical. And besides these slight things, there is a com-

pleted poem on *Dreaming*, in blank verse, about 1800 lines long. The first page is dated, Edinburgh, May 4, 1791; the last, Edinburgh, 25th June, 1791; from which I presume that we are to hold it to have been all written in these fifty-three days—a fact which accounts for the absence of high poetry, though there be a number of poetical conceptions and flowing sentences. Then there is a translation into blank verse of the third book of the *Argonauticon* of Apollonius Rhodius. The other books are lost, but he translated the whole poem, extending to about six thousand lines. He says of this work to Mr. Morehead—(12th Dec., 1795)—“I have also written six hundred lines, in a translation of the *Argos* of Apollonius, which I am attempting in the style of Cowper’s *Homer*; and it is not much further below him, than my original is under his.” And I may mention here, though it happens to be in prose, that of two plays, one, a tragedy, survives. It has no title, but is complete in all its other parts. His estimate of its merits does certainly not savour of conceit. “Edinburgh, 13th February, 1794.—The first sheet of this I brought with me from Oxford in July, 1792, and I have completed it by writing two or three lines every two or three months since. Upon the whole, it is exceedingly flat, slow, and uninteresting. My aim was to steer free of the pompous and sputtering magnificence of our rude tragedies, and into which I had some tendency to fall. This has been pretty well accomplished; but I have all the faults of the opposite extreme. Languid, affected, pedantic, the fable has no meaning, and the characters nothing characteristic. There is too little action throughout, and the whole piece is but a succession of conversations. Yet the simplicity of diction, as well as of soul, which I have endeavoured to exhibit, prevent these defects from being very disgusting, and make it rather drowsy than abominable.” He was fond of parodying the *Odes* of Horace, with applications to modern incidents and people, and did

it very successfully. The *Otium Divos* was long remembered. Notwithstanding this perseverance, and a decided poetical ambition, he was never without misgivings as to his success. I have been informed that he once went so far as to leave a poem with a bookseller, to be published, and fled to the country; and that, finding some obstacle had occurred, he returned, recovered the manuscript, rejoicing that he had been saved, and never renewed so perilous an experiment.

There may be some who would like to see these compositions, or specimens of them, both on their own account, and that the friends of the many poets his criticism has offended might have an opportunity of retaliation, and of showing, by the critic's own productions, how little, in their opinion, he was worthy to sit in judgment on others. But I cannot indulge them. Since Jeffrey, though fond of playing with verses privately, never delivered himself up to the public as the author of any, I cannot think that it would be right in any one else to exhibit him in this capacity. I may acknowledge, however, that, so far as I can judge, the publication of such of his poetical attempts as remain, though it might show his industry and ambition, would not give him the poetical wreath, and of course would not raise his reputation. Not that there are not tons of worse verse published, and bought, and even read, every year, but that their publication would not elevate Jeffrey. His poetry is less poetical than his prose. Viewed as mere literary practice, it is rather respectable. It evinces a general acquaintance, and a strong sympathy, with moral emotion, great command of language, correct taste, and a copious possession of the poetical commonplaces, both of words and of sentiment. But all this may be without good poetry.

One of the poetical qualities—a taste for the beauties and the sublimities of nature—he certainly possessed in an eminent degree. His eye, which had a general activity of

observation, was peculiarly attracted by these objects ; and this not for the mere exercise of watching striking appearances, but for the enjoyment of the feelings with which they were connected. The contemplation of the glories of the external world was one of his habitual delights. All men pretend to enjoy scenery, and most men do enjoy it, though many of them only passively ; but with Jeffrey it was indispensable for happiness, if not for existence. He lived in it. The earth, the waters, and especially the sky, supplied him in their aspects with inexhaustible materials of positive luxury, on which he feasted to an extent which those who only knew him superficially could not suspect. Next to the pleasures of duty and the heart, it was the great enjoyment.

On the 16th of December, 1794, he was admitted to practise at the bar.

No idea can be formed of the prospects which this privilege opened, or of the good which he ultimately did, without knowing something of the political state of Scotland when he thus came into public life.

Every thing was inflamed by the first French Revolution. Even in England all ordinary faction was absorbed by the two parties—of those who thought that that terrible example, by showing the dangers of wrongs too long maintained, was the strongest reason for the timely correction of our own defects,—and of those who considered this opinion as a revolutionary device, and held that the atrocities in France were conclusive against our exciting sympathetic hopes, by any admission that curable defect existed. It would have been comfortable if these had been merely argumentative views upon a fair subject of amicable discussion. But they were personal as well as political feelings, and separated people into fierce hostile factions, each of which thought that there was no safety for the state, or for itself, without the destruction of the other. Never, since our own Revolution, was there a period when public life was so ex-

asperated by hatred, or the charities of private life were so soured by political aversion.

If this was the condition of England, with its larger population, its free institutions, its diffused wealth, and its old habits of public discussion, a few facts will account for the condition of Scotland.

There was then in this country no popular representation, no emancipated burghs, no effective rival of the Established Church, no independent press, no free public meetings, and no better trial by jury, even in political cases, (except high treason,) than what was consistent with the circumstances that the jurors were not sent into court under any impartial rule, and that, when in court, those who were to try the case were named by the presiding judge. The Scotch representatives were only forty-five, of whom thirty were elected for counties, and fifteen for towns. Both from its price and its nature, (being enveloped in feudal and technical absurdities,) the elective franchise in counties, where alone it existed, was far above the reach of the whole lower, and of a great majority of the middle, and of many even of the higher ranks. There were probably not above 1500, or 2000 county electors in all Scotland; a body not too large to be held, hope included, in government's hand. The return, therefore, of a single opposition member was never to be expected. A large estate might have no vote; and there were hundreds of votes, which, except nominally, implied no true estate. The return of three or four was miraculous, and these startling exceptions were always the result of local accidents. Of the fifteen town members, Edinburgh returned one. The other fourteen were produced by clusters of four or five unconnected burghs, electing each one delegate, and these four or five delegates electing the representative. Whatever this system may have been originally, it had grown, in reference to the people, into as complete a mockery as if it had been invented for their degradation. The people had nothing to do with

it. It was all managed by town councils, of never more than thirty-three members, and every town council was self-elected, and consequently perpetuated its own interests. The election of either the town or the county member was a matter of such utter indifference to the people, that they often only knew of it by the ringing of a bell, or by seeing it mentioned next day in a newspaper; for the farce was generally performed in an apartment from which, if convenient, the public could be excluded, and never in the open air. The Secession Church had not then risen into much importance. There were few Protestant Dissenters. Even the Episcopalians were scarcely perceptible. Practically, Papists were unknown. During a few crazy weeks there had been two or three wretched newspapers, as vulgar, stupid, and rash, as if they had been set up in order to make the freedom of the press disgusting; and with these momentary exceptions, Scotland did not maintain a single opposition newspaper, or magazine, or periodical publication. The nomination of the jury by the presiding judge was controlled by no check whatever, provided his lordship avoided minors, the deaf, lunatics, and others absolutely incapable. Peremptory challenge was unknown. Meetings of the adherents of government for party purposes, and for such things as victories and charities, were common enough. But, with ample materials for opposition meetings, they were in total disuse. I doubt if there was one held in Edinburgh between the year 1795 and the year 1820. Attendance was understood to be fatal. The very banks were overawed, and conferred their favours with a very different hand to the adherents of the two parties. Those who remember the year 1810 can scarcely have forgotten the political spite that assailed the rise of the Commercial Bank, because it proposed, by knowing no distinction of party in its mercantile dealings, to liberate the public, but especially the citizens of Edinburgh. Thus, politically, Scotland was dead. It was not unlike a village at a great

man's gate. Without a single free institution or habit, opposition was rebellion, submission probable success. There were many with whom horror of French principles, to the extent to which it was carried, was a party pretext. But there were also many with whom it was a sincere feeling, and who, in their fright, saw in every Whig a person who was already a republican, and not unwilling to become a regicide. In these circumstances, zeal upon the right side was at a high premium, while there was no virtue so hated as moderation.

If there had been any hope of ministerial change, or even any relief by variety of ministerial organs, the completeness of the Scotch subjugation might have been less. But the whole country was managed by the undisputed and sagacious energy of a single native, who knew the circumstances, and the wants, and the proper bait of every countryman worth being attended to. Henry Dundas, the first Viscount Melville, was the Pharos of Scotland. Who steered upon him was safe; who disregarded his light was wrecked. It was to his nod that every man owed what he had got, and looked for what he wished. Always at the head of some great department of the public service, and with the indirect command of places in every other department; and the establishments of Scotland, instead of being pruned, multiplying; the judges, the sheriffs, the clergy, the professors, the town councillors, the members of parliament, and of every public board, including all the officers of the revenue, and shoals of commissions in the military, the naval, and the Indian service, were all the breath of his nostrils. This despotism was greatly strengthened by the personal character and manners of the man. Handsome, gentlemanlike, frank, cheerful, and social, he was a favourite with most men, and with all women. Too much a man of the world not to live well with his opponents when they would let him, and totally incapable of personal harshness or unkindness, it was not unnatural that his offi-

cial favours should be confined to his own innumerable and insatiable partisans. With such means, so dispensed, no wonder that the monarchy was absolute. But no human omnipotence could be exercised with a smaller amount of just offence. It is not fair to hold him responsible for the insolence of all his followers. The miserable condition of our political institutions and habits made this country a noble field for a patriotic statesman, who had been allowed to improve it. But this being then impossible, for neither the government nor a majority of the people wished for it, there was no way of managing except by patronage. Its magistrates and representatives, and its other base and paltry materials, had to be kept in order by places, for which they did what they were bidden; and this was really all the government that the country then admitted of. Whoever had been the autocrat, his business consisted in laying forty-five Scotch members at the feet of the government. To be at the head of such a system was a tempting and corrupting position for a weak, a selfish, or a tyrannical man. But it enabled a man with a head and a temper like Dundas's, to be absolute, without making his subjects fancy that they ought to be offended. Very few men could have administered it without being hated. He was not merely worshipped by his many personal friends, and by the numerous idolaters whom the idol fed; but was respected by the reasonable of his opponents; who, though doomed to suffer by his power, liked the individual; against whom they had nothing to say, except that he was not on their side, and reserved his patronage for his supporters. They knew that, though ruling by a rigid exclusion of all unfriends who were too proud to be purchased, or too honest to be converted, he had no vindictive desire to persecute or to crush. He was the very man for Scotland at that time, and is a Scotchman of whom his country may be proud. Skilful in parliament, wise and liberal in council, and with an almost unrivalled power of administration, the usual

reproach of his Scotch management is removed by the two facts, that he did not make the bad elements he had to work with, and that he did not abuse them; which last is the greatest praise that his situation admits of.

In addition to common political hostility, this state of things produced great personal bitterness. The insolence, or at least the confidence, of secure power on the one side, and the indignation of bad usage on the other, put the weaker party, and seemed to justify it, under a tacit proscription. It both excluded those of one class from all public trust, which is not uncommon, and obstructed their attempts to raise themselves any how. To an extent now scarcely credible, and curious to think of, it closed the doors and the hearts of friends against friends. There was no place where it operated so severely as at the bar. Clients and agents shrink from counsel on whom judges frown. Those who had already established themselves, and had evinced irresistible powers, kept their hold; but the unestablished and the ordinary had little chance. Everywhere, but especially at the bar, a youth of a Tory family who was discovered to have imbibed the Whig poison was considered as a lost son.

These facts enable us to appreciate the virtuous courage of those who really sought for the truth, and having found it, as they thought, openly espoused it. But they were not without encouragement. Though externally the people were crushed, the spirit, always kindled by injury, was not extinguished. The shires, with only a few individual exceptions, were soulless. But, in all towns, there were some thinking, independent men. Trade and manufactures were rising—the municipal population was increasing—the French Revolution, with its excitement and discussion of principles, was awakening many minds. The great question of burgh reform, demonstrably clear in itself, but then denounced as revolutionary, had begun that deep and just feeling of discontent, which operated so beneficially

on the public spirit of the citizens all over Scotland for the next forty years. The people were silent from prudence. A first conviction of simple sedition by a judge-named jury was followed by transportation for fourteen years. They therefore left their principles to the defence of the leading Whigs; who, without any special commission, had the moral authority that belongs to honesty and fearlessness. These were chiefly lawyers; whose powers and habits connected them with public affairs;—a bold and united band, without whose steadiness the very idea of independence would, for the day, have been extinguished in Scotland.

They had a few, but only a few, external supporters; but these bore powerful names. It was only the strong who durst appear. In spirit Mr. James Gibson (afterward Sir James Craig) was in the Society of Writers to the Signet, our second legal body, what Henry Erskine was in the Faculty of Advocates, our first. The Rev. Sir Harry Moncrieff stood out in the church; John Allen and John Thomson in the medical profession; Dugald Stewart and John Playfair in the college. It was chiefly, however, by their reputations, and the influence of their known opinions, that these and others promoted the cause; because, Mr. Gibson excepted, they did not engage in the daily schemes and struggles of the party. Several other places had their independent men, who dared to show their heads. But the prevailing impression was fear; particularly on the part of those whose livelihood depended on the countenance of the upper ranks, and not on their own powers. But this worked for good ultimately. The necessity of suppressing their opinions increased the attachment with which these opinions were secretly clung to, and cherished an intensity of public principle which easier times do not require, and therefore, except in very thinking minds, rarely attain. The fruit appeared in due time.

In so far as Scotland was concerned, there could be no doubt of the policy of this party, and little ground for de-

spair. The sole object was to bring Scotland within the action of the constitution. For this purpose it was plain that certain definite and glaring peculiarities must be removed, and the people be trained to the orderly exercise of public rights; and, for the promotion of these ends, all sound principles of liberty, to whatever region applicable, must be explained and upheld. The imperfections of the old Scotch system were too gross to allow any one, who had a due confidence in the force of truth, to doubt their ultimate correction. And thus, instead of any vague generality of reform, the attention of our reformers was concentrated on certain black spots. Those in power shut their eyes and their ears to all such matters; and cheered by a great majority of injudicious friends, did not perceive that, below their triumphant surface, there was setting in that steady under-current, which, to the increased safety of the community, has swept these abominations away. That the flag was kept flying, was owing almost entirely to the spirit of the Whig lawyers.

The merit of these men can only be measured by the fact, that the state of affairs made a long sway for the government party, and, consequently, a long exclusion of their opponents from all appointments, nearly certain; so certain, that no barrister could espouse Whiggism without making up his mind to renounce all hope of official promotion. If the Whigs had been as steadily in power, it would probably have been the same with the Tories; but this does not lessen the admiration due to those, no matter on what side, who sacrificed their interests to their principles. It was fortunate for the Whig counsel, especially the juniors, that the advantage of the proscription fell to them. It made them feel that they had nothing but themselves to rely upon; while their opponents felt exactly the reverse. The latter were seduced to signalise themselves by party violence, and to rely on its official pay;—the former, seeing themselves debarred from all that patronage could

confer, were compelled to seek those better things over which it has no control. They found these in leisure and study, in elevation of character, and in the habit of self-dependence. They have since reaped their distant, and seemingly hopeless harvest; not so much in their own rise, as in that rise of public opinion which their conduct did so much to produce. But they had a long and severe winter to pass through; and they, almost alone of the liberal, had courage to stand out through its darkest days.

It is very difficult to resist naming and describing some of these men and their measures. But this cannot be converted from a personal into a general, or even a local history; and, therefore, those not so intimately connected with Jeffrey as to have affected his life, must be passed over. As to himself, his public opinions, or rather their principles, were coeval with the growth of his reason. His private writings show that they were not formed without study and reflection, and his purity in adopting them may be inferred from their all being against his immediate interest. Nothing beyond his conviction of their soundness is necessary in order to account for his adoption of them. If accidental circumstances co-operated, they probably consisted in the attraction of free principles to such a mind; in his abhorrence of the prevailing local persecution, and in the gloomy intolerance of his Tory father, contrasted with the open-hearted liberality of his Whig uncle of Herbertshire.

The legal profession in Scotland had every recommendation to a person resolved, or compelled, to remain in this country. It had not the large fields open to the practitioner in England, nor the practicable seat in the House of Commons, nor the lofty political and judicial eminences, nor the great fortunes. But it was not a less honourable or a less intellectual line. It is the highest profession that the country knows; its emoluments and prizes are not inadequate to the wants and habits of the upper classes; it

has always been adorned by men of ability and learning, who are honoured by the greatest public confidence. The law itself is not much upheld by the dim mysteries which are said elsewhere to be necessary in order to save law from vulgar familiarity. With a little deduction on account of the feudality that naturally adheres to real property, it is perhaps the best and the simplest legal system in Europe. It is deeply founded in practical reason,—aided by that conjoined equity which is equity to the world as well as to lawyers. There can be no more striking testimony to its excellence than the fact, that most of the modern improvements in English law, on matters already settled in the law of Scotland, have amounted, in substance, to the unacknowledged introduction of the Scotch system. Its higher practice has always been combined with literature, which, indeed, is the hereditary fashion of the profession. Its cultivation is encouraged by the best and most accessible library in this country, which belongs to the bar. In joining this body, Jeffrey raised a far slighter obstacle to his favourite pursuits than if he had chosen almost any other line.

The mere "*Outer House*" presented every thing calculated to prepare him for any other destination toward which he might have turned. This Outer House is a large, handsome, historical chamber, in immediate connection with the Courts,—the Westminster Hall of Scotland. It is filled, while the courts are sitting, by counsel, and all manner of men of the law, by the public, and by strangers, to whom the chief attraction is the contemplation of the learned crowd moving around them. For about two centuries this place has been the resort and the nursery of a greater variety of talent than any other place in the northern portion of our island. It has seen a larger number of distinguished men—it has been the scene of more discussed public principles, and projected public movements—it has cherished more friendships. When Jeffrey sat on its remoter benches,

and paced its then uneven floor, so did Scott, and Crans-toun, and Thomas Thomson, and Horner, and Brougham, and Moncrieff, and many others who have since risen into eminence. These young men had before them the figures and the reputations of Blair, and Erskine, and Charles Hope, and Clerk, and other seniors, on whom they then looked with envy and despair. But they had the library, and each other, and every enjoyment that society, and hope, and study, or gay idleness, could confer. In those days, as ever since, the intercourse of the lawyers was very agreeable. They were, and are, a well-conditioned, joyous, and, when not perverted by politics, a brotherly community; without the slightest tinge of professional jealousy; and so true to their principles, whatever they may be, that there have not been above two or three known political renegades among them during the last fifty years. May the young man walking the boards of that hall, in the opening of his legal career, be inspired by the recollection of the eminent persons who, throughout so many generations, have successfully been in his position, and in his obscurity, and ever keep himself right by remembering what is due to the genius of the place.

We had no civil juries then, which cut off one great field of forensic display. But this was made up for, to a certain extent, by the Supreme Court, consisting of no fewer than fifteen judges, who formed a sort of judicial jury, and were dealt with as such. But the pen was at that time, and for a long while afterward, a more used instrument than the tongue. It was more inglorious, but it did more work. The great mass of the business was carried on by writing—not merely by written *pleadings*, but by the whole circumstances and legal merits of every cause being laid before the judges in the form of written or of printed sentiment and argument. Occasionally, when the learning in a cause is nice and profound, the deliberation and accuracy of written discussion has its advantages. But, intolerably,

this form was then applied to every thing: and this down till 1825. Justice could often afford to be deaf, but never to be blind. What generations of dumb, but able and learned drudges the custom bred! All counsel, even the speaking ones, were often obliged to practise it; but there were whole tribes of silent and laborious men who did nothing else. Many of them produced a quarto volume every day. They actually fed themselves, and married, and reared families, and left successions upon it. This was always the first avenue of the juniors; whose considerate toil often crammed their ungrateful seniors with the matter out of which the senior's lips extracted all the applause. Jeffrey's power of writing made this an easy line for him, and many an admirable contribution did he furnish in it.

His talents and his reputation, which among young men was very considerable, were his only ground of hope in his first public scene. These were counteracted by his public opinions, and by an unpopularity of manner which it is somewhat difficult to explain. People did not like his English, nor his style of smart sarcastic disputation, nor his loquacity, nor what they supposed to be an air of affectation. These peculiarities gradually faded, and people got accustomed to them; but they operated against him throughout several of his early years. He himself was aware of this, and felt it. He writes to his brother (27th June, 1796) of "*the few to whom I am dear*;" and envies John, who had gained so many friends, and seen so much of the world, "*while I have been languishing within my island limits, scarcely known to anybody, and not much liked by those who do know me.*"

It seems to be necessary that there should be a story about the first fee of every lawyer who rises high. Jeffrey's is, that returning home one day with a guinea, he cast it to his grandmother, saying, "There is my first fee, Granny; give it to your old woman at Leith."

But he was not much troubled with fees then. He always got a few from his father's connections; enough to show what he was; but there he stuck, and it was just as well.

There were at this time several able men on the bench, and at the bar, of whom it is very tempting to try to give some account. But this would be improper in a narrative which aims at merely explaining Jeffrey; and, therefore, I mention those persons only who affected his life, and not those, however eminent or singular, with whom he had only a casual or a professional connection. I adhere to the principle with regret, because some of these persons merit preservation on account of their eminence; and some, grown in the preceding century, were too picturesque to have their like ever seen again.

For a long while his professional acquaintance was exceedingly slight, scarcely extending beyond those friends of his youth who had gone to the bar with him. Of the seniors, there seem to have been only two who noticed him; with both of whom he lived in great friendship till death removed them.

One of these was the late Mr. Archibald Fletcher, who died at a very advanced age in the year 1828. He was only a few years younger than Jeffrey at the bar, but was much older in life. It is, perhaps, unnecessary for me to say any thing of this most excellent man, because his merits have been described, with his usual discrimination and force, by Lord Brougham (Speeches 3, 346). A pure and firm patriot, neither the excitement of the French Revolution, nor the long and seemingly hopeless slumber that followed it, nor the danger to which every marked friend of the popular cause was then exposed, had any effect in altering his course of calm resolute benevolence. Throughout all the chances that occurred in his long life he was the same, ever maintaining right opinions,—never neglecting any opportunity of resisting oppression, in whatever quarter of the globe it might be practised or threatened, ashamed

of no romance of public virtue—always ready to lead, but, from modesty, much readier to follow, his Whig party in every conflict of principle,—and all with perfect candour and immoveable moderation. His more peculiar home subject was the reform of our burghs, a matter, however, that implied many of our other constitutional liberations. He was almost the father, and was certainly the most persevering champion, of this cause. But, indeed, his whole life, devoted as it was to the promotion of every scheme calculated to diffuse knowledge, and to advance liberty in every region of the world, was applied with especial zeal and steadiness to the elevation of his native country. In all his patriotism he was encouraged by his amiable and high-minded wife; of whom Lord Brougham says, most justly, that, “with the utmost purity of life that can dignify and enhance female charms, she combined the inflexible principles and deep political feeling of a Hutchinson and a Roland.” He was a sound lawyer, and in very respectable practice. It was a great pleasure to Jeffrey to discuss questions of political benevolence with him, even in the extremity of his age; sometimes taking the wrong side in order to excite him, and always delighted with the undecaying spirit of the honest and liberal old man.

The other was the Honourable Henry Erskine, who had long been the brightest luminary at our bar. His name can no sooner be mentioned than it suggests ideas of wit, with which, in many memories, the recollection of him is chiefly associated. A tall and rather slender figure, a face sparkling with vivacity, a clear sweet voice, and a general suffusion of elegance, gave him a striking and pleasing appearance. He was nearly the same in private as in public; the presence of only a few friends never diminishing his animation, nor that of the largest audience his naturalness. No boisterousness ever vulgarised, no effort ever encumbered, his aerial gaiety. Though imposing no restraint upon himself, but always yielding freely to the radiant

spirit within him, his humour was rendered delightful by its gentleness and safety. Too good-natured for sarcasm, when he was compelled to expose, there was such an obvious absence of all desire to give pain, that the very person against whom his laughing darts were directed, generally thought the wounds compensated by the mirth and by the humanity of the cuts. Yet those will form a very erroneous conception of him who shall suppose that the mere display of wit was his principal object. In society, of course, his pleasure was to please his friends. But in public he scarcely ever uttered a joke merely for the sake of the laugh. He was far above this seducing vulgarity. His playfulness was always an argumentative instrument. He reasoned in wit; and, untempted by the bad taste and the weakness of desiring to prolong it for its own sake, it ceased the very instant that the reasoning was served. Nevertheless, notwithstanding the fascination it threw around him, he had better have been without the power. It allured him into a sphere below that to which his better faculties would have raised him, and established obstructing associations of cheerfulness, whenever he appeared, in the public mind. For he was intuitively quick in apprehension, and not merely a skilful, but a sound reasoner;—most sagacious in judgment; and his speaking had all the charms that these qualities, united to a copious but impressive language, and to a manner of the most polished and high-born gracefulness, could confer. Hence, though naturally, perhaps, his intellect was rather rapid and acute than deep or forcible, he could discharge himself of all his lightness when necessary, and could lead an audience, in the true tone, and with assured success, through a grave or distressing discussion.

In his profession he was the very foremost. There were some, particularly Blair, afterward the head of the court, who surpassed him in deep and exact legal knowledge. But no rival approached him in the variety, extent, or

brilliancy of his general practice. Others were skilled in one department, or in one court. But wherever there was a litigant, civil, criminal, fiscal, or ecclesiastic, there was a desire for Harry Erskine;—despair if he was lost,—confidence if he was secured. And this state of universal requisition had lasted so long, that it could only have proceeded from the public conviction of his general superiority. He had been Lord Advocate during the coalition administration, but not long enough to enlarge his public views; and when Jeffrey was first honoured by his notice, his brethren had, for eight successive years, chosen him for their Dean, or official head. His political opinions were those of the Whigs; but a conspicuous and inflexible adherence to their creed was combined with so much personal gentleness, that it scarcely impaired his popularity. Even the old judges, in spite of their abhorrence of his party, smiled upon him; and the eyes of such juries as we then had, in the management of which he was agreeably despotic, brightened as he entered. He was the only one of the marked Edinburgh Whigs who was not received coldly in the private society of their opponents. Nothing was so sour as not to be sweetened by the glance, the voice, the gaiety, the beauty, of Henry Erskine. He and his illustrious brother, Lord Erskine, have sometimes been compared. There is every reason for believing that, in genius, Thomas was the superior creature. But no comparison of two men so differently placed is of any value. It is scarcely possible even to conjecture what each might have been in the other's situation. All that is certain is, that each was admirable in his own sphere. Cast as his lot was, our Erskine shone in it to the utmost; and it is no deduction from his merits that no permanent public victories, and little of the greatness that achieves them, are connected with his name. He deserves our reverence for every virtue and every talent that could be reared in his position;—by private worth and unsullied public honour,

—by delightful temper, safe vivacity, and unmatched professional splendour.

Yet, on the 12th of January, 1796, this man was deprived of his deanship on account of his political principles, or, at least, in consequence of his having acted upon them to the extent of presiding at a public meeting to petition against the war. This dismissal was perfectly natural at a time when all intemperance was natural. But it was the Faculty of Advocates alone that suffered. Erskine had long honoured his brethren by his character and reputation, and certainly he lost nothing by being removed from the official chair. It is to the honour of the society, however, that out of 161 who voted, there were 38 who stood true to justice, even in the midst of such a scene. Jeffrey was not one of the thirty-eight. There were three or four young men who agreed with Erskine, and who adhered prominently to the policy of his party ever afterward, but who felt constrained not to shock the prejudices of relations, and therefore staid away. Jeffrey was one of these. He respected the feelings of his father, and of his first patron, Lord Glenlee. He never repented of the filial deference, but most bitterly did he ever afterward lament its necessity. He envied the thirty-eight, and always thought less of himself from his not having been one of them. It made the greater impression upon him that this was the first public occasion on which he had had an opportunity of acting on his principles.

Neither these matters, nor any other distraction, withdrew Jeffrey from his literary exercises. One of the two surviving books of the *Argonauticon* is dated Edinburgh, 12th December, 1795, and the other, Edinburgh, 4th July, 1796. And there is a letter to him from Dr. Maton, dated Salisbury, 13th September, 1796, from which it appears that he had a serious desire for some immediate publication. The book is not named; but it may be inferred from the Doctor's words that it was a classical

translation. "As matters are, I might as well tell you at once, that these great men, the booksellers, were not more sanguine about the good reception, or, I should rather say, the good incubation and sale of a work like yours, than they were about mine, when I had an idea of making it merely for the naturalists. Your favourite author seldom falls into the hands of any but professed amateurs of the classics, who are comparatively few at present, and one of the Bibliopoles told me that there was a *decent* translation already by—I know not by whom. As I was only a week, or a little more, in London, I could not take the charge of a part of your manuscript for their perusal. Why should you not try the consequence of publishing a part only? I mean, to see how it would sell. Of its obtaining a good name from the critics, I would not for a moment entertain a doubt." No part of it ever appeared, however.

His eldest sister, Mary, was married on the 21st of April, 1797, to the late Mr. George Napier, writer to the Signet, Edinburgh.

His condition and feelings about this period, and for a few years later, transpire in some passages of his letters to his brother and Morehead.

"When I wrote you last I was in the distraction of passing my last public trials, and in the course of a fortnight afterward I had accomplished the whole ceremony, and was regularly admitted to the bar. The Christmas vacation put a stop to my splendid career, within a few days after it had begun; so that I have the course in a manner to renew, and the awkwardness of a first appearance to experience for a second time. The causes in which a young lawyer is engaged, are, as you probably know, for the most part of very little consequence; and the style of pleading at the outer bar* such as may be attained without much knowledge, eloquence, or presence of mind. It is literally

* One of the Bars in the Outer House, where a single judge sits.

a burst of wrangling and contradicting ; in which the loudest speaker has the greatest chance to prevail. I did not feel myself very expert in this trade, but perceive that I shall be able to acquire les manières of it without much difficulty."—(To his brother, 3d January, 1795.)

"I have been considering very seriously, since I came last here, the probability of my success at the bar, and have but little comfort in the prospect ; for all the employment which I have, has come entirely through my father, or those with whom I am otherwise connected. I have also been trying to consider of some other occupation in which I might put my time and application to better profit ; but find the prospect still more perplexing and obscure. I am determined, however, that I will not linger away the years of my youth and activity in an unprofitable and hopeless hanging on about our courts, as I see not a few doing every day ; for besides the waste of that time which can never be replaced, the mind becomes at once humiliated and enfeebled in such a situation, and loses all that energy which alone can lead it to enterprise and success."—(To his brother, 28th November, 1795.)

"All great passions are born in solitude. They are tamed and degraded by the common intercourse of society ; but in public companies, in crowds, and assemblies, they are quite lost and extinguished ; and so by degrees I come back to seriousness and sense. I wish I could make you as happy as your letter made me, and in the same way—I mean by as prosperous an account of my affairs : but the truth is not so bad as to be concealed. I have been here almost ever since the date of my last, lingering away my mornings in the court with less edification, less profit, and less patience, I think, than when you were here. My evenings, too, have not made up for the waste of time so well as they did last winter ; for though not so dissipated as you, I have been very much out for the last month. However, I weary of this idle, turbulent sort of amusement, and

mean to withdraw myself into solitude for another month to balance my accounts. The only kind of work with which I have employed myself lately is in translating old Greek poetry, and copying the style of all our different poets; but the weightier matters of the law have been horribly neglected.”—(27th January, 1796.)

“The last session has passed away with very little increase of profit, reputation, or expectancy; and though almost as favourable as candidates of my standing usually find it, has left me with no longing for the approach of another, and little prospect of better ruminations at the close of it. I wish I could do something which would ensure me some kind of subsistence from my own exertions. But to be in the condition of one who is asking charity, willing and waiting to work, but idle from want of employment, is an evil attending all the professions called liberal, and makes them unfortunately less independent than any other. The state of politics, too, in this country, and the excessive violence and avowed animosity of the parties in power, which have now extended to every department of life, and come to affect every profession, make the prospect still less encouraging to one who abhors intolerance, and is at no pains to conceal his contempt of its insolence.”—(2d April, 1796.)

“I am extremely hurried at present preparing for a criminal trial, in which I have been engaged very much against my inclination. The man for whom I attended last week, was found guilty unanimously; and indeed there was no chance for him. As to my new clients,—it is probable I shall have nothing to do but to sit by them, and look wise.”—(16th October, 1796.)

This man was Roderick Milesius M’Cuillin, who on the 13th of October, 1797, was convicted of forgery. His case, which, from the commission of the crime down to his death on the scaffold, was, throughout all its stages, accompanied by striking adventures, made a great noise at the time. It is impressed on my memory by the circum-

stance, that I happened to go into the gallery of the court, and saw, for the first time, Francis Jeffrey and George Joseph Bell, who were counsel for the prisoner, and Lord Braxfield, then the head of the criminal court. I understood nothing about such matters then, but I remember being much surprised at the style of the counsel, and at the vulgar overbearing coarseness of the judge.

"I should like, therefore, to be the rival of Smith and Hume, and there are some moments, (after I have been extravagantly praised, especially by those to whose censure I am more familiar,) when I fancy it possible that I shall one day arrive at such a distinction. But I could never convince myself that it was any part of my duty, or at all likely to increase the probability of this lofty distinction, for me to fix my hopes or my wishes upon it with an undeviating and unmoveable firmness. I do not think we can make occasions always for the display of our abilities, and if we do not unfit ourselves for making use of them when they do come, I think the less we feel at their delay, the happier we are at liberty to be."—(To Morehead, 15th January, 1798.)

In another letter to Robert Morehead, of 6th August, 1798, he announces an intended ramble through Cumberland and Wales, and laments that they are both getting too hard and sensible. "What, my dear Bobby, are we turning into? I grow, it appears to myself, dismally stupid and inactive; I lose all my originalities, and ecstacies, and romances, and am far advanced already upon that dirty highway called the way of the world. I have a kind of unmeaning gaiety that is fatiguing and unsatisfactory even to myself; and in the brilliancy of this sarcastic humour, I can ridicule my former dispositions with admirable success. Yet I regret the loss of them much more feelingly, and really begin to suspect that the reason and gross common sense by which I now profess to estimate every thing, is just as much a vanity and delusion as any of the fanta-

sies it judges of. This, at least, I am sure of, that these poetic visions bestowed a much purer and more tranquil happiness than can be found in any of the tumultuous and pedantic triumphs that seem now within my reach, and that I was more amiable, and quite as respectable before this change took place in my character. I shall never arrive at any eminence either in this new character, and have glimpses and retrospective snatches of my former self, so frequent and so lively, that I shall never be wholly estranged from it, nor more than half the thing I seem to be aiming at. Within these few days I have been more perfectly restored to my poesies and sentimentalities than I had been for many months before. I walk out every day alone, and as I wander by the sunny sea, or over the green and solitary rocks of Arthur's Seat, I feel as if I had escaped from the scenes of impertinence in which I had been compelled to act, and recollect, with some degree of my old enthusiasm, the wild walks and eager conversation we used to take together at Herbertshire about four years ago. I am still capable, I feel, of going back to these feelings, and would seek my happiness, I think, in their indulgence, if my circumstances would let me. As it is, I believe I shall go on sophisticating and perverting myself till I become absolutely good for nothing."

He wrote again after the journey had begun, from Wigton, 3d September, 1798, saying he meant to take London on some part of his way. "I am going to be very literary in London, and have thoughts of settling there as a grub. Will you go into partnership with me? I have introductions to review and newspaper editors, and I am almost certain that I could make four times the sum that ever I shall do at the bar. Your friends were all well when I heard of them. John is now asleep before me, and Dr. Brown as near him as possible."—"P. S.—I send you a most exquisite sonnet, with which I was inspired immediately upon my arrival, and which I wish you to circulate

among your friends, as a production of the ingenious person whose name it bears. My reason for this is, that he may make his entrée into Oxford with some of that éclat which it cannot fail to procure him," &c. &c.

His grub speculation got little encouragement. On the 20th of the same month he tells Mr. Geo. Bell, "I have derived but little benefit yet from my letters of introduction. Perry* I can never find at home. Philips† sent me away without reading my letter, and most of the other eminent persons to whom I meant to present myself, are enjoying their dignity in the country."

So much the better for him. He came home, and was gradually drawn by circumstances into the line of life which was the best for his powers, his usefulness, and his happiness.

"I have been idle and rather dissipated all this summer. Of late I have had fits of discontent and self-condemnation pretty severely; but I doubt if this will produce any thing for a long time to come. The thing, however, will certainly draw to a crisis in a year or two. My ambition, and my prudence, and indolence will have a pitched battle, and I shall either devote myself to contention and toil, or lay myself quietly down in obscurity and mediocrity of attainment. I am not sure which of these will promote my happiness the most. I shall regret what I have forfeited, be my decision what it may. The unaspiring life, I believe, has the least positive wretchedness. I have often thought of going to India, but I do not know for what station I should be qualified, or could qualify myself, and I have almost as little talent for solicitation as you have."—(To Morehead, 6th July, 1800.)

These seeming adversities, and this obvious ambition, always led him back to himself, and to the improvement of his own mind. He never gave up his studies, or had any real hope of success except from his deserving it. In

* Editor of the Morning Chronicle.

† Bookseller.

none of his letters is there the slightest gleam of expectation from any patron.

He was fond of all science not depending on mathematics. Medicine in particular had great attractions for him, and for a short time he studied it. His friends John Allen, John Thomson, Charles Bell, and Thomas Brown, were all of that profession, and though they did not purposely encourage his propensity, their conversation produced a desultory acquaintance with their science. One way or other, he at least learned enough about it to make him generally a fanciful sufferer and a speculative doctor, when he himself was the patient. Chemistry he liked, and, in its large principles, understood respectably. All his scientific tendencies were excited by his being a member of that singular society of the rising young men then in Edinburgh, called "The Academy of Physics."* "I am become a zealous chemist, and would make experiments if I could afford it, and was not afraid of my eyes. I shall join a society in the winter, that conducts these things in a very respectable style. I am afraid it will swallow up our academy, for which I am sorry. It was the most select and the least burdensome thing of the kind I was ever concerned with. But amiable licentiousness and want of discipline have extinguished it, or nearly."—(To Morehead, 6th July, 1800.) This general acquaintance with science was of great use to him in his profession. And though his science, as science, was neither deep nor accurate, it was sufficient to set him, in this respect, above the judges or the juries he might have to convince, or any brother he

* See a full account of it in Welsh's Life of Brown. They acknowledged only three facts which were to be admitted without proof:—1. Mind exists. 2. Matter exists. 3. Every change indicates a cause. And even these concessions they reserved "the power of altering or modifying." Prof. Brown, John Leyden, Lord Webb Seymore, Mr. Reddie, Dr. Birkbeck, Brougham, Jeffrey, Horner, were members, and many others of note.

might have to oppose; nor, except Lord Brougham, was there any practising barrister, even in England, who in this particular was his match.

On the 2d of March, 1800, he tells his brother, "I am beginning to grow discontented, and to feel emotions of despondency and ambition, that do no credit to my philosophy. It is impossible not to see that my profession does not afford me the means of subsistence, and that nine parts in ten of the little employment I have are derived from those with whom I am personally connected. If these persons were to die, or to quarrel with me, I should scarcely have an apology for attending the courts, and should make less by doing so than a common labourer. Now this is not only mortifying, but a little alarming too, and prudence as well as pride exhorts me to look to something else. I have talents that my conscience will not let me rank in the lowest order, and I had industry enough too for most things, till the loitering habits of my nominal profession, and the peculiar state of my health, put an end to any regular exertion. I have associated, too, a great deal of late with men of high rank, prospects, and pretensions, and feel myself quite upon a level with them, in every thing intrinsic and material. I cannot help looking upon a slow, obscure, and philosophical starvation at the Scotch bar as a destiny not to be submitted to. There are some moments when I think I could sell myself to the minister or to the Devil, in order to get above these necessities. At other times I think of undertaking pilgrimages and seeking adventures, to give a little interest and diversity to the dull life that seems to await me; and when I am most reasonable, I meditate upon my chances of success at the English bar, or in India, to both of which resources I have been exhorted and recommended by some of my friends. What does your commercial, idle, epicurean head say to all this?"

If these fits of depression or impatience had been serious,

and had arisen merely from his not getting business, they would have been very unreasonable. He had only been five years at the law, and had got at least something to do, though not much; whereas, he must have seen that many a better lawyer had been double that time without knowing what a fee was, and yet had risen to fortune and renown. But when men write about their own feelings to a distant friend, they are apt to get sentimental, and to describe emotions as habitual which are only suggested by the act of writing. This was the close, too, of the winter session of the court, which, by reminding him how little he had done, naturally disposed him to pensiveness and complaint. Accordingly, he says in this very letter, "You must not think that these reflections are habitual with me. They come in fits, though, to say the truth, rather oftener than I could wish. This is the last week of our session." It was not his professional insignificance alone that troubled him, but its being combined with the consciousness of adequate ability, and the rise of very inferior rivals on the right side, who were flaming over his head like rockets. Notwithstanding all this, however, his prevailing state, as at every period of his life, when not in actual distress, was that of gaiety.

Accordingly, although his professional despondency lasted several years longer, his feeling of personal loneliness was now entirely removed. The Speculative Society, time, the bar, and his being better known, had led him into a wider society, and into several valuable and permanent friendships. In particular, between 1797 and 1800, some conspicuous young men had come to Edinburgh, to whom, being strangers, the merits of Jeffrey were more apparent than they hitherto had been to many of those among whom he dwelt. Some of these have been already named in mentioning the Speculative Society, and it was to them that he refers in the preceding letter as "*men of high rank, prospects, and pretensions,*" with whom he had been assoc-

ciating, and to whom he felt himself equal "*in every thing intrinsic and material.*" In addition to these were Lord Webb Seymore, Mr. Sidney Smith, and Mr. Hamilton, also strangers. The known admiration of these foreigners gave him importance in the sight of those who were disposed to slight him, and enlarged his experience in life. And his ordinary Edinburgh friendships now included Professor Playfair, Mr. Thomas Thomson, Mr. George Joseph Bell, and his brother Charles, Mr. James Graham, Mr. Brougham, Mr. John Macfarlane, Mr. John A. Murray, Mr. Horner, Mr. James Mencrieff, and Mr. John Richardson. His surviving friends cannot have forgotten his delight in the calm and amiable thoughtfulness of Playfair,—how he loved the gentle Seymore,—how he revered Horner,—how he enjoyed the wise wit of Smith.

Of all these there was no one, except perhaps his cousin Robert Morehead, to whom he was attached so early as to the two Bells, or to whom he adhered through life with a more affectionate tenacity. Both reached great distinction; one in the law, the other in art and physiology. George was long afterward appointed by the unanimous election of his brethren to the Professorship of Law in the College of Edinburgh, and by the Crown to one of the principal clerkships in the Supreme Court. But his true distinction consists in his being the author of the Commentaries on the Law of Bankruptcy, an institutional work of the very highest excellence, which has guided the judicial deliberations of his own country for nearly fifty years, and has had its value acknowledged in the strongest terms by no less jurists than Story and Kent. With a stiff and sometimes a hard manner, he was warm-hearted and honourable, a true friend, and excellent in all the relations of life. No one ever knew him well without respect and regard. Charles is now known to the world as the author of a beautiful work, illustrated by his own exquisite drawings, on the anatomy of painting; and as the discoverer of the

true structure and theory of our nervous system,—a discovery which places him at the head of modern physiologists. Gentle and affectionate, he was strongly marked by the happy simplicity that often accompanies talent; and was deeply beloved by numerous friends. In affection the brothers were one. George's labour at his book used to excite Jeffrey's envy and self-contempt. "In the mean time, what are you doing? and how do the days run away from you? Do you know, since I have seen you engaged in that great work of yours, and witnessed the confinement and perspiration it has occasioned you, I have oftener considered you as an object of envy and reproachful comparison than ever I did before? I am really a good-for-nothing fellow, I believe, and have no right to expect any better fortune in this world than I am likely to have. I have thought so oftener, I tell you, within these last two or three months than ever I did; and many a time when I have skipped down your stair with an air of exulting carelessness, I have wished myself hanged for a puppy, and you with me for putting me in mind of it. I have no leisure, however, to be moral at present, but as I do chew upon such reflections very perseveringly, something perhaps will one day come of it."

They were left early in life very poor, on the death of their father, a clergyman in the Scotch Episcopal Church. As soon as they were of an age to reflect, they saw that they had nothing to depend upon except their own industry; and, having selected their departments, they entered upon their cultivation with an energy characteristic of both. There are few things more touching than the high-minded resolution with which these two young men, cheered by each other, prosecuted the severe studies out of which they at last achieved their reward. There is a memorandum by George in which, among other things, he mentions a walk that they took to Cults, twenty-two miles west of Edinburgh, where an aunt was living. Each had

with him a part of what was afterward converted into his first publication, on which, and on their uncertain prospects, they had much anxious talk. "I recollect we stopped to rest ourselves, and drank at a stream on the road side, and amused ourselves with thinking how pleasant it would be to remember this outset of life when we were advanced somewhat higher."

George appears to have been among the first at the bar to discover Jeffrey's superiority; and without the advice, remonstrances, and encouragement, of this steady and hard-working friend, it seems very possible that Jeffrey would not have persevered in his profession. Bell was always rating, and inspiring him with hope. Thus, in answer to an impatient letter from Jeffrey of the 7th of October, 1796, Bell, among other things, tells him (9th October 1796)—"Upon your own exertion must depend not your happiness alone—for perhaps you are too much of a philosopher to allow any thing external to influence your happiness—but your capacities of indulging in whims, and your ability of assisting others. If so, you will conceive better of your profession than you seem to do." "With a strong, lively, and elegant imagination—a cultivated taste,—a mind well stored with knowledge,—versant in the law at least equal to any of your years,—with ready conceptions, and quickness of reply, what in all the world should hinder you from attaining to the head of your profession. Let me hear no more of this murmuring and nonsense." "But, in faith, my dear fellow, if you feel really averse to this profession, and unable to bear its drudgery, you should at once resolve to make a man of yourself, and do honour to your family and your country, by some literary labour." Throughout all that part of the life of every barrister that must be precarious, Bell was equally ready with encouraging sense, and never despaired of the final triumph of the friend it was given to. He alludes in another memorandum without date, but written some years after this, to M'Cuillin's

case, thus:—"On coming to town I was appointed to be counsel for a fine young fellow of an Irishman charged with forgery. I made my friend Jeffrey my assistant. He was not then known. Few people but myself knew the extraordinary resources of that man's genius at the time. His manner was bad, and the misjudging world would allow him no merit or talent. The conquest he had made over the prejudices of the world, his own manner, and every man who has come into competition with him, none but talents of the first rank could have accomplished."

Besides Bell, there were two other very early friends, both of the same class, over whose memories it is grateful to linger.

James Grahame, author of the Sabbath, British Georgics, The Birds of Scotland, and other Poems, who died on the 14th September, 1811, was one of them. Tall, solemn, large featured, and very dark, he was not unlike one of the independent preachers of the commonwealth. He is styled "sepulchral Grahame" by Byron. Neither the bar, at which he practised a few years, nor Whig principles, in the promotion of which he was most ardent (but which with him meant only the general principles of liberty), were the right vocation of a pensive nature, whose delight was in religion and poetry. The decline of his health deepening his piety, and increasing his dislike of his profession, he entered the English Church, in 1808, and obtained an humble curacy, with which, however, he was perfectly contented. With the softest of human hearts, his indignation knew no bounds when it was roused by what he held to be oppression, especially of animals or the poor, both of whom he took under his special protection. He and a beggar seemed always to be old friends. The merit of his verse consists in its expressing the feelings of his own heart. It all breathes a quiet, musing benevolence, and a sympathy with the happiness of every living creature. Contention, whether at the bar or in the church, had no charms for one

to whom a Scotch tune was a pleasure for a winter evening, and who could pass whole summer days in cultivating the personal acquaintance of birds in their own haunts, and to whom nothing was a luxury that excluded the ethereal calm of indolence. Yet his virtue was by no means passive. He was roused into a new nature by abhorrence of cruelty, and could submit to any thing in the cause of duty. Professor Wilson published some lines on his death, which owe their charm, which is great, to their truly expressing the gentle kindness and simple piety of his departed friend. I do not know whether he or Jeffrey delighted most in each other. With Richardson, the three passed many a happy evening in their early years. What did any of them find better in life than one of their many humble suppers, with Jeffrey's talk, and Grahame's pathetic or jacobite songs, and Richardson's flute.

John Macfarlan, afterward of Kirkton, was also an advocate; never in great, but generally in very respectable practice. In piety, calmness, and Whiggism, he was the same with his friend Grahame; from whom he only differed, in being more practical, in spite of a taste for German and metaphysics. His life was extended till the 18th of December 1846, when he died at the age of eighty; his last twenty years having been passed in the country. He was one of Jeffrey's steady friends; one of those friends with whom friendship can subsist, and warmly, without the aid of constant intercourse. For in their walks they were a good deal different, Macfarlan being serious, studious, and retired. He had his own associates, and shrunk from no publicity where he could do good, but cared little for general society. What Jeffrey, and all who knew him, liked him for, was, his kindliness of heart, his honesty, his intelligence, his singular simplicity, and his political firmness. It need not be told that he and Grahame were two of the thirty-eight. He was one of the few (at least they are fewer than they should be) who could combine the

deepest personal religion with absolute toleration, and the boldest patronage of the people with the steadiest repression of their extravagance. He never published except in his old age, when he put out a few occasional sheets against prevailing follies, written with almost apostolic shortness and fervour. His words were as plain as Swift's; his thoughts, within his range, as liberal as Fenelon's. In 1834 I sent one of his little pamphlets against strikes and unions to Jeffrey, who answered, "John Macfarlan's printed letter to the (calico) printers is admirable. I have sent it to the Chancellor and Lord Grey. He is a man to be proud of."—(18th February, 1834.)

In February, 1799, Jeffrey wrote "an Analysis, &c., of the general remarks on the customs and manners of the native inhabitants of New South Wales, annexed to the account of that colony, by David Collins, Esq. London, 4to, 1798." The style of this paper shows that it was meant for publication, probably in the *Monthly Review*, to which he was then an occasional contributor. It seems to be an examination of the first part of Collins's work, of which the second volume was afterward discussed in the *Edinburgh Review* (v. ii. p. 30). The analysis is excellent.

His reading, or part of it, during 1800, is attested by a bound volume of 150 very closely written quarto pages, beginning in January and ending in December. It contains short critical discussions of forty-eight books which he had been studying, almost all of them on the most important and difficult subjects. He was at the pains to make a regular alphabetical index to the volume; a thing unexampled with him, and which could only be done from his idea of the value of the notes and speculations it contains. It is full of talent, and with, I suspect, considerable originality.

During this summer (1800) he also attended a course of chemical lectures by Dr. Hope, of which there remain five volumes of notes.

On the 7th of June, 1800, his youngest sister was married to Dr. Brown, now of Langfyne. This was a union from which he drew much happiness throughout his whole subsequent life. He greatly loved his sister, and was cordially attached to her excellent husband, who was steadily rising to the eminence he afterward attained as the first physician in Glasgow, and always dignified his practice by the cultivation of other sciences. No alliance could have been happier for all parties.

During the autumn of this year, he and his friend Sanserit Hamilton planned an expedition to Germany. "We propose to make a philosophical tour into the southern parts of the empire, observing men, women, and minerals, and journeying with the simple economy of the sages and apostles of old." But it was soon found that even this apostolic pilgrimage would require a hundred guineas, and "I have not twenty in the world."—(To John, 17th June, 1800.)

Mrs. Brown's removal left his father and him alone. It was impossible that this could last long. Accordingly, before the first two months were out, he was obviously thinking of a home for himself, with a companion of his own choosing. "For my part, I have been doing nothing for this last month with all my might, and with all my soul. Indeed, I have been enjoying my idleness so diligently, that I have scarcely had resolution to encounter the fatigues of going from home. I had myself transported indeed by water to St. Andrews, where I bathed, and lounged, and fell in love with great assiduity. The love indeed sticks by me still, and I shall go back, I believe, and let it have its course."—(To John, 3d August, 1800.)

The German tour shrunk into a Highland one, which I suppose exhausted the twenty guineas, and this revived an old scheme. "I have been so long exhorted by all my friends to write a book, that I have a great notion that I shall attempt something of that kind in the course of the winter. I have not been able to fix upon any subject yet

though, and I am afraid a man is not very likely to make a good figure who writes, not because he has something to say, but who casts about for something to say, because he is determined to write. A law book would probably be of the greatest service to me, but I have neither science nor patience enough, I suspect, to acquire it.”—(To John, 1st October, 1800.)

The book never appeared; and he was again disturbed by the old fancies about England and India. “I have thought, too, of engaging myself in the study of Oriental literature, and making myself considerable in that way, and of fifty different schemes of literary eminence at home.” But he adds,—“Within this while, however, I will confess to you, these ambitious fancies have lost a good deal of their power over my imagination, and I have accustomed myself to the contemplation of a humble and more serene sort of felicity. To tell you all in two words, I have serious thoughts of marriage, which I should be forced to abandon if I were to adopt almost any of the plans I have hinted at. The poor girl, however, has no more fortune than me, and it would be madness nearly to exchange our empty hands under the present aspect of the constellations.”—(To John, 3d January, 1801.)

The lady whose affections he had thus the happiness to engage was Catharine, one of the daughters of the Reverend Dr. Wilson, Professor of Church History at St. Andrews, a second cousin of his own.

In March this year (1801) there was a vacancy in the historical chair in the University of Edinburgh, by the resignation of Alexander Fraser Tytler, Esq., who had occupied it for several years with credit to himself and to the College. The office was in the gift of the Faculty of Advocates. Some of Jeffrey’s friends advised him to take it, if he could get it; and he himself was by no means averse. His subsequent career renders it certain that he would have made it a splendid course. But if he had ap-

plied, it does not admit of a doubt that party spirit would have rejected him. And there were other and wiser friends who were against his undertaking any thing that tended to withdraw him from his profession. The tortures of uncertainty were not allowed to be long endured, either by intending candidates, or by the electors. The father resigned on the 11th of March, and his son was appointed on the 18th of that month.

The marriage took place on the 1st November, 1801. It had all the recommendations of poverty. His father, who was in humble circumstances, assisted them a very little; but Miss Wilson had no fortune, and Jeffrey had told his brother, only six months before, that "*my profession has never yet brought me £100 a-year*." Yet have I determined to venture upon this new state. It shews a reliance on Providence scarcely to be equalled in this degenerate age, and indicates such resolutions of economy as would terrify any less magnanimous adventurer." His brother having asked him to describe his wife; he did so, as I think, who came to know her well, with great accuracy. "You ask me to describe my Catherine to you; but I have no talent for description, and put but little faith in full drawn characters; besides, the original is now so much a part of myself, that it would not be decent to enlarge very much, either upon her excellences or her imperfections. It is proper, however, to tell you, in sober earnest, that she is not a showy or remarkable girl, either in person or character. She has good sense, good manners, good temper, and good hands; and above all, I am perfectly sure that she has a good heart, and that it is mine without reluctance or division." She soon secured the respect and esteem of all his friends, and made her house, and its society, very agreeable.

Their first home was in Buccleuch Place, one of the new parts of the old town; not in either the eighth or the ninth stories, neither of which ever existed, but in the third

story, of what is now No. 18 of the street. His domestic arrangements were set about with that honourable economy which always enabled him to practise great generosity. There is a sheet of paper containing an inventory, in his own writing, of every article of furniture that he went the length of getting, with the prices. His own study was only made comfortable at the cost of £7 18s.; the banquetting hall rose to £13 8s., and the drawing-room actually amounted to £22 19s.

During part of next winter, (1800 and 1801,) he attended the second course of lectures delivered by Dugald Stewart on Political Economy, of which he has left five small volumes of notes. It was there that I first got acquainted with him. I had seen him before in the court, and had both seen and heard him in the Speculative Society, and must have occasionally spoken to him. But it was at this class that I began to know him. Our ways home were the same, and we always walked together. I remember being struck with his manner, and delighted by his vivacity and kindness. From that time we were never for a moment estranged.

In May, 1802, he took up his second abode in the upper story of what is now, as it was then, No. 62 Queen Street. It brought him nearer his friends, and gave him a beautiful prospect.

His first professional speech that I remember was made that month in the General Assembly. It was in a cause which, however important to the parties and the church courts, was in itself paltry. But it made a little noise in its hour, chiefly from Jeffrey's appearance in it. "My professional employment is increasing, too, a little, I think, and I rather believe that my reputation as a man of business stands somewhat higher than it used to do. I have made a speech in the General Assembly about six weeks ago that has done me some good, I believe. The speech seemed to me at the time to be very middling, and certain-

ly cost me no exertion whatsoever ; but I find it spoken of in many quarters, and have received congratulations from my friends as if it was to make me very advantageously known."—(To John, 26th June, 1802.)

There were no regular reporters of the decisions of the court at this period, except two advocates, who held the performance of that task as an office, to which they were elected by their brethren. They were paid by a small salary, which arose from the sale of the annual volume. It was always conferred on juniors; and, as by an absurd deference of the reporters, and an incomprehensible aversion on the bench, the opinions of the judges were scarcely ever given, it was neither so difficult nor so important a task as it has since become. In the summer of 1801 both collectorships were vacant. Jeffrey presented himself to his brethren as a candidate for one of them, and had the honour of being proposed by Henry Erskine. But upon the 10th of July he was rejected by a large majority. His two opponents were younger than him, and, however excellent and fit for the place, certainly had not his reputation. But qualification had little to do with the matter. It was made a mere party question.

The election was connected with one painful occurrence, which distressed him for many years. There was some business relation between his father and Sir William Miller, Bart., who was a judge, and known, from his estate's name, as Lord Glenlee. This had led his lordship to notice Frank Jeffrey while very young, and, seeing his talents, to have him a good deal about him. But as the youth grew up, and his political principles began to disclose themselves, his lordship's taste for him did not increase, and their intercourse became less frequent. Glenlee had no vote in the election, but it was thought that he might have some influence, and as there was no avowed rupture, Jeffrey asked him to exert it on his behalf. But his lordship took this occasion to tell him plainly that, in consequence of his politics,

he could befriend him no more. They parted, and scarcely exchanged words for nearly thirty years. Jeffrey was Lord Advocate before he was allowed to renew the old acquaintance. He did so then, and with great pleasure; for throughout this long alienation he had never uttered one word about his early patron but in respect and gratitude. So far as I know, this was the solitary eclipse by which any friendship of Jeffrey's was ever obscured.

He regretted it the more from his great admiration of Glenlee, who was a very able and a very singular man. After a short course of early travel, and an abortive attempt in parliament, he settled at the bar, and devoted the rest of his long life entirely to study. He was made a judge when still young, and after so little practice that he had to learn his law on the bench. Talent and industry, however, soon placed him high among profound and learned lawyers. But though deep in legal knowledge, and most ingenious in its application, law was not the highest of his spheres. His favourite and most successful pursuit was mathematics; on which John Playfair, a very competent judge, used to say that he had original speculations, which, if given to the world, would have raised him to an eminent place among the best modern contributors to that science. Next to this was his classical learning, which gradually extended to a general, but pretty accurate, acquaintance with the languages and literature of France, Spain, and Italy, and, in his extreme old age, of Germany. There is not much that could be added to the attainments of a man who was great in mathematics, literature, and jurisprudence.

His conversation, as described by the two or three friends who were his world, was full of thought and curious original views; and it was this that chiefly attracted Jeffrey. A lover of knowledge for its own sake, and with a memory tenacious of the substance of truth, he not only systematically augmented his learning, but continued the improve-

ment even of his faculties, when far beyond the period of life at which the mental powers begin, or are generally permitted to decline. Jeffrey visited him at his country-seat in August, 1842, when he was eighty-seven, and wrote to a friend that "He is very deaf and walks feebly, but his mind is as entire and vigorous as ever. When I came in he was in the middle of a great new treatise on the properties of the Ellipse, which he had just got from Germany." His public feelings were miserably narrow. Indeed, on political matters his mind never made any progress, except perhaps in being easier under its illiberality, since he withdrew into his learned cell. Too fastidious and too comfortable for publication, he neither gave nor (so far as it appears) left any thing to the world. And thus he has gone without rearing any memorial to himself, except the inadequate one that is furnished by the law reports; and even in giving judicial opinions, depth, brevity, and an odd delivery, made his excellences less perceptible than those of far inferior men.

His appearance was striking, and very expressive of his intellect and habits. The figure was slender; the countenance pale, but with a full, dark eye; the features regular, unless when disturbed, as his whole frame often was, by little jerks and gesticulations, as if he was under frequent galvanism; his air and manner polite. Every thing indicated the philosophical and abstracted gentleman. And another thing which added to his peculiarity was, that he never used an English word when a Scotch one could be got. He died in 1846, in his ninety-first year.

Whatever this rejection proved to the party from which it proceeded, it was to Jeffrey personally a most fortunate occurrence. It has been supposed, that if he had been allowed to waste himself in the obscure labour of reporting, the *Edinburgh Review* might never have been heard of. There is little probability in this opinion; but undoubtedly a very slight measure of professional employment would have

prevented him from having much connection with it. This exclusion increased his despair of success in the law, and co-operated with his literary ambition in leading him into the scheme and management of that great work, with which his name is now permanently associated, which for the next twenty-seven years became the principal business of his life. .

Mr. Smith's account of the origin of the Edinburgh Review is this:—"One day we happened to meet in the eighth or ninth story, or flat, in Buccleuch Place, the elevated residence of the then Mr. Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a Review; this was acceded to with acclamation. I was appointed editor, and remained long enough in Edinburgh to edit the first number of the Edinburgh Review."—(Preface to Smith's Works.)

The merit of having first suggested the work is undoubtedly due to Mr. Smith. He himself claims it in the preceding words, and to those acquainted with his character this is sufficient. But Jeffrey admits it. His "*Contributions*" are dedicated to Mr. Smith, expressly as "*The Original Projector of the Edinburgh Review.*" And no other person has ever come forward to dispute the fact. Whatever credit, therefore, attaches to the first announced idea of the undertaking, it belongs to Mr. Smith. But his statement might make it appear that the resolution to begin it was sudden and accidental, and as if it had occurred and been acted upon at once at that casual meeting. But probably all that is meant is, that it was then that the matter was brought to a practical conclusion. Because it is difficult to believe that such an undertaking could have been determined upon, on the suggestion of a moment, and without previous calculation and arrangement. Accordingly, Jeffrey never ascribed more to this meeting than that it was there that they had their "*first serious consultations about it.*" It happened to be a tempestuous evening, and I have heard him say that they had some merriment at the greater storm they were

about to raise. There were circumstances that tended so directly toward the production of some such work, that it seems now as if its appearance in Edinburgh, and about this time, might almost have been foreseen. Of these it is sufficient to mention the irrepressible passion for discussion which succeeded the fall of old systems on the French Revolution; the strong feeling of resentment at our own party intolerance; the obviousness that it was only through the press that this intolerance could be abated, or our policy reformed; the dotage of all the existing journals; and the presence, in this place, of the able young men who have been mentioned, most of them in close alliance, and to whom concealed authorship was an irresistible vent.

The most important of these were Jeffrey, Smith, Brougham, and Horner. Very few of them contemplated letters or politics as the business of their lives, but they were all eager for distinction, and for the dissemination of what they, in their various walks, thought important truth; and they were then all masters of their own time.* A review combined all the recommendations that could tempt such persons into print. Of all the forms of addressing the public, it is the one which presents the strongest allurements to those who long for the honours, without the hazards, of authorship. It invites every variety of intellect; it does not chain its contributors to long courses of labour; it binds no one to do more than he pleases; it shrouds each in the anonymous mystery, which each is so apt to derive a second gratification by removing; it exalts each into an invisible chair of public censorship, and pleases his self-importance or his love of safety, by showing him, unseen, the effect of his periodical lightning. A publication that

* Their youth, though it was one of the established grounds of the pretended contempt of their opponents, was by no means excessive. Allen, in 1802, was thirty-two, Smith thirty-one, Jeffrey twenty-nine, Brown twenty-four, Horner twenty-four, Brougham twenty-three. Excellent ages for such work.

subsists by successions of temporary excitement is not always favourable to habits of patient inquiry, or accurate and temperate statement. But this is only when it falls into rash or unconscientious hands. Honesty and prudence have often produced as dispassionate and well-considered discussions in reviews, as any that could be slowly elaborated by a responsible name in an acknowledged volume. But, at any rate, how strong were the seductions of brilliancy, ridicule, or severity, to a knot of friends, whose pleasure in the exercise of their powers was not likely to be checked either by reflecting on its effects upon themselves, or by too much sympathy with the victims of their critical vigour.

If the rest who first planned this work had been left to their own inexperience, they would probably have been at a loss how to proceed. But they plainly leant upon Jeffrey, who had not merely been engaged in the study of criticism all his life, but had reduced his study to practice. He had already got several papers published in the existing journals. Some of them, though not specified, are alluded to in his letters, but (so far as I know) only three of them can be authenticated. Two of them are on Whiter's Etymologicon Magnum, which were published in June and July, 1802, in the Monthly Review. He describes these in a letter to his brother, (1st August, 1802,) as "*too elaborate, but quite sound in argument.*" The third was a discussion of Thalaba, which he sent to that journal before the Edinburgh Review was resolved upon, though by some accident it was not published there till November, which was subsequent to the appearance of his article on Thalaba in the Edinburgh. His having written these papers was known to his friends, who, though he was not at first their formal editor, leant mainly on his experience and wisdom.

And the field was open to their conquest. There had been no critical journal in Scotland since the days of the original "*Edinburgh Review*," the first number of which

was published in January, 1755, and the second and last in January, 1756.*

There were reviews in England ; but, though respectable according to the notions at that time of critical respectability, they merely languished in decent feebleness. Indeed, the circumstance of their almost restricting themselves to the examination of books, exclusively of public measures and principles, narrowed the range of their criticism, and congealed its spirit.

It was intended to have published the first number in June, 1802, but it was put off for some months. During this pause, Jeffrey's expectations of its success, if a few passages in his letters can be relied on, were not high. "Our Review has been postponed till September, and I am afraid will not go on with much spirit even then. Perhaps we have omitted the tide that was in our favour. We are bound for a year to the booksellers, and shall drag through that, I suppose, for our own indemnification." —(To Mr. Morehead, 24th May, 1802.)

"Our Review is still at a stand. However, I have completely abandoned the idea of taking any permanent share in it, and shall probably desert after fulfilling my engage-

* This first Edinburgh Review contains a slight article by Adam Smith on Johnson's Dictionary, and an excellent letter, ascribed to Smith, on the inexpediency of confining the journal to Scotch publications. The conductors, in that innocent age of reviewing, profess to be guided by principles which must please some of those gentle spirits who used to be shocked by what they deemed the virulence of the new Edinburgh journal. "They are to judge with candour, but with freedom. Opinions they are only to relate, *not to combat*." "*Immoralities they would rather choose to bury in oblivion.*" "*They expect no praise to themselves, for a work in which to be useful is their only design,*" &c. It will gratify the modern reviewer to learn that their very first number contains this specimen of their tenderness:—"We are almost ashamed to say we have read this pamphlet. 'Tis such a low scurrilous libel, that even the most necessitous printer or publisher must be at a loss for finding a decent excuse for publishing it."

ments, which only extend to a certain contribution for the first four numbers. I suspect that the work itself will not have a much longer life. I believe we shall come out in October, and have no sort of doubt of making a respectable appearance, though we may not perhaps either obtain popularity, or deserve it."—(To John, 26th June, 1802.)

Nobody who knew Jeffrey well, would have expected him to augur favourably of it, because favourable augury was rather rare with him. He calls himself "a Pessimist." It is difficult to understand how this could be the habit of so cheerful a temperament, and so sound a judgment. Were it possible to suspect so sincere a person of making preparations against the imputation of foolish confidence by systematic professions of fear, it might be suspected that distrust of futurity was a defensive principle of his. But he was far too candid for any such scheme. He really believed that most grand projects fail; and therefore, having little sympathy with the sanguine, he had a pleasure in refuting their demonstrations, and provoked himself into doubt by the exercise of assailing their infallibilities. But whatever the explanation may be, the fact is, that in his calculation of human contingencies, he was generally in a state of lively argumentative despair. There was no cloud over the spirits. It was merely a taste that he had for extracting grounds, out of existing circumstances, for predicting failure rather than success:—"For my own part, I am much inclined to despair still, though I cannot help confessing that I am as gay and foolish through the twenty-four hours as I used to be."—(To Horner, 23d July, 1803.) "I look enough at the bright side of things;—I mean habitually, and referably to my own little concerns;—so much so that it is really an effort for me to look at any thing else. But it is an effort which I start every now and then to think how I can decline so completely and *theoretically*. I am very much in a state of despair, while I have scarcely any actual anxiety."—(To Malthus, 1st April, 1811.)

At last, on the 10th of October, 1802, the first number of the Edinburgh Review appeared. Besides several other articles, it contained seven by Smith, four by Horner, four commonly ascribed to Lord Brougham, and five by Jeffrey, one of which, upon Mourier on the influence of the French Revolution, began the work.

The effect was electrical. And instead of expiring, as many wished, in their first effort, the force of the shock was increased on each subsequent discharge. It is impossible for those who did not live at the time, and in the heart of the scene, to feel, or almost to understand the impression made by the new luminary, or the anxieties with which its motions were observed. It was an entire and instant change of every thing that the public had been accustomed to in that sort of composition. The old periodical opiates were extinguished at once. The learning of the new journal, its talent, its spirit, its writing, its independence, were all new; and the surprise was increased by a work so full of public life springing up, suddenly, in a remote part of the kingdom. Different classes soon settled into their different views of it. Its literature, its political economy, and its pure science were generally admired. Many thoughtful men, indifferent to party, but anxious for the progress of the human mind, and alarmed lest war and political confusion should restore a new course of dark ages, were cheered by the unexpected appearance of what seemed likely to prove a great depository for the contributions of able men to the cause of philosophy. Its political opinions made it be received by one party with demonstrations of its iniquity, with confident prophecies of the impossibility of so scandalous a publication lasting, much pretended derision, and boundless abuse of its audacious authors. On the opposite side, it was hailed as the dawn of a brighter day. It was not merely the intelligent championship of their principles that those on that side saw apparently secured, but the far higher end, that reason would be heard. The

splendid career of the journal, as it was actually run, was not anticipated, either by its authors or by its most ardent admirers; none of whom could foresee its long endurance, or the extent to which the mighty improvements that have reformed our opinions and institutions, and enabled us to engraft the wisdom of experience on the maintainable antiquities of our system, were to depend on this single publication. They only saw the present establishment of an organ of the highest order, for the able and fearless discussion of every matter worthy of being inquired into; but they could not then discern its consequences.

Nowhere was its pillar of fire watched with greater intensity than in Scotland, where the constitutional wilderness was the darkest. Many years had to pass before it could effect actual reform; but it became clearer every day that a generation was forming by which the seed sowing by this work must at last be reaped. To Edinburgh in particular it was of especial benefit. It extended the literary reputation of the place, and connected it with public affairs, and made its opinions important. All were the better of a journal to which every one with an object of due importance had access, which it was in vain either to bully or to despise, and of the fame of which even its reasonable haters were inwardly proud.

It was distinguished in its outset from similar publications by its being kept quite independent of booksellers, and by the high prices soon paid for articles. The first kept its managers free; the second gave them the command of nearly all the talent in the market. Yet for the first two or three numbers they had an idea, that such a work could be carried on without remunerating the writers at all. It was to be all gentlemen, and no pay. And it was during this state of matters that Jeffrey doubted its success, and meant to have a very short connection with it. But this blunder was soon corrected by a magnificent recurrence to the rule of common sense. Mr. Constable, who

was their publisher, though unfortunate in the end, was the most spirited bookseller that had ever appeared in Scotland. Yet even he seems at one time to have been doubtful of the permanent success of the work, for Mr. Smith gave him the following advice, in a letter which is not dated, but must have been written within the first year of the Review's existence:—"Sir, You ask me for my opinion about the continuation of the E. Review. I have the greatest confidence in giving it you, as I find everybody here (who is capable of forming an opinion upon the subject) unanimous in the idea of its success, and in the hope of its continuation. It is notorious that all the reviews are the organs either of party or of booksellers. I have no manner of doubt that an *able, intrepid, and independent* review would be as useful to the public as it would be profitable to those who are engaged in it. If you will give £200 per annum to your editor, and ten guineas a sheet, you will soon have the best review in Europe. This town, I am convinced, is preferable to all others for such an undertaking, from the abundance of literary men it contains, and from the freedom which at this distance they can exercise towards the wits of the south. The gentlemen who first engaged in this review will find it too laborious for pleasure; as labour, I am sure they will not meddle with it for a less valuable offer.—I remain, Sir, your obedt. humble sert." &c.

"P.S.—I do not, by the expressions I have used above, mean to throw any censure on the trade for undertaking reviews. Every one for himself; God for all. It is fair enough that a bookseller should guide the public to his own shop. And fair enough that a critic should tell the public they are going astray."

The sagacious Horner recorded his opinion at the time of the credit which this publication would do Jeffrey, by the following entry in his private journal: "Jeffrey is the person who will derive most honour from this publication,

as his articles in this number are generally known, and are incomparably the best. I have received the greater pleasure from this circumstance, because the genius of that little man has remained almost unknown to all but his most intimate acquaintances. His manner is not at first pleasing; what is worse, it is of that cast which almost irresistibly impresses upon strangers the idea of levity and superficial talents. Yet there is not any man whose real character is so much the reverse. He has indeed a very sportive and playful fancy, but it is accompanied with an extensive and varied information, with a readiness of apprehension almost intuitive, with judicious and calm discernment, with a profound and penetrating understanding." A character drawn with great truth, and a prediction amply confirmed.

Many accounts have been given of the organization by which the work was launched and piloted; but they are all superseded by the following explanation, written by Jeffrey in November, 1846, in answer to a question put by Mr. Robert Chambers, to whom and to his brother William, the public, and especially the poor, have been so deeply indebted for those judicious and cheap publications which have so long instructed and tended to elevate the people: *—"I cannot say exactly where the project of the Edinburgh Review was first *talked of* among the projectors; but the first serious consultations about it, and which led to our application to a publisher, were held in a small house where I then lived in *Buccleuch Place*. (I forget the number.) They were attended by Sidney Smith, F. Horner, Dr. Thomas Brown, Lord Murray, and some of them also by Lord Webb Seymour, Dr. John Thomson, and Thomas Thomson. The first three numbers were *given* to the publisher—he taking the risk and defraying the charges. There was then no individual editor; but as many of us as could be

* This Paper has been more than once published before now.

got to attend; used to meet in a dingy room off Willison's printing office, in Craig's Close, where the *proofs* of our own articles were read over and remarked upon, and attempts made also to sit in judgment on the few manuscripts which were then afforded by strangers. But we had seldom patience to go through with these, and it was found necessary to have a responsible editor, and the office was pressed upon me. About the same time, Constable was told that he must allow ten guineas a sheet to the contributors, to which he at once assented; and not long after, the *minimum* was raised to sixteen guineas, at which it remained during my reign, though two-thirds of the articles were paid much higher—averaging, I should think, from twenty to twenty-five guineas a sheet on the whole number. I had, I might say, an unlimited discretion in this respect, and must do the publishers the justice to say that they never made the slightest objection. Indeed, as we all knew that they had (for a long time at least) a very great profit, they probably felt that they were at our mercy. Smith was by far the most timid of the confederacy, and believed that unless our *incognito* was strictly maintained, we could not go on a day. And this was his object for making us hold our dark divans at Willison's office, to which he insisted on our repairing singly, and by back approaches, or by different lanes!! He also had so strong an impression of ——'s indiscretion and rashness, that he would not let him be a member of our association, though wished for by all the rest. He was admitted, however, after the third number, and did more work for us than anybody. Brown took offence at some alteration Smith had made in a trifling article of his in the second number, and finally left us, thus early—publishing at the same time in a magazine the fact of his secession, a step which we all deeply regretted, and thought scarcely justified by the provocation. Nothing of the kind occurred ever after."

In saying that "*there was no individual editor*," he does

not mean to throw the slightest doubt on Mr. Smith's statement, (p. 101,) that he (Smith) edited the first number,—but only that though Mr. Smith did so actually, it was not done in the capacity of an official editor, formally appointed.

In the midst of the excitement and applause of this work, he was saddened by the prospect of soon losing the society of some of the more eminent friends with whom he had embarked in it. "I foresee the likelihood of our being all scattered before another year shall be over, and of course the impossibility of going on, on the footing upon which we have begun. Indeed, few things have given me more vexation of late than the prospect of the dissolution of that very pleasant and animated society in which I have spent so much of my time for the last four years; and I am really inclined to be very sad when I look forward to the time when I shall be deserted by all the friends and companions who possessed much of my confidence and esteem. You are translated into England already. Horner goes to the English bar in a year. S. Smith leaves this country for ever, about the same time. Hamilton spends his life abroad as soon as his father's death sets him at liberty. Brougham will most probably push into public life even before a similar event gives him a favourable opportunity. Reddie is lost, and absolutely swallowed up, in law. Lord Webb leaves this before winter. Jo. Allan goes abroad with Lord Holland immediately. Adam is gone already, and, except Brown and John Murray, I do not think that one of the associates with whom I have speculated and amused myself, will be left with me in the course of eighteen months. It is not easy to form new intimacies, and I know enough of the people among whom I must look down for them, to be positive that they will never be worthy of their predecessors. Comfort me then, my dear Bobby, in this real affliction."—(To Morehead, 24th May, 1802.)

It was a real affliction, indeed. But it arose chiefly from

his naturally thinking less of the old friends who were to remain, than of those more recent ones he was about to lose; and from the impossibility of his then being aware of the happiness of the life that awaited him with other friends whom he gradually acquired.

Of the ten persons mentioned in these communications, only four are now alive, viz:—Lord Brougham, Mr. Reddie, Mr. Thomas Thomson, and Lord Murray. Of these it would be indecorous to speak, in their own presence, as I would desire. Of a person so eminent as Lord Brougham, indeed, it would be even absurd to say any thing in so unworthy a record as this. Of the other three, I shall merely say enough to identify them. Mr. James Reddie was at this time a very rising lawyer; who has only been excluded from such honours as belong to the learning of the profession, by his settling early in Glasgow as the legal adviser of the municipal corporation. Mr. Murray, who, thirty-two years after this, succeeded Jeffrey in the office of Lord Advocate, is now a judge. Jeffrey had a very warm affection for him; and the friendship continued unbroken to the last. He was in the same position with relation to Mr. Thomson, the most learned and judicious antiquary in Scotland. No one has done nearly so much to recover, to arrange, to explain, and to preserve our historical muniments. He found them almost a chaos, and, after bringing them into order, has left them on a system of which the value will be felt the more every day that they accumulate. His real merit, great as it may seem now, will seem still greater five hundred years hence. He is at present one of the principal clerks in the Supreme Court. Had he not allowed his taste for antiquarian research to allure him from the common drudgery of his profession, he would have stood high in his practice, as he always did in character, at the bar; and would now have been adorning the bench by his considerate wisdom and peculiar learning.

The celebrity of those who are gone makes it unnecessary for me to attempt to describe them. Mr. Smith is known by his works; Mr. Allen, by his writings, and by Lord Brougham's account of him;* Mr. Horner, by his *Memoirs*; Mr. Brown, by his *Lectures*, and his *Life* by Welsh; and Lord Webb Seymour, a brother of the Duke of Somerset, by the *Biographical Notice* of him by Mr. Hallam,† one of the best portraits of a character in writing that exists. He had come to Edinburgh in 1797, and resided there till his lamented death in 1819. Horner and Playfair were his particular friends, and all of that calm cast were so congenial to his truth-seeking mind, that we used sometimes to admire his good nature in tolerating the levity of Jeffrey. But Seymour loved him sincerely, and this in spite of his serene spirit being often troubled by onsets on his most cherished doctrines, and even by laughter at his grand philosophical designs. But a warm mutual affection bound them together. Never was a stranger more universally beloved in a city than Seymour was. The very people on the streets revered the thoughtful air and countenance of the English nobleman who honoured the place by making it his home.

Mr. Hamilton was a Scotchman, who had been in India; a little, amiable person of excellent conversation, and great knowledge of Oriental literature. He was afterward professor of Sanscrit in the East India College at Haileybury.

Dr. John Thomson was of the medical profession. Beginning as a surgeon, he afterward rose to extensive practice as a physician, and obtained the chair of Pathology in the College of Edinburgh. He was a man of learning and enthusiasm, and contributed several valuable papers to the earlier numbers of the *Review*. Jeffrey and he continued in habits of intimate friendship till Thomson's death, on the 11th of October, 1846.

* Historical Sketches.

† In the Appendix to the first volume of the *Memoirs* of Horner.

Jeffrey's anticipations of the loss of the leading persons in this society proved true. It soon began to dissolve, and within three years from the date of his last letter, had almost totally disappeared. The individual friendships survived; but, as an Edinburgh brotherhood, it had ceased. How fortunate it is that his own anchor was fixed in his native soil, and that he could not follow his friends into scenes which no one was fitter to shine in; but which, however fascinating to ambition, were not more favourable to happiness than the more peaceful ones to which he was moored. He himself soon came to think so. Writing to Horner, (5th January, 1804,) he asks about Smith's prospects, and says, "I am afraid Edinburgh is out of his scheme of life now, at all events; though I console myself with believing that you have all committed a great mistake in leaving it, and that we have here capabilities of happiness that will not so easily be found anywhere else."

There is little else to be told of this interesting band. They formed a distinct and marked sect; distinguished by their reputation, their Whiggism, and their strong mutual coherence. There were a few men of the opposite party, or rather of no party, by whom they were kindly received, such as Dr. James Gregory, the Rev. Archibald Alison, Mr. Henry Mackenzie, and Scott. But by the old Tories of the correct stamp, they were disdained; and by the young ones, in whose imaginations their principles were only aggravated by their talents and their gayety, they were viewed with genuine horror. This condensed them the more. In themselves they were all merry, even the thoughtful Horner. They were all full of hope; not one of them seeming ever to doubt that he would yet do something. They were all very industrious. But, hard students though they were, they were always ready for a saunter, or a discussion, and particularly for an hilarious supper. "I despair (writes Jeffrey to Allen, on the 21st January, 1804) of finding any substitute for those quiet and confi-

dential parties in which we used to mingle, and play the fool together." They all attained eminence in their respective paths; and none of them ever forgot those old Edinburgh days. Brown and John Thomson both left the Review from offence, in its infancy; but this never impaired the editor's regard, or that of his associates, for them. And it was toward Jeffrey that the group gravitated. Several of them surpassed him in individual qualities, but none in general power; and this was attested, in spite of occasional perturbations, by their all practically acknowledging him as their centre.

Although he happens to mention Brown and Murray as his only remaining associates, he only means those "with whom I have speculated and amused myself." He had many other valued friends left; and among others—the only person here who overshadowed his literary fame—Walter Scott. Every thing that ever occurred between these two has been stated by Mr. Lockhart in his life of Sir Walter; and I have only to explain that, though always on excellent terms, their political opinions, and the one being the critic and the other the criticized, interfered with their being on habits of daily and confidential intimacy. Scott, in mentioning Jeffrey to Byron, (16th July, 1812,) describes him as "my friend Jeffrey, for such, *in spite of many a feud, literary and political*, I always esteem him," which discloses the obstacles that their regard had to contend with. Even so late as 1827, in mentioning a party at Mr. Murray's, where he met Jeffrey and other Whig friends, he observes in his journal, "I do not know how it is, but when I am with a party of my opposition friends, the day is often merrier than with our own set;" and he accounts for this, by saying, that "both parties meet with the feeling of *something like novelty*." The fact that even to a person of Scott's joviality and frankness, a dinner together was a novelty, shows that their friendship, though solid, was not embodied in habitual intercourse.

Jeffrey had a son, born in September, 1802; but he died on the 25th of October, after a few hours of gentle illness. The sudden extinction of this child made him nervous about all infantine maladies ever after.

There are few men whom the fame and the occupation of the Review would not have withdrawn from such obscure professional employment as had yet fallen, or seemed likely to fall, to his share. But, with his usual prudence and energy, he struggled to counteract the injury which a known addiction to any other pursuit almost-invariably does to that of the law, by additional attention to whatever its practice required. He was well aware of the precariousness of an income depending on authorship, and knew that literature was seldom more graceful than when combined with something more solid, and, particularly, with eminence in a liberal profession, leading to public consequence and to high honours. In telling Horner, (11th May, 1803,) who had left Edinburgh in the end of the preceding March, that he had agreed to become the regular editor, he says, "If I do that well, and am regular in my attendance, &c., perhaps the knowledge of my new occupation may not very materially impede my advancement. It will be known that my connection with the Review is not for life, and that I will renounce it as soon as I can do without it. The risk of sinking in the general estimation, and being considered as fairly article'd to a trade that is not perhaps the most respectable, has staggered me more, I will acknowledge, than any other consideration. I certainly would not leave, or even degrade, my profession, by becoming the editor of any other journal in the kingdom; but I cannot help thinking that there are some peculiarities in our publication that should remove a part of these scruples."

Being informed that his brother was contemplating marriage in America, he encouraged him by this account of his own conjugal condition:—"After the experience of

summer and winter, health and sickness, gayety and sorrow, I can say, conscientiously, that marriage has been to me a source of inestimable happiness ; and that I should be much inclined to measure a man's capacities of goodness by the effect it produces on him. The great good, certainly, is the securing one steady and affectionate friend, to whom all your concerns are important, whom nothing can alienate or pervert, and with whom there can be no misapprehension, concealment, or neglect. This is the true basis upon which habit and recollection build a thousand secondary affections. To you I think marriage will be of unusual advantage ; for your wandering and unsettled life made *fixation* particularly necessary ; and the light holds of casual friendship and idle acquaintances will be in danger of producing a cold and selfish impatience of stronger and narrower ties. As to your choice, I dare say it is excellent. Indeed, a man of tolerable sense can hardly choose ill, if he do not choose in a fever of admiration. For most part of the endearment that makes the happiness of marriage, comes after the romantic ardours have blazed out. Your Susan will not think this very complimentary, so I beg you would not tell her ; but say, I am sure, she is an angel, and that there is no angel I long so much to meet with. I am glad she is little, for the honour of our fraternity ; and think, indeed, from your whole description, that she would suit me much better than the wife I have, who is constantly insulting me on my stature and my levity. Perhaps we may negotiate an exchange when we meet, after the fashion of the ancient Britons."

When Horner withdrew from Edinburgh, he left a legacy of his bar wig to Jeffrey, who tells him, after trying it about a fortnight,—“ Your wig attracts great admiration, and I hope in time it will attract great fees also. But in spite of the addition it makes to my honour and beauty, I must confess that the Parliament House appears duller and more ridiculous this season than usual. Some of the last

wearer's contempt, I suppose, still sticks to the cowl of the said wig, and oozes into my head. Now that the evenings are growing long, and the town empty, I often wish you were here to speculate with me upon Queen Street."—(26th May, 1803.) The hairdresser who made one wig fit these two, ought to have been elevated to the deaconship of the craft; for nature never produced two heads less alike, either in form or bulk. The explanation, however, is that almost all wigs were the same to Jeffrey, for none ever fitted him. He and his wig were always on bad terms; and the result was that he very seldom wore one. Throughout nearly the whole of the last fifteen or twenty years of his practice, he was conspicuous, and nearly solitary, in his then black and bushy hair.

It was in 1803 that a private institution arose, upon which much of his social happiness and that of many of his best friends depended for nearly forty years. He says to Horner, (15th June, 1803,)—"I forgot to ask Murray if he has told you about our *club*. In two words, it is to be a weekly meeting of all the literary and social persons in the city; and we set out last Friday with sixteen. The idea was Walter Scott's. All his friends are included, and all ours. We have besides, John Playfair, Alex. Irving, H. Mackenzie, Sir James Hall, and I believe Alison. Our compliment is to be thirty, and two black balls to exclude any candidate. I think it promises to unite the literature of the place more effectually and extensively than any thing else. You shall be admitted as a visitor when you can spare us a vacation visit." This refers to the Friday club—so called from the day on which it first used to meet. It was entirely of a literary and social character, and was open, without any practical limitation of numbers, to any person generally resident in Edinburgh, who was supposed to combine a taste for learning or science with agreeable manners, and especially with perfect safety. The following were all the members, with the years of their joining, who

ever belonged to it. Those marked by an asterisk are the present survivors:—

1803. Sir James Hall—geology and architecture, &c.
 Dugald Stewart.
 John Playfair.
 Rev. Archd. Alison—sermons, essays on taste.
 Rev. Sidney Smith.
 Rev. John Elmsley, Oxford.
 Alex. Irving, afterward Lord Newton, a Judge.
 William Erskine, afterward Lord Kinnedar, a Judge.
 George Cranstoun, afterward Lord Corehouse, a Judge.
 Sir Walter Scott.
 Francis Jeffrey.
 *Thomas Thomson, afterward Clerk of Session—various antiquarian works.
 Dr. John Thomson, physician and professor—lectures on inflammation, &c. &c.
 *John A. Murray, afterward Lord Advocate, now Lord Murray.
 *Henry Brougham.
 Henry Mackenzie—the Man of Feeling, &c.
 Henry J. Mackenzie, Lord Mackenzie, a Judge.
 Malcolm Laing, historian.
 *H. Cockburn, now Lord Cockburn, a Judge.
 *John Richardson, solicitor in London.
 John Allen.
 Francis Horner.
 Thomas Campbell—Pleasures of Hope, &c. &c.
1804. Alex. Hamilton, orientalist.
 Andrew Coventry, physician, and professor of agriculture.
 John Robinson, professor of natural history—Life of Black, &c. &c.
 *George Strickland, afterward Sir George, M. P.

- Andrew Dalzell, professor of Greek.
 Lord Webb Seymour.
 Earl of Selkirk—emigration, &c. &c.
 Lord Glenbervie.
1807. Rev. John Thomson.
1810. John Jeffrey.
- 1811.*Thomas F. Kennedy, of Dunure, formerly M. P.,
 Treasurer of Ireland, &c., now Commissioner of
 Woods and Forests.
- *John Fullerton, now Lord Fullerton, a Judge.
1812. George Wilson, retired English lawyer.
1814. John Gordon, physician.
- 1816.*Andrew Rutherford, since Lord Advocate, and now
 Lord Rutherford, a Judge.
1817. James Keay, of Snaigo, advocate.
- 1825.*Leonard Horner, late President of the Geological
 Society, London—his brother's memoirs, &c.
- *James Pillans, professor of humanity.
- 1826.*Count M. De Flahaut.
 David Cathcart, Lord Alloway, a Judge.
- 1827.*Earl of Minto, Lord Privy Seal.
 *William Murray, of Henderland.
- 1830.*Mountstuart Elphinstone, India.
- 1833.*James Abercrombie, afterward Speaker.

“It was announced at the last club that Lord Webb was to pass next winter in Edinburgh. I hope you will confirm this, and send him down fully convinced that, without being a member of the said club, it is impossible to have any tolerable existence in Edinburgh.”—(To Horner, 8th August, 1803.) This was not exactly the fact, for there were many literary and excellent men who were never in it; but no one acquainted with this place can fail to perceive that these are distinguished Edinburgh names; perhaps the most so that have been united, and adhered so long in any such association in our day. Admission as members was re-

stricted to those living in Edinburgh; but strangers were very freely introduced as visitors. At first the club met weekly, and only to supper, a favourite refection in old Edinburgh, and one that, not only in 1803, but for many years thereafter, was cultivated as a necessary part of life, in a majority of rational houses. "Our club comes on admirably. We have got Dugald Stewart, the Man of Feeling, Sir James Hall, John Playfair, and four or five more of the senior literati, and we sit chatting every week till two o'clock in the morning."—(To John, 30th July, 1803.) However, though there be more cheerfulness, ease, and kindness at one supper than at a dozen of heavy dinners, still, like other excellent things, they have fallen under the fashionable ban, and will soon be unknown; for though the two be sometimes compared, nothing is less like a supper than a late dinner. Even the Friday's weekly suppers came to be aided by a monthly banquet at six o'clock; and then the Roman meal disappeared as the principal repast. But the philosophers rarely parted without supper too. The dinner took place throughout seven months in the year, and parsimony was certainly not one of its vices. We were troubled by no written laws, no motions, no disputes, no ballots, no fines, no business of any kind, except what was managed by one of ourselves as secretary; an office held by Mr. Richardson from 1803 to 1806, when he settled in London; by me, from 1806 to 1834; then by Mr. Rutherford. Nobody was admitted by any formal vote. New members grew in silently, by a sort of elective attraction. The established taste was for quiet talk and good wine.

And here were many of the best social evenings of some of our best men passed. After Smith and one or two more left us to ourselves, Scott, Thos. Thomson, Jeffrey, and Playfair were the best clubbists. Scott was absent very seldom, the other three almost never. The professional art of show conversation was held in no esteem. Colloquial ambition would have been so entirely out of place,

that there was never even an indication of its approach. The charm was in having such men in their natural condition, during their "careless and cordial hours." The preceding asterisks tell why the association has, for some years, been practically dissolved. Death, sickness, and age, having extinguished its light, it has been wisely allowed to pass away.

The College was established at Calcutta about the beginning of the century, and Jeffrey was in some danger of being lost by having the honour of obtaining its chair of moral and political science. Horner, who seems to have suggested the scheme, actually advised him to go into this respectable banishment. "I shall have the purest and most cordial pleasure when I hail you professor"—(8th November, 1803;) and Jeffrey himself was actually anxious to be so hailed. He said that his feelings consisted of—
 "1st, A great obligation to you, and *something like humiliation in the persuasion of not deserving so high an estimation.* 2d, A tolerably sober persuasion that I should not be qualified for the duties of the situation; and 3d, A sort of assurance that it will never be put in my power." He adds, however,—*"I think I may venture to say that I should be extremely gratified by such an appointment. Why do you not apply for it to yourself?"*—(12th November, 1803.) In a few days he says, "I wait your further communications in perfect tranquillity, and shall bear my disappointment, I am persuaded, as heroically as I did in the case of the collectors of decisions."—(22d November, 1803.) What became of the plan I do not know; but, mercifully, he did not get it. Poverty alone, the usual reason for voluntary exile, accounts for his ever harbouring the thought of taking it. His professional income this year, after above nine years anxious and steady attendance at the bar, was only £240.—(Letter to Horner, 21st March, 1804.)

The intended gown of the Asiatic professor was succeeded by the uniform of the actual ensign.—"I do not

know if I told you that a heroic band of us have offered our services as riflemen, and that I have great hopes of turning out an illustrious general before the war is over. I am studying the King of Prussia's tactics, and find I get on amazingly."—(To John, 23d July, 1803.) This design failed, and then he took a commission in an excellent Edinburgh battalion. "I am made ensign, with a vast cocked hat; under which I had the satisfaction of shaking hands with Major David Hume, last Saturday, on the parade."—(To Horner, 21st January, 1804.) Volunteering was then unavoidable; whether from patriotism, contagion, or amusement. But it was no nominal service with Jeffrey, because he was a sincere believer in the almost absolute certainty of actual invasion, and that he was to be "piked" at the head of his company. This was certainly not the usual practical feeling. Very few went to parade with any serious impression of either immediate personal or public danger. I forget how long he remained under the cocked hat, but I never saw a worse soldier. He never even got the length of being at home in his uniform, and never cared about his military business; but seemed to be always absorbed in his own speculations. I doubt if the King of Prussia's tactics enabled him to face his company either to the right or to the left.

Toward the close of this year, (1803,) he was forced into a dispute so contemptible, that, as it is the duty of biography rather to cleanse away, than to perpetuate incidents, which, though they might gratify diseased curiosity, neither illustrate character, nor are of any intrinsic value, I would not notice it had it not been that Jeffrey made it the subject of a public defence. The substance of the matter is this:—Mr. John Thelwall, who was acquitted of high treason in London, in 1794, published a volume of poems, which, in April, 1803, Jeffrey had reviewed (No. 3, art. 21) with what he thought just ridicule and contempt. Mr. Thelwall came to Edinburgh in December thereafter, and

tried a course of public lectures "On Elocution and Oratory." The course failed on the very first performance from the laughter of the audience, aggravated, no doubt, by the personal unpopularity here of the lecturer. In a few days Mr. Thelwall published a long and very violent pamphlet; which, besides answering the review, charged Jeffrey with having *confederated* with certain associates to obstruct the lecture, and with having carried this conspiracy into effect by concealing himself behind a screen, and making the necessary signals. All this was stated in the most offensive possible terms. It was thought right, though contrary to Horner's opinion, that Jeffrey should answer, which he did in a few pages, denying the statements. Mr. Thelwall, in order to remove the doubts of his friends by identifying Jeffrey as the conspirator behind the screen, went into the court, and pointed out the guilty man. But this happened to be Sir Walter Scott's friend, Mr. William Erskine; whose dislike of the traitor, which he and others held the acquitted man to be, had no doubt been conspicuous enough at the lecture; though certainly without any concealment or confederacy. Notwithstanding this refutation of the charge, the whole statements were repeated in a reply by Mr. Thelwall, "*To the calumnies, misrepresentations, and literary forgeries*" of his reviewer.*

Jeffrey was in London in the spring of 1804, for the first time, apparently, since the review had given him celebrity; and enjoyed that world with the delight with which, as a temporary excitement, he always tasted it. "I have come (he tells his brother, 12th April, 1804) on the pretext of recruiting for reviews, and of attending an appeal cause; but *entre nous*, my chief motive has been to enjoy the society of some of my best friends, that are now settled in this place, and to solace myself with the spectacle and the conversation of such of the great political and literary cha-

* I have been told that, many years afterward, they met amicably

racters as I can get access to. Hitherto I have found the avenues very open, and have been received into a great deal of good company with some favour and distinction. To say the truth, I never saw any thing of London before, and I enter into any thing that is proposed to me with all the ardour and expectation of a boy from college. I find so much to do and to attend to, that I regret the necessity of eating and sleeping, and, indeed, have not been five hours in bed at a time since my arrival. The literary men, I acknowledge, excite my reverence the least. The powerful conversations alarm me a good deal; and the great public orators fill me with despair."

Of course he could not find in Scotland, or anywhere else, the variety and the brilliancy of London society. But he returned to a society which he entirely loved, and which was worthy of him; and in which he was beginning to rise into that unanimous esteem which he at last, though not speedily, reached. The society of Edinburgh was not that of a provincial town, and cannot be judged of by any such standard. It was metropolitan. Trade or manufactures have, fortunately, never marked this city for their own. But it is honoured by the presence of a college famous throughout the world; and from which the world has been supplied with many of the distinguished men who have shone in it. It is the seat of the supreme courts of justice, and of the annual convocation of the Church, formerly no small matter; and of almost all the government offices and influence. At the period I am referring to, this combination of quiet with aristocracy made it the resort, to a far greater extent than it is now, of the families of the gentry, who used to leave their country residences and enjoy the gayety and the fashion which their presence tended to promote. Many of the curious characters and habits of the receding age, the last purely Scotch age that Scotland was destined to see, still lingered among us. Several were then to be met with who had seen the Pretender, with his court

and his wild followers, in the palace of Holyrood. Almost the whole official state, as settled at the union, survived; and all graced the capital, unconscious of the economical scythe which has since mowed it down. All our nobility had then not fled. A few had sense not to feel degraded by being happy at home. The old town was not quite deserted. Many of our principal people still dignified its picturesque recesses and historical mansions, and were dignified by them. The closing of the Continent sent many excellent English families and youths among us, for education and for pleasure. The war brightened us with uniforms, and strangers, and shows.

Over all this there was diffused the influence of a greater number of persons attached to literature and science, some as their calling, and some for pleasure, than could be found, in proportion to the population, in any other city in the empire. Within a few years, including the period I am speaking of, the college contained Principal Robertson, Joseph Black, his successor Hope, the second Munro, James Gregory, John Robison, John Playfair, and Dugald Stewart; none of them confined monastically to their books, but all (except Robison, who was in bad health) partaking of the enjoyments of the world. Episcopacy gave us the Rev. Archibald Alison; and in Blair, Henry, John Home, Sir Harry Moncrieff, and others, Presbytery made an excellent contribution, the more to be admired that it came from a church which eschews rank, and boasts of poverty. The law, to which Edinburgh has always been so largely indebted, sent its copious supplies; who, instead of disturbing good company by professional matter, an offence with which the lawyers of every place are charged, were remarkably free of this vulgarity; and being trained to take difference of opinion easily, and to conduct discussions with forbearance, were, without undue obtrusion, the most cheerful people that were to be met with. Lords Monboddo, Hailes, Glenlee, Meadowbank, and Woodhouselee, all literary

judges, and Robert Blair, Henry Erskine, and Henry Mackenzie, senior, were at the earlier end of this file; Scott and Jeffrey at the later; but including a variety of valuable persons between these extremities. Sir William Forbes, Sir James Hall, and Mr. Clerk of Eldin, represented a class of country gentlemen cultivating learning on its account. And there were several, who, like the founder of the Huttonian Theory, selected this city for their residence solely from the consideration in which science and letters were here held, and the facilities, or rather the temptations, presented for their prosecution. Philosophy had become indigenous in the place, and all classes, even in their gayest hours, were proud of the presence of its cultivators. Thus learning was improved by society, and society by learning. And unless when party spirit interfered, which at one time, however, it did frequently and bitterly, perfect harmony, and indeed lively cordiality, prevailed.

And all this was still a Scotch scene. The whole country had not begun to be absorbed in the ocean of London. There were still little great places;—places with attractions quite sufficient to retain men of talent or learning in their comfortable and respectable provincial positions; and which were dignified by the tastes and institutions which learning and talent naturally rear. The operation of the commercial principle which tempts all superiority to try its fortune in the greatest accessible market, is perhaps irresistible; but any thing is surely to be lamented which annihilates local intellect, and degrades the provincial spheres which intellect and its consequences can alone adorn. According to the modern rate of travelling, the capitals of Scotland and of England were then about 2400 miles asunder. Edinburgh was still more distant in its style and habits. It had then its own independent tastes, and ideas, and pursuits. Enough of the generation that was retiring survived to cast an antiquarian air over the city, and the generation that was advancing was still a

Scotch production. Its character may be estimated by the names I have mentioned; and by the fact that the genius of Scott and of Jeffrey had made it the seat at once of the most popular poetry, and the most brilliant criticism that then existed. This city has advantages, including its being the capital of Scotland, its old reputation, and its external beauties, which have enabled it, in a certain degree, to resist the centralizing tendency, and have hitherto always supplied it with a succession of eminent men. But, now that London is at our door, how precarious is our hold of them, and how many have we lost.*

It was in this community that Jeffrey now began to rise. It required some years more to work off the prejudices that had obstructed him, but his genuine excellence did work them off at last; till, from being tolerated, he became liked; from being liked, popular; from being popular, necessary; and in the end was wrapped in the whole love of the place. His favourite social scenes, next to his strictly private ones, were the more select parties where intellect was combined with cheerfulness, and good talk with simplicity. But though a great critic of social manners, no one was less discomposed by vulgarities or stupidities, if combined with worth, when they fell in his way. No clever talking man could have more tolerance than he had for

* There could scarcely have been a more interesting work than one that described the progress of manners in Scotland from about 1740 to 1800, including accounts of the curious and distinguished people who rose during these sixty years. From about 1800, every thing purely Scotch has been fading. A good exhibition of the old habits, and of the eminent and picturesque men who then existed, but were passing away, would have derived a deeper interest from the certainty that no such national peculiarities could be much longer retained. But such a picture could only have proceeded from a man of observation and intelligence, who had lived in the very scenes, and either collected his materials at the time, or wrote from a vigilant and candid memory. It is to be feared that it can never be done now. But the whole previous history of Scotland furnishes no such subject.

common-place people; a class, indeed, to which many of his best friends belonged. I have heard him, when the supercilious were professing to be shocked by such persons, thank God that he had never lost his taste for bad company.

He had only returned from London a few days, when he lost his sister, Mrs. Napier—a severe affliction; which he announced to his remaining sister, Mrs. Brown, in the following letter, of the 18th of May, 1804:—"My dearest Mainie, About the time that I received your letter of anxious inquiry this morning, your husband would receive the melancholy answer. We are a little more composed now, but this has been a very heavy blow upon us all, and much more so on me than I had believed possible. The habit of seeing her almost every day, and of living intimately together since our infancy, had wound so many threads of affection round my heart, that when they were burst at once, the shock was almost overwhelming. Then the unequalled gentleness of her disposition, the unaffected worth of her affections, and miraculous simplicity of character and manners, which made her always appear as pure and innocent as an infant, took so firm, though gentle a hold on the heart of every one who approached her,—that even those who are comparatively strangers to her worth, have been greatly afflicted by her loss. During the whole of her illness she looked beautiful, and when I gazed upon her the moment after she had breathed her last, as she lay still and calm, with her bright eyes half closed, and her red lips half open, I thought I had never seen a countenance so lovely. A statuary might have taken her for a model. Poor dear love, I kissed her cold lips, and pressed her cold wan lifeless hand, and would willingly at that moment have put off my own life too and followed her. When I came here the sun was rising, and the birds were singing gaily, as I sobbed along the empty streets. I thought my heart would have burst at that mo-

ment, and I am sure I shall never forget the agitation I then suffered."

He never forgot another thing. His affection for her, who was gone, was continued for her children, to whom he was ever a kind and faithful uncle. The duties of that relationship could not be performed with greater fidelity or love. They deserved his kindness; but it was also a constantly renewed homage to the memory of their mother.

A letter to Horner (28th October, 1804) contains a prediction, which, had Horner's life been spared, would very probably have been realised.—"Betty's book (he means Miss Hamilton) has not reached me yet. I mean to be merciful, if I touch her at all. To say the truth, I am sick of abusing. I have not been writing any session (law) papers, nor any thing half so good. Nor do I expect to be Lord Advocate till you are Lord Chancellor."

Another of his Edinburgh friends left him soon after this. "Nothing (he writes to Horner, 19th November, 1804) but emigration to London. My good friend Charles Bell is about to follow your cursed example. He has almost determined to fly, and to take shelter in the great asylum. I have a very great affection and esteem for him, and can, moreover, assure you that you will find him very modest, intelligent, honourable, grateful, and gentle."

Severe as the death of his sister had been, a far heavier calamity now fell upon him. Mrs. Jeffrey had been in feeble health for some time, but was not supposed to be in danger, when on the 8th of August, 1805, she died. His utter desolation upon this unexpected annihilation of all his enjoyments and hopes can be described by no one but himself. He told his brother what happened in the following letter:—"Edinburgh, 15th August, 1805.—My dear John, I am at this moment of all men the most miserable and disconsolate. It is just a week to-day since my sweet Kitty died in my arms, and left me without joy, or hope, or comfort, in this world. Her health had been

long very delicate, and during this summer rather more disordered than usual; but we fancied she was with child, and rather looked forward to her complete restoration. She was finally seized with the most excruciating headaches, which ended in an effusion of water on the brain, and sank her into a lamentable stupor, which terminated in death. It is impossible for me to describe to you the feeling of lonely and hopeless misery with which I have since been oppressed. I doted upon her, I believe, more than man ever did on a woman before; and after four years of marriage, was more tenderly attached to her than on the day which made her mine. I took no interest in any thing which had not some reference to her, and had no enjoyment away from her, except in thinking what I should have to tell or to show her on my return; and I have never returned to her, after half a day's absence, without feeling my heart throb, and my eye brighten, with all the ardour and anxiety of a youthful passion. All the exertions I ever made in the world were for her sake entirely. You know how indolent I was by nature, and how regardless of reputation and fortune. But it was a delight to me to lay these things at the feet of my darling, and to invest her with some portion of the distinction she deserved, and to increase the pride and the vanity she felt for her husband, by accumulating these public tests of his merit. She had so lively a relish for life too, and so unquenchable and unbroken a hope in the midst of protracted illness and languor, that the stroke which cut it off for ever appears equally cruel and unnatural. Though familiar with sickness, she seemed to have nothing to do with death. She always recovered so rapidly, and was so cheerful, and affectionate, and playful, that it scarcely entered into my imagination that there could be one sickness from which she would not recover. We had arranged several little projects of amusement for the autumn, and she talked of them, poor thing, with unabated confidence and delight, as long as she was

able to talk coherently at all. I have the consolation to think that the short time she passed with me was as happy as love and hope could make it. In spite of her precarious health, she has often assured me that she was the happiest of women, and would not change her condition with any human creature. Indeed we lived in a delightful progress of every thing that could contribute to our felicity. Every thing was opening and brightening before us. Our circumstances, our society, were rapidly improving, our understandings were expanding, and even our love and confidence in each other increasing from day to day. Now, I have no interest in any thing, and no object or motive for being in the world. I wish you had known my Kitty, for I cannot describe her to you, and nobody else knows enough of her. The most peculiar and ennobling part of her character was a high principle of honour, integrity, and generosity, that would have been remarkable in a man, and which I never met with in a woman before. She had no conception of prevaricating, shuffling, or disguising. There was a clear transparency in her soul, without affectation or reserve, which won your implicit confidence, and commanded your respect. Then she was the simplest and most cheerful of human beings; the most unassuming, easy, and affectionate; dignified in her deportment, but affable and engaging in conversation. Her sweetness and cheerfulness in sickness won the hearts of all who came near her. She was adored by her servants, and has been wept for by her physicians, by the chairmen who used to carry her, and the tradesmen with whom she dealt. O! my dear John, my heart is very cold and heavy, and my prospect of life every way gloomy and deplorable. I had long been accustomed to place all my notions of happiness in domestic life; and I had found it there, so pure, perfect, and entire, that I can never look for it any where else, or hope for it in any other form. Heaven protect you from the agony it has imposed upon me. Write me soon to say that you are happy,

and that you and your Susan will love me. My heart is shut at this time to every thing but sorrow, but I think it must soon open to affection. All your friends here are well. I shall write you again soon. Ever, my dear John, most affectionately yours."—F. J.

All his letters upon this bereavement are fraught with the same tenderness and despair. He never, before or after, was in such suffering, or in such danger. Mrs. Jeffrey was sensible, cheerful, affectionate, and natural; well qualified to recommend him, and to gratify that strong home taste on which, amidst all his worldly gayety, his real enjoyment almost wholly depended.* When his first fabric of happiness was overthrown, and he was left to the loneliness of his own house, with his wife and child in their graves, and neither brother nor sister beside him, there was reason to fear that his sensibility would be too deeply and too permanently agitated to admit of his carrying on the progress in which he had been so steadily advancing. But his good sense and resolute principle prevailed, and he compelled himself to adhere to the course of his prescribed life. Neither the Review nor his profession were abandoned: society, instead of being renounced, was resorted to more largely as an interruption to the bitterness of his domestic solitude.* Seen externally, he might have been mistaken for one on whose heart sorrow sat lightly. But the truth was told to Horner.—(12th October 1805.)

"I thank you for the repeated inquiries into the state of my feelings. I do not think that time has made any great change on them; yet you will find me social enough, and even gay in society. I cannot bear to talk of what engrosses almost all my thoughts, and tremble at the idea of

* The gentle and pious Cowper, when in one of his afflictions, tells Newton (3d August 1781) that "Dissipation itself would be welcome to me, so that it were not a vicious one; but, however earnestly invited, it is coy, and keeps at a distance."

suggesting to those about me the bitter recollections on which I am secretly dwelling. My friends at a distance know much more of the state of my mind than those who are near me. I can write, or rather I cannot help writing, about them, but I cannot speak. The sight of a serene countenance, the sound of a cheerful voice, locks up my heart. I have never shed a tear in the sight of any male being, but George Bell, whom I have known from my infancy, and who was acquainted with my poor Kitty for years before we were married. I will tell you honestly the state of my mind, my dear Horner, because I know you will neither despise me nor wonder at me. I am inwardly sick of life, and take no serious interest in any of the objects it offers to me. I receive amusement from its common occurrences very nearly as formerly; but I have no longer any substantial happiness, and every thing that used to communicate it oppresses me. My imagination and my understanding are exercised as they used to be, but my heart is dead and cold; and I return from these mechanical and habitual exertions to weep over my internal desolation, and to wonder why I linger here."

Notwithstanding this, strong reason, and a strong sense of duty, made him resist despair and cling to his living friendships, and adhere to the performance of all his tasks; and time began to work its miracle.

The 13th number of the Review, in October, 1805, contained an article by him on Southey's Madoc. Most people reading that paper now, and considering the oblivion into which the poem has fallen, will be surprised at the praise given to it, and at the striking beauties pointed out. But as it also pointed out great defects, of course the author's anger was much beyond his gratitude. Mr. Southey came to Edinburgh on the 12th of October, and the article was sent to him before it was given to the public. Jeffrey tells Mr. Horner in a letter dated that day, that "Southey is to be here to-day with P. Elmsley. I mean to let him read

my review of *Madoc* before I put myself in the way of meeting with him. He is too much a man of the world, I believe, in spite of his poesy, to decline seeing me, whatever he may think of the critic." They met after this, and, among other places, at the Friday Club; and this is Southey's impression of his new acquaintance:—"I have seen Jeffrey, &c. I met him in good humour, being, by God's blessing, of a happy temper. Having seen him, it would be impossible to be angry at any thing so diminutive. We talked upon the question of taste, on which we are at issue; he is a mere child upon that subject. I never met with a man who it was so easy to checkmate."—(Letter to Will. Taylor, 22d October, 1805, in *Robberd's Life of Taylor*, vol. ii. p. 101.) Jeffrey's being a child in taste and easily checkmated in discussion, will probably strike those who knew him as novelties in his character. He was much more likely to have played on in spite of the check or to have prevented his antagonist from seeing that it had been given.

In spring of 1806, another, and the last of the emigrations of his comrades, took place by the departure for London of Mr. John Richardson, now of Kirklands, and one of the most distinguished of the respectable body of Scotch solicitors there. He is already favourably known to the public by the biographies of his friends Scott and Campbell; and the more that the lives of others of the best literary men of his time shall be disclosed, the more will his merit as their associate appear. Few persons have combined with greater success, and with less ostentation, the regular toil of a laborious profession, with the indulgence of a literary taste. Had he followed the bent of his inclination, literature would probably have been his vocation. But he has done much better, were it only by the example which he has set. He knew Jeffrey in the days of the Lawnmarket, from which beginning there was nothing but friendship ever between them. So far back as

1801, (17th March,) Jeffrey, writing to Campbell, who had arranged a journey with Richardson to Germany, says:—“Among other things, I envy you not a little for your companion. I do not know *any man* with whom a constant and intimate society would be so pleasing. He has a gentleness of character that must soften vexation, and make fretfulness ashamed; and he is the only person I have ever met with who had all the enthusiasm and simplicity of the romantic character, without one shade either of its pedantry or its ridicule.”

The Whigs were in office from the end of 1805 to April, 1807. But deeply as Jeffrey revered their principles, and powerfully as he ever maintained their cause, this gleam of their success made no change in his position, and, except on public grounds, seems not to have interested his thoughts. He joined the people of Scotland in the few and slight efforts for their political elevation which they could then make. But the local managers of the government had an inadequate idea of his importance; and his relations to them were not improved by an article which had appeared in the *Review* (No. 8, art. 8) on a work on political economy by the Earl of Lauderdale, and had given mortal offence to the noble author, who acted as the Scotch minister; which offence had not been assuaged by certain pamphlets on both sides, by which the criticism had been succeeded.

In summer of 1806, he revisited London with Mr. Thomson and Mr. Murray. The 16th number of the *Review* had been published shortly before. It contained an article which produced a temporary difference between him and Moore. It was a criticism by Jeffrey on Moore's “*Epistles, Odes, and other Poems*,” and contained as severe a condemnation of these productions, on the ground of their immorality, as the English language, even when wielded by Jeffrey, could express. The critic, of course, was to be supposed to have been only discussing the book;

but there was a cordiality, and a personal application in the censure, which made it natural for the public, and nearly irresistible for the author, to refer it to the man. This (no matter through what details) led to a hostile meeting near London, on the 11th of August, 1806, when Horner acted as Jeffrey's friend. The police, fortunately, had discovered what was intended, and suddenly apprehended the parties when they were in the very act of proceeding to the very last extremity.* Being bound over to keep the peace in this country, they were very nearly going over to Hamburgh; but a little explanation made this unnecessary. Mr. Moore withdrew a defiance which he had given on the idea that the imputations were personal; on which Jeffrey declared that he had meant them to be only literary; and the quarrel was ended. The following is Jeffrey's account of the matter to George Joseph Bell, (22d August, 1806):—

“I am happy to inform you that the business is at length amicably settled. Moore agreed to withdraw his defiance; and then I had no hesitation in assuring him (as I was ready to have done at the beginning, if he had applied amicably) that in writing the review I considered myself merely as the censor of the morality of his book, and that I intended to assert nothing as to the personal motives or personal character of the author, of whom I had no knowledge at the time. Those, I think, are the words of my explanation. We have since breakfasted together very lovingly. He has confessed his penitence for what he has

* On reaching the police-office it was found that Jeffrey's pistol contained no bullet then; either because it must have dropped out when the officer *snatched* it from him, or afterward in the officer's hands. Mr. Moore's bullet was still in his pistol, and Mr. Horner was certain that one had been put into Jeffrey's. Yet Byron thought it worth while, but only under the ferocity of the English Bard and Scotch Reviewers, to sneer at “*Little's leadless pistol*,” Little's, moreover, being the one that was *not* leadless.

written, and declared that he will never again apply any little talent he may possess, to such purposes; and I have said, that I shall be happy to praise him whenever I find that he has abjured those objectionable topics. You are too severe upon the little man. He has behaved with great spirit throughout this business. He really is not profligate, and is universally regarded, even by those who resent the style of his poetry, as an innocent, good-hearted, idle fellow. If he comes to Scotland, as he talks of doing in November, I hope you will not refuse to sit down with him at my table. We were very near going to Hamburgh after we had been bound over here; but it is much better as it is. I am glad to have gone through this scene, both because it satisfies me that my nerves are good enough to enable me to act in conformity to my notions of propriety without any suffering, and because it also assures me that I am really as little in love with life, as I have been for some time in the habit of professing."

The sincerity of this last sentiment was confirmed by Mr. Horner, who told Sir Charles Bell that, with all his "admiration of Jeffrey's intrepidity, he feared there was much indifference of life."—(Note by Bell at the time.) In a day or two the critic and the criticised met amicably, and were friends ever after. Jeffrey did not merely admire the genius of his adversary, but, after he knew him, had a sincere affection and respect for the man. Moore delights to tell, in one of his prefaces, that "in the most formidable of all my censors, the great master of criticism in our day, I have found since one of the most cordial of all my friends." He came to Scotland, chiefly to visit Jeffrey, in 1825; and was asked so often to sing his last new song, "Ship ahoy," that, in another preface, he says that "the upland echoes of Craigcrook ought long to have had its burden by heart."

After this affair, leaving Thomson in the British Museum, Jeffrey went with Horner and Murray, and visited the southern coast of England. This was one of his many

journeys for scenery alone. They were more frequent with him than is usual with busy men, and he was never satiated by revisiting places, which, though their novelty was gone, were hallowed by beauty in his imagination. He walked, when very young, with his friend Dr. Maton, through the then solitary valleys of Wales. Many a time did he and Morehead explore the lakes and the mountains of Scotland; and there was as much of the genuine enjoyment of nature, as much affection and speculation, and as many fresh-made sonnets, in one of their foot and knapsack expeditions, as in some journeys of greater pretension. This sensibility to the attractions of nature transpires in all his writings. The very reverse of this quality was sometimes imputed to him by those who had an interest in depreciating his judgments. Knowing that he was a lawyer and a critic, hard trades, they thought that they never could be far wrong in asserting that he had neither romance nor heart for nature. It is possible that out of his masses of critical disquisition, especially in the disputable regions of poetry, angry authors, and even persons in a less partial position, might be able to select passages indicating what they may plausibly represent as a cold or artificial taste. But these blots, if they exist, of which I am not aware, are very few, and entirely accidental; and are extinguished by countless examples of an opposite description, and by the general character of his writings.

He seems to have expected solitude in the south of England in autumn; and of course was tormented every where by the outpourings of London. "For my own part, I think it a great annoyance, and am a thousand times better pleased with pacing alone on the lovely sands, than in renewing a London life, in small hot apartments, and listening to the eternal sophistications of indolent coquetry and languid derision." "I am every hour more convinced of the error of those who look for happiness in any thing but concentrated and tranquil affection; and the still more

miserable error of those who think to lessen the stupidity of a heartless existence, by a laborious course of amusements, and by substituting the gratification of a restless vanity for the exercise of the heart and understanding. If I were to live a hundred years in London, I should never be seduced into that delusion. So you will not tell me what bracelets you would like, say at least whether you mean clasps, or bracelets."—(To Mrs. Morehead, from Bognor Rocks, 25th August, 1806.)

He tried to escape, and crossed to the Isle of Wight, but found the same thing there. "I am glad (to Mr. Morehead, 28th August, 1806,) to have seen these people, and some of them I should like to see again, but I could not live among them. That eternal breaking of time and affection, by living in a crowd, and attending to a thousand things together, would never suit my notions of happiness or respectability. I languish perpetually for the repose and tranquillity of rational and domestic society; the quietness of the heart, and the activity of the imagination only. You have found this, my dear Bob, and I have lost it for ever."

The only purely Scotch measure that the Whig Government introduced was one for the improvement of the administration of justice; being the commencement of that succession of organic judicial changes which has gone on almost ever since. Most of the younger Whig lawyers opposed the more important parts of the scheme patronised by their Whig seniors, as unwise in principle, and unsuited to the condition and wants of Scotland. The party lost its power before its object could be accomplished, and a more moderate measure was soon carried by its successors. The juniors were chiefly guided throughout all these discussions by Jeffrey; who, besides taking a lead in the meetings of the Faculty, wrote a paper in the Review (No. 18, article 14,) which, though Horner calls it "*clever, sceptical, and flippant*," (Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 10,) was not only amusing,

but sound. It suggested considerations, questioned principles, and tended to abate legal bigotries. His opposition, and that of his followers, was honourable to them, because what they chiefly objected to, was the introduction of two or three high judicial offices, which were notoriously intended for their own political friends, while better men of the opposite party, such as Blair, who was at the head of the bar, were to be set aside.

Mr. John Allen seems to have remonstrated with Jeffrey on his opposition; to which Jeffrey answers (17th March, 1807,)—"What is thought of the bill now? and what is thought of us, and of our virtue? I am myself most anxious for reform and for great change; but I cannot dissemble my suspicions of jobbism. It is nonsense to say that this kind of opposition endangers the whole measure. It is infinitely more endangered by the doings to which we are opposed. I shall believe that the supporters of the scheme are seriously persuaded of the utility of a Scottish Chancellor and Court of Review, when I hear that they are to offer it to Blair, who is best entitled to it. At the same time, you know that I love the Whigs, and it grieves me to see that they will act like placemen."

The material step of reconstructing the court, by dividing it into two chambers, was soon effected by the new Government; and, to the delight of all fair and reasonable people, Robert Blair was raised to the Presidency of the whole. But, alas! in two years he—one of the most upright of men, and, from the pure weight of his character, one of the best liked of strict and dignified judges—was followed to the grave by the sorrow of all Edinburgh.

Jeffrey was now on very good terms with all the judges; but the one as yet on the bench with whom he was most on habits of personal intercourse, was Allan Maconochie, Lord Meadowbank; a person of very considerable learning, of singular ingenuity, and of restless mental activity. Nothing (except perhaps mathematics) came amiss to him; but,

besides literature and metaphysics, his favourite subjects used to rise out of any views connected with the theoretical history of man and his progress, which, being inextricably involved in speculation, had peculiar attractions both for him and for Jeffrey. He was a very able judge; full of varied knowledge, and ready at all times for an argument, with any body, upon any thing. The prospect of meeting with this powerful and entertaining intellect was always a temptation to Jeffrey to take a case on the criminal circuit; and although he sometimes thought my lord more ingenious than sound in court, this only whetted the evening discussion, where the one was as good as the other. There are several such incidents as this in his letters, and always with the same term for the judge's supposed error—"I had my trial next day, where I made a merry speech, and was defeated on a *crotchet* of Meadowbank's. I went with William Erskine, who came out to oppose me, to the ball in the evening; but there were only six ladies and no beauties, so I did not stay long, but came home and discussed with Meadowbank." His lordship died in 1816.

The brothers were reduced to a melancholy similarity of fate by the death of John's wife at Boston, in 1806. Francis gave him such consolation and advice as his own experience supplied. "Come, then, my dear John, as soon as you can desert your present duties—come, and find me as affectionate, and unreserved, and domestic, as you knew me in our more careless days. I think I shall be able to comfort you, and revive in you some little interest in life; though I cannot undertake to restore that happiness, which, when once cut down, revives not in this world."—"I hope that, even at present, you do not indulge in solitude. I never had courage for it, and was driven by a cruel instinct into the company of strangers."—(28th January, 1807.) This blow could not sink deeper into John than it had done into Francis; but he was graver and idler, and its effects continued longer.

His practice, which was always advancing, included the whole of our courts, civil, criminal, and even ecclesiastical, the most fee-less of them all. It was in May, 1807, that I first encountered him in the General Assembly, where for the next twenty years, he had an unchallenged monopoly on one side. A seat, as a member in that house, the only established popular assembly then in Scotland, was a common ambition with such lawyers, whether at the bar or on the bench, as were anxious about a certain description of party affairs, and had no aversion to opportunities of display. It was often wondered how Jeffrey could resist being a member. But he was indifferent about its ordinary business, and thought that the possession of its bar, though its emoluments were scarcely visible, improved his general professional position. He was always interested, moreover, in that singular place.

It is a sort of Presbyterian convocation, which meets, along with a commissioner representing the Crown, for about twelve days yearly. It consists of about 200 clergymen, and about 150 lay elders, presided over by a reverend president, called the Moderator, who is elected by the Assembly annually, and very seldom more than once. Its jurisdiction is both judicial and legislative. As an ecclesiastical parliament, it exercises, subject to very ill-defined limitations, a censorian and corrective authority over all the evils and all affairs of the church. As a court, it deals out what appears to it to be justice upon all ecclesiastical delinquencies and disputes. Its substance survives, but, in its air and tone, it has every year been degrading more and more into the likeness of common things; till at last the primitive features which, half a century ago, distinguished it from every other meeting of men in this country, have greatly faded. Yet how picturesque it still is! The royal commissioner and his attendants, all stiff, brilliant, and grotesque, in court attire: the members gathered from every part of the country,—from growing cities, lonely

glens, distant islands, agricultural districts, universities, and fallen burghs ;—the varieties of dialect and tone, uncorrupted fifty years ago by English ;—the kindly greetings ;—the social arrangements ;—the party plots ;—the strangeness of the subjects ;—partly theological, partly judicial, partly political, often all mixed ;—of the deepest apparent importance to the house, however insignificant or incomprehensible to others ;—the awkwardness of their forms, and the irregularity of their application ;—their ignorance of business ;—the conscientious intolerance of the rival sects ;—the helplessness, when the storm of disorder arises, of the poor shortlived inexperienced moderator ;—the mixture of clergy and laity, of nobility and commoners, civilians and soldiers ;—the curious efforts of oratory ;—the ready laughter, even among the grim ;—and consequently the easy jokes. Higher associations arise when we think of the venerable age of the institution ; the noble struggles in which it has been engaged ; the extensive usefulness of which it is capable ; and the eminent men and the great eloquence it has frequently brought out ; including, in modern times, the dignified persuasiveness of Principal Robertson, the graceful plausibility of Dr. George Hill, the Principal's successor as the leader of the church's majority, the manly energy of Sir Harry Moncrieff, and the burning oratory of Chalmers. Connecting every jurisdiction, and every member of the church (which then meant the people), into one body, it was calculated to secure the benefits, without the dangers, of an official superintendence of morals and religion ; and to do, in a more open and responsible way, for the Church of Scotland, what is done, or not done by the bishops for the Church of England. Such a senate might have continued to direct and control the cheapest, the most popular, and the most republican established church in the world. Its essential defect is as a court of justice. Nothing can ever make a mob of 300 people a safe tribunal for the decision of private causes ;

and the Assembly's forms are framed as if the object were to aggravate the evil.

It met in those days, as it had done for about two hundred years, in one of the aisles of the then grey and venerable cathedral of St. Giles. That plain, square, galleried, apartment was admirably suited for the purpose; the more so that it was not too large; and it was more interesting, from the men who had acted in it, and the scenes it had witnessed, than any other existing room in Scotland. It had beheld the best exertions of the best men in the kingdom, ever since the year 1640. Yet was it obliterated in the year 1830, with as much indifference as if it had been of yesterday; and for no reason except a childish desire for new walls and change. The Assembly sat there for the last time in May, 1829; and it has never been the Assembly since.

Its bar, though beneath him, had several attractions for Jeffrey. It needed no legal learning, and no labour beyond attendance; but always required judgment and management; it presented excellent opportunities for speaking, especially as the two inconvenient checks of relevancy and pertinency were seldom in rigid observance; and it was the most popular of all our established audiences. He constantly treated them to admirable speeches,—argumentative, declamatory, or humorous, as the occasion might require. Accordingly, he was a prodigious favourite. They felt honoured by a person of his eminence practising before them; and their liking for the individual, with his constant liberality and candour, was still stronger than their admiration of his talents, and even their detestation of his politics. It was thought a dull day when he was not there. And when there, he could say and do whatever he chose; but never risked his popularity by carelessness or presumption; and never once descended to the vulgarity of pleasing, by any thing unbecoming a counsel of the highest character, and the best taste. He was once in some dan-

ger, when, in defending a clerical client against a charge of drunkenness, he first contested the evidence, and then assuming it to be sufficient, tried to extenuate the offence; and among other considerations, asked, "*If there was a single reverend gentleman in the house who could lay his hand on his heart, and say that he had never been overtaken by the same infirmity?*" There was an instant roar of order, apology, rebuke, &c. But he subdued them at once, by standing till they were quiet, and then saying, with a half innocent, half cunning air,—“I beg your pardon, moderator,—*it was entirely my ignorance of the habits of the Church;*” and the offence was forgiven in a general laugh.

It was in the Assembly, or in connection with its business, that he first became acquainted with his future friend, the late Rev. Sir Harry Moncrieff, Bart.; whom it is the more necessary to mention, because there was no one who had a greater influence over Jeffrey's conduct and opinions, particularly in relation to Scotch matters.

This eminent person was not merely distinguished among his brethren of the Church of Scotland, all of whom leant upon him, but was in other respects one of the most remarkable and admirable men of his age. Small grey eyes, an aquiline nose, vigorous lips, a noble head, and the air of a plain hereditary gentleman, marked the outward man. The prominent qualities of his mind were, strong integrity and nervous sense. There never was a sounder understanding. Many men were more learned, many more cultivated, and some more able. But who could match him in sagacity and mental force? The opinions of Sir Harry Moncrieff might at any time have been adopted with perfect safety, without knowing more about them than that they were his. And he was so experienced in the conduct of affairs, that he had acquired a power of forming his views with what seemed to be instinctive acuteness, and with a decisiveness which raised them above being lightly questioned. Nor

was it the unerring judgment alone that the public admired. It venerated the honourable heart still more. A thorough gentleman in his feelings, and immoveably honest in his principles, his whole character was elevated into moral majesty. He was sometimes described as overbearing. And in one sense, to the amusement of his friends, perhaps he was so. Consulted by every body, and of course provoked by many, and with very undisciplined followers to lead, his superiority gave him the usual confidence of an oracle; and this, operating on a little natural dogmatism, made him sometimes seem positive, and even hard; an impression strengthened by his manner. With a peremptory conclusiveness, a shrill defying voice, and a firm concentrated air, he appeared far more absolute than he really was; for he was ever candid and reasonable. But his real gentleness was often not seen; for if his first clear exposition did not convince, he was not unapt to take up a short disdainful refutation; which, however entertaining to the spectator, was not always comfortable to the adversary. But all this was mere manner. His opinions were uniformly liberal and charitable, and, when not under the actual excitement of indignation at wickedness or dangerous folly, his feelings were mild and benignant; and he liberalised his mind by that respectable intercourse with society which improves the good clergyman, and the rational man of the world.

I was once walking with him in Queen Street, within the last three years of his life. A person approached who had long been an illiberal opponent of his, and for whom I understood that he had no great regard. I expected them to pass without recognition on either side. But instead of this, Sir Harry, apparently to the man's own surprise, stopped, and took him by the hand, and spoke kindly to him. When they separated, I said to Sir Harry that I thought he had not liked that person. "Oh! No. He's

a foolish, intemperate creature. *But to tell you the truth, I dislike a man fewer every day that I live now.*" When the Whigs were in office in 1806, one of his ecclesiastical adversaries, after having always opposed Catholic emancipation, wrote to him that if the subject should be renewed in the next Assembly, he would now support it. It was renewed, but by that time the Whigs were displaced; and that very person opposed it, and among other things had the audacity to say that he could not comprehend how any Protestant clergyman could encourage Popery. Sir Harry was in great indignation, and told me himself that, when answering this, he put his hand into his pocket, and was on the very point of crushing his wavering friend by producing and reading his own letter, but that "*when I looked at ——'s face and saw his wretchedness, I had not the heart to do it.*" These were not the feelings of a hard man.

His great instrument of usefulness was his public speaking; the style of which may be inferred from that of his intellect and manner. In the pulpit, where he was elevated above worldly discord, he often rose into great views and powerful declamation; and he was the noblest deliverer of prayers at striking funerals. But though these professional exertions showed his powers, it was chiefly in the contests of men that his speaking was exerted, and was generally known. On such occasions it was so utterly devoid of ornament, that out of forty years of debate, it would be difficult to cull one sentence of rhetoric. And, though very eloquent, he was never disturbed by the consciousness or the ambition of being so. It was never the eloquence of words, or of sentiments, conceived for effect, but of a high-minded practical man, earnestly impressed with the importance of a practical subject; and who, thinking of his matter alone, dealt in luminous and powerful reasoning; his views clearly conceived, and stated with

simplicity and assuredness. A fearful man to grapple with.*

His writing, though respectable, was feeble, at least to those who knew the energy of his speaking language and manner. The life of Dr. John Erskine was one of the very best subjects for Scotch biography of the last age; and he has not made the most of it. Except in very short writings, on subjects of instant and practical importance, his vigour did not get into his pen.

As almost all our livings belong to the crown or land-owners, there could be little political independence in the church in his day. This made his merit the greater in being a conspicuous and constant Whig. He very seldom mingled in the secular proceedings of the party, but his opinions were well known, and had great influence with the people, to whom his mere name was a tower of strength. Had he not preferred the church to every other object, there is no public honour to which he might not have fought his way. He would have been a powerful counsel of the highest class, an admirable judge, a first-rate head of any important public department, and a great parliamentary leader. His conversation was excellent; spirited, intelligent, and natural; and never better than when his solid understanding was tried against the speculative playfulness of Jeffrey. They were cordial friends, and Jeffrey delighted especially to visit him, when in his country-gentleman condition, in his feudal tower of Tulliebole.

The Review had now gone on above six years, and its periodical appearance was looked for as that of the great exponent of what people should think on matters of taste and policy. No British journal had ever held such sway

* There was really great justice in the remark of a little old north country minister, who, proud both of himself as a member, and of the Reverend Baronet who was predominating in the Assembly, said to his neighbour, "Preserve me, Sir! hoo that man Sir Harry does go on! *He puts me in mind o' Jupiter among the lesser gods.*"

over the public mind. Nor had any one ever approached it in extent of circulation. Jeffrey's own contributions already amounted to seventy-nine articles, furnished to the twenty-six numbers that had been published; being on an average above one article every month. This was in addition to the vexatious labour of the editorship, and while struggling to encourage his professional practice, and amidst the distress of Mrs. Jeffrey's death, and a nearly constant immersion in society. Nor had he made his task easier by restricting it to a single department, or to few. Among these papers are profound and original disquisitions on many of the most difficult subjects, including metaphysics, politics, biography, morals, poetry, travels, political economy, and some physical science. His whole opinions and tastes were involved in these articles.

The journal was thus advancing with unexampled and unchecked success, when, in February, 1809, the *Quarterly* appeared. This was an era in the history both of the Edinburgh and of its conductor. The *Quarterly* was his first, and indeed throughout the whole of his editorship, his only formidable rival. It withdrew Scott from his allegiance to the original work; and it established a receptacle for the contributions of those, against whom, from its opinions, the *Edinburgh Review* was closed.

It used to be said that the new journal was an unwilling result of the dangerous principles of the previous one, chiefly on the war, and on domestic reform. Its various other offences might have been forgiven; but, engaged as we were in a struggle for existence, there could be no toleration for a work which eagerly obstructed government by inflaming discontent at home, and encouraged our foreign enemy, and dispirited the people, by perpetual demonstrations of the impossibility of our succeeding in the vital conflict. The provocation given by years of this misconduct was said to have been so aggravated by an article published in October, 1808, on an account given by Don

Pedro Cevallos, of the French usurpations in Spain, that neither patience nor friendship could endure it longer; and that, therefore, the incorrigible journal was debarred, as it occasionally had been before (but always to the increase of its circulation), from the houses of some of its usual readers,* and a work on more patriotic principles was resolved on. Mr. Jeffrey, it is added, had been warned of the consequence of his rashness, and was himself so sensible of improprieties to which he had at least been accessory, that he had actually engaged to Sir Walter Scott "*that no party politics should appear again in his Review.*"—(Letter from Scott to George Ellis, Dec., 1808, in Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, vol. ii. p. 219.)

There is some truth in all this, and much error.

The statement by Sir Walter implies so serious a charge, that the moment it appeared several of Jeffrey's friends advised him to contradict it, if it was incorrect. But he thought that the idea of his having engaged, after party politics had been the right leg of the *Review* for above six years, that there should be no more party politics in it, and then continuing to put as much of them into it as ever, was so strange that no body could fail to ascribe it to mistake; and, therefore, he allowed it to remain unanswered for seven years. But when he was writing the preface to the publication of his *Selected Contributions*, in the end of 1843, he thought that a natural opportunity of noticing it had occurred; and he made a very graceful, and, towards Scott, a handsome explanation. Its substance is that Sir Walter *must* have misunderstood him; probably by mistaking a

* The late Earl of Buchan, not a stupid, but a very vain and foolish man, made the door of his house in George Street be opened, and the Cevallos number be laid down on the innermost part of the floor of his lobby; and then, after all this preparation, his lordship, personally, *kicked* the book out to the centre of the street, where he left it to be trodden into the mud; which he had no doubt must be the fate of the whole work—after this open proof of his high disapprobation.

general expression of a desire to avoid *violent* politics, for a pledge to avoid all politics; or must have afterward expressed himself inaccurately in a hasty and familiar letter. There is no one who considers what the Review had been, and what it continued to be, and what Jeffrey's character was, to whom this explanation will not be satisfactory.

The article on Cevallos has been often ascribed to a different person; but it was written by Jeffrey. It raised a great outcry, which, however, was not owing to any particular guilt in that paper; for it is not worse than many that had gone before it; but it happened to be ill-timed. It dared to despair of what was then called the regeneration of Spain; and this at the very moment when most people's hearts were agitated with delight in the belief that this glorious change had already begun, and that the Peninsula was henceforth to be inhabited by a population of patriots. No one who doubted this could then be endured. But it was not this solitary article, however detestable, that produced the rival journal. The only wonder is, how it was not produced sooner. With the principles of the popular party so powerfully maintained in one publication, it was impossible that the principles of the opposite party could remain undefended by another. Had Don Pedro Cevallos never appeared, and had the subordinate indiscretions of the existing Review been all avoided, and had even its political matter been diluted down to insignificance, still, unless its public tone and doctrines had been positively reversed, or party politics altogether excluded, a periodical work in defence of Church, Tory, and War principles, must have arisen; simply because the defence of these principles required it. The defence was a consequence of the attack. And it is fortunate that it was so. For besides getting these opinions fairly discussed, the party excesses natural to any unchecked publication were diminished; and a work arose which, in many respects, is an honour to British lite-

rature, and has called out, and indirectly reared, a great variety of the highest order of talent.

Jeffrey's feelings on seeing the first number of his rival, were these,—“I have seen the Quarterly this morning. It is an inspired work, compared with the poor prattle of Cumberland. But I do not think it very formidable; and if it were not for our offences, I should have no fear about its consequences.” “Tell me what you hear, and what you think of this new Quarterly; and do not let yourself imagine that I feel any unworthy jealousy, and still less any unworthy fear on the occasion. My natural indolence would have been better pleased not to be always in sight of an alert and keen antagonist. But I do rejoice at the prospect of this kind of literature, which seems to be more and more attended to than any other, being generally improved in quality, and shall be proud to have set an example.”—(To Horner, 4th March, 1809.)

The favourite imputation, that the politics of the Edinburgh Review were all merely intended to facilitate the return of the Whigs to power, in so far as it was meant to impute dishonesty or factiousness to its conductor, are amply refuted by the knowledge of all his friends of his disinterested sincerity, and of the fact that on many occasions he gave great offence, when he thought it his duty to do so, to his own party. Upon the two great points of the war, and of that Whiggism which urged the due cultivation of the people, he has recorded his conviction of the hopelessness of the one and the necessity of the other, in one or two of his letters.

“I must say that a temperate, firm, and enlightened article on Spain, would, of all other things, be the most serviceable and restorative to us at this crisis. I cannot indeed comprehend your grounds of hope. But the public will; and I am willing enough to be enlightened. At all events, something gravely and soberly said upon this topic would be quite medicinal in this stage of the malady. I am

really anxious to see some grounds of comfort for my own sake. For my honest impression is, that Bonaparte will be in Dublin in about fifteen months; perhaps sooner. And then if I survive, I shall try to go to America. I hate despotism and insolence so much, that I could bear a great deal, rather than live here under Frenchmen, and such wretches as will at first be employed by them."—(To Horner, 29th December, 1808.)

"I still hanker after peace, chiefly I own out of fear, and out of despair; not very noble motives either of them, but pretty powerful, and well calculated to have weight with the prudent. I do in my heart think that we are in very considerable danger of losing Ireland within eighteen months; and then how is England to be kept? Or would it be worth keeping by the present generation, at the expense of all the bloodshed, and treachery, and guilt, and misery, which the struggle would produce? Then, as to foreign affairs, I own I make up my mind to see every thing subdued by France on the Continent; and therefore I do not agree with you that any new usurpation or plans of conquest there should be allowed to break a peace once concluded with England. Indeed, our interference is likely enough to exasperate, and accelerate, and afford a sort of apology in future, as it has done in past times. The beneficial chances of peace are obvious; and I would rather take them, with all the hazards, than persist in our present downward course."—(To Horner, 25th January, 1811.)

Then, as to home politics, his opinions were in substance just those of the Whig party; but with this material qualification, that he was one of those who always thought that even the Whigs were disposed to govern too much through the influence of the aristocracy, and through a few great aristocratical families without making the people a direct political element. He stated this view in the following letter to Mr. Horner, 26th October, 1809. "In the main, I think our opinions do not differ very widely;

and, in substance and reality, you seem to me to admit all that I used to contend with you about. In the first place, you admit now that *there is* a spirit of discontent, or disaffection, if you choose to call it so, among the people, which must be managed and allayed, in some way or other, if we wish to preserve tranquillity. And, in the next place, you admit that the leading Whigs belong to the aristocracy, and have been obliged to govern themselves a great deal by the necessity of managing this aristocracy. Now, all I say is, that there is a radical contest and growing struggle between the aristocracy and the democracy of this country; and agreeing entirely with you, that its freedom must depend in a good measure on their coalition, I still think that the aristocracy is the weakest, and ought to give way, and that the blame of the catastrophe will be heaviest on those who provoke a rupture by maintaining its pretensions. When I said I had no confidence in Lord Grey or Grenville, I meant no more than that I thought them too aristocratical, and consequently, likely to be inefficient. They will never be trusted by the Court, nor cordial with the Tories; and, I fear, unless they think less of the aristocracy and its interests and prerogatives, they will every day have less influence with the people.

“I have no doubt of their individual honour and integrity, and am disposed to think highly of their talents. You ask too much of the people when you ask them to have great indulgence for the ornaments and weaknesses of refined life. You should consider what a burdensome thing Government has grown; and into what dangers and difficulties they have been led by trusting implicitly to those refined rulers. As long as they are suffering and angry, they will have no indulgence for these things; and every attempt to justify or uphold them will be felt as an insult. I still think our greatest immediate hazard is from without. But I differ from you still more in your opinion that we are more in danger of falling under a military tyranny through

the common course of internal tumult and disorder, than of having our present Government consolidated into something a good deal like despotism without any stir. The very same want of virtue which makes all popular commotion likely to end in military tyranny, gives reason to fear for the result of a passive obedience on one hand, and bad, unprincipled measures, on the other. Unless something be done, or happen, to conciliate, one or other of the parties will come to act in a decided manner by and by. I own to you, that with the government in the hands of Wellesleys and Melvilles, and with the feeling that something vigorous *must* be hazarded, I should rather expect to see the Habeas Corpus Act suspended—Cobbett and the Edinburgh Review prosecuted—newspapers silenced—and all the common harbingers of tyranny sent out, than to witness any alarming symptoms of popular usurpation and violence. The same cause, however, promises to avert both disasters. The people are both stronger, and wiser, and more discontented than those who are not the people will believe. Let the true friends of liberty and the constitution join with the people, assist them to ask, with dignity and with order, all that ought to be granted, and endeavour to withhold them from asking more. But for both purposes let them be gracious and cordial with them, and not by distrust, and bullying, and terror, exasperate them, and encourage the Court party to hazard a contest that will be equally fatal, however it issue.* I thank you very gratefully for all you promise to do for the Review. I hope you will go a little beyond the mere examination of the translation, and say something still of Fox, or of the French, or of other countries that could never produce such a character."

In judging of this and all his writings, we must remember

* See a letter with the same views to Mr. Horner, in Horner's Memoirs, ii. 10, and No. 30, art. 15, of the Review where the same view is taken, and is expressed in the same spirit.

the rule under which he cautioned Horner that they must be read. (13th August, 1809.)—"I have done a very long rambling thing on parliamentary reform; in which I think there are some inaccuracies, and some positions you will think false; but I beg you to judge it, as I fear you must judge all that I say or write, by the whole *broad effect and honest meaning*, without keeping me to points or phrases, or making me answer for exaggerations. I wrote it while they were printing, and have no anxiety except for your judgment, and that of about three other persons."

These opinions may have been all unsound, and consequently dangerous; but there was surely nothing in them that could make any person of candour impute what he may think the mischievous doctrines of the Review to wickedness, on the part of either its conductor or its contributors.

The number which had appeared in January, 1808, contained the criticism on Lord Byron's Hours of Idleness (No. 22, art. 2), which his Lordship declares had inflamed him into "rage, resistance, and redress." Accordingly, in March, 1809, he exploded in his English Bards and Scotch Reviewers; which wastes its fiercest and most contemptuous bitterness on Jeffrey, whom he believed to have been the author of the offensive article. But he was wrong in this opinion, for it was written by a different person. It would be idle to answer any thing contained in a satire which its author himself came to describe as a "*ferocious rhapsody*," and "*a miserable record of misplaced anger and indiscriminate acrimony*." He afterward did justice to Jeffrey both as a man and a critic, and even told the world of him,—"*you have acted on the whole most nobly*."—(Don Juan, 10, 16.)

In May, 1810, he removed from Queen Street, and went, after about ten years' residence in upper floors, to a small house occupied entirely by himself, in No. 92 George Street, where he passed the next seventeen years.

During the summer of 1810, he was very unwell; for which he roamed for nearly two months over England and Wales.

In the spring of 1811 he was in London, and saw more of its society than he had yet done. In the autumn he took another journey to the north of Scotland.

His professional employment was now widening so steadily, as to make it evident that, if he persevered, the pinnacles of the law were not beyond his reach. I wish it was possible for me to do justice to the more eminent competitors with whom he had the satisfaction and the honour to be engaged. But they are too numerous, and, except as lawyers, many of them are too unknown to be generally interesting. There are three, however, of his principal rivals who cannot be passed by.

John Clerk, son of Clerk of Eldin, (a man whose science and originality, whether he first propounded the modern system of naval tactics or not, were far above that idea,) had been Solicitor-General under the Whig Government of 1805 and 1806, and had since risen into great practice. It is difficult to describe a person whose conditions in repose and in action, that is, in his private and in his professional life, almost amounted to the possession of two natures.

A contracted limb, which made him pitch when he walked, and only admitted of his standing erect by hanging it in the air, added to the peculiarity of a figure with which so many other ideas of oddity were connected. Blue eyes, very bushy eyebrows, coarse grizzly hair, always in disorder, and firm, projecting features, made his face and head not unlike that of a thorough-bred shaggy terrier. It was a countenance of great thought and great decision.

Had his judgment been equal to his talent, few powerful men could have stood before him. For he had a strong, working, independent, ready head; which had been improved by various learning, extending beyond his profession into the fields of general literature, and into the arts of

painting and sculpture. Honest, warm-hearted, generous, and simple, he was a steady friend, and of the most touching affection in all the domestic relations. The whole family was deeply marked by an hereditary caustic humour, and none of its members more than he.

These excellences, however, were affected by certain peculiarities, or habits, which segregated him from the whole human race.

One of these was an innocent admiration both of his own real merits and achievements, and of all the supposed ones which his simplicity ascribed to himself. He was saved from the imputation of vanity in this, by the sincerity of the delusion. Without any boasting or airs of superiority, he would expatiate on his own virtues with a quiet placidity, as if he had no concern in the matter, but only wished others to know what they should admire. This infantine self deification would have been more amusing, had it not encouraged another propensity, the source of some of his more serious defects—an addiction, not in words merely, but in conduct, to paradox. He did not announce his dogmas, like the ordinary professors of paradox, for surprise or argument, but used to insist upon them with a calm, slow, dogged obstinacy, which at least justified the honesty of his acting upon them. And this tendency was aggravated, in its turn, by a third rather painful weakness; which, of all the parts in his character, was the one which his friends would have liked most to change,—jealousy of rivalry, and a kindred impatience of contradiction. This introduced the next stage, when confidence in his own infallibility ascribed all opposition to doubts of his possessing this quality, and thus inflamed a spirit which, however serene when torpid, was never trained to submission, and could rise into fierceness when chafed.

Of course it was chafed every moment at the bar; and accordingly it was there that his other and inferior nature appeared. Every consideration was lost in eagerness for

the client, whose merit lay in this, that he has relied upon me, John Clerk. Nor was his the common zeal of a counsel. It was a passion. He did not take his fee, plead the cause well, hear the result, and have done with it; but gave the client his temper, his perspiration, his nights, his reason, his whole body and soul, and very often the fee to boot. His real superiority lay in his legal learning and his hard reasoning. But he would have been despicable in his own sight had he reasoned without defying and insulting the adversary and the unfavourable judges; the last of whom he always felt under a special call to abuse, because they were not merely obstructing justice, but thwarting him. So that pugnacity was his line. His whole session was one keen and truceless conflict; in which more irritating matter was introduced than could have been ventured upon by any one except himself, whose worth was known, and whose intensity was laughed at as one of the shows of the court.

Neither in speaking, nor in any thing else, was he at all entangled with the graces; but his manner was always sensible and natural. An utterance as slow as minute guns, and a poor diction, marked his unexcited state, in one of his torpid moods. But when roused, which was his more common condition, he had the command of a strong, abrupt, colloquial style, which, either for argument or for scorn, suited him much better than any other sort of eloquence would have done. Very unequal, no distinguished counsel made so many bad appearances. But then he made many admirable ones, and always redeemed himself out of the bad ones by displays of great depth and ability. And his sudden rallies when, after being refuted and run down, he stood at bay, and either covered his escape or died scalping, were unmatched in dexterity and force. A number of admirable written arguments on profound legal difficulties, will sustain his reputation in the sight of every lawyer who will take the very useful trouble of instructing himself

by the study of these works. It was his zeal, however, which of all low qualities is unfortunately the one that is most prized in the daily market of the bar, that chiefly upheld him when in his glory; and as this fiery quality must cool with age, he declined some years before he withdrew.

His popularity was increased by his oddities. Even in the midst of his phrensies he was always introducing some original and quaint humour; so that there are few of the lights of the court of whom more sayings and stories are prevalent. Even in his highest fits of disdainful vehemence, he would pause,—lift his spectacles to his brow, —erect himself,—and after indicating its approach by a mantling smile, would relieve himself, and cheer the audience by some diverting piece of Clerkism,—and then, before the laugh was well over, another gust would be up. He and his consulting room withdrew the attention of strangers from the cases on which they had come to hear their fate. Walls covered with books and pictures, of both of which he had a large collection; the floor encumbered by little ill-placed tables, each with a piece of old china on it; strange boxes, bits of sculpture, curious screens and chairs, cats and dogs, (his special favourites,) and all manner of trash, dead and living, and all in confusion;—John himself sitting in the midst of this museum,—in a red worsted night-cap, his crippled limb resting horizontally on a tripod stool,—and many pairs of spectacles and antique snuff-boxes on a small table at his right hand; and there he sits,—perhaps dreaming awake,—probably descanting on some of his crotchets, and certainly abusing his friends the judges,—when recalled to the business in hand; but generally giving acute and vigorous advice.

Except in his profession, and as an ardent partisan, he was little of a public character. Resolute in his Whig principles, which he delighted to shake in the face of his adversaries during the fulness of their power, and entering hotly into all the movements of his party, inexperience of

public management, and some impracticability, disqualified him from originating measures, and occasionally made him a little dangerous even as their defender. In these matters, indeed, his friends could not have the confidence in his judgment, which friends would have liked to have had in one so upright, and with so muscular a mind.

Jeffrey and he did excellently together; for even in opposition, Jeffrey managed him better than most other people could. He respected his worth and talent; and whenever Clerk exceeded his allowed (and pretty large) measure of provocation, no one could so easily torment him in return, chiefly by the levity with which Clerk's coarser blows were received.

James Moncrieff, a son of Sir Harry, and worthy of the name, was more remarkable for the force than for the variety of his powers. His faculties, naturally, could have raised and sustained him in almost any practical sphere. But, from his very outset, he devoted himself to the law as the great object of his ambition. The politics of the Scotch Whig party, and the affairs of that Presbyterian Church which he revered, occupied much of his attention throughout life; but even these were subordinate to the main end of rising, by hard work, in his profession.

This restriction of his object had its necessary consequences. Though excellently educated at Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Oxford, he left himself little leisure for literary culture; and, while grounded in the knowledge necessary for the profession of a liberal lawyer, he was not a well-read man. Without any of his father's dignified air, his outward appearance was rather insignificant; but his countenance was marked by a pair of firm, compressed lips, denoting great vigour and resolution. The peculiarity of his voice always attracted attention. In its ordinary state it was shrill and harsh; and casual listeners, who only heard it in that state, went away with the idea that it was never any thing else. They never heard him admonish a pri-

soner, of whom there was still hope; or doom one to die; or spurn a base sentiment; or protest before a great audience on behalf of a sacred principle. The organ changed into striking impressiveness, whenever it had to convey the deep tones of that solemn earnestness which was his eloquence. Always simple, direct, and practical, he had little need of imagination; and one so engrossed by severe occupation and grave thought, could not be expected to give much to general society by lively conversation. With his private friends he was always cheerful and innocently happy.

In the midst of these negative qualities, there were three positive ones which made him an admirable and very formidable person—great power of reasoning; unconquerable energy; and the habitual and conscientious practice of all the respectable and all the amiable virtues.

Though a good thinker, not quick, but sound, he was a still better arguer. His reasoning powers, especially as they were chiefly seen concentrated on law, were of the very highest order. These, and his great legal knowledge, made him the best working counsel in court. The intensity of his energy arose from that of his conscientiousness. Every thing was a matter of duty with him, and therefore he gave his whole soul to it. Jeffrey called him the whole duty of man. Simple, indifferent, and passive when unyoked, give him any thing professional or public to perform, and he fell upon it with a fervour which made his adversaries tremble, and his friends doubt if it was the same man. One of his cures for a headache was to sit down and clear up a deep legal question. With none, originally, of the facilities of speaking which seem a part of some men's nature, zeal, practice, and the constant possession of good matter, gave him all the oratory that he required. He could in words unravel any argument however abstruse, or disentangle any facts however complicated, or impress any audience with the simple and serious

emotions with which he dealt. And, for his purpose, his style, both written and spoken, was excellent—plain, clear, condensed, and nervous.

Thus, the defect lay in the narrowness of the range; the merit in his force within it. Had it not been for his known honesty, his inflexible constancy of principle, and the impossibility of his doing any thing without stamping the act with the impression of his own character, he would have been too professional for public life. But zeal and purity are the best grounds of public influence; and accordingly, in Edinburgh, or wherever he was known, the mere presence of James Moncrieff satisfied people that all was right.

I am not aware how his moral nature could have been improved. A truer friend, a more upright judge, or a more affectionate man, could not be.

His love of the church was not solely hereditary. He himself had a strong Presbyterian taste, and accordingly both the Whiggism and the grave piety of what was called the *wild* side of the church were entirely according to his heart. He was almost the only layman on that side who used regularly to attend to the proceedings of the old General Assembly, and to influence them. It was a sad day for him when he thought it his duty to renounce that community, as he was certain that his father would have done; and to adhere to what he thought its ancient and genuine principles in the Free Church. He mourned over the necessity with the sorrow of a mother weeping for a dead child.

His attachment to his political principles was equally steady and pure. He owned them in his youth, and they clung to him through life. The public meeting in 1795, for attending which, Henry Erskine was turned out of the deanship, was held in the Circus, which their inexperience at that time of such assemblages had made them neglect to take any means to light, and Erskine was obliged to

begin his speech in the dark. A lad, however, struggled through the crowd with a dirty tallow candle in his hand, which he held up, during the rest of the address, before the orator's face. Many shouts honoured the unknown torch-bearer. This lad was James Moncrieff, then about sixteen. The next time that he recollected being in that place, which had changed its name, was when he presided at what is known here as the Pantheon Meeting in 1819. He died in the political faith in which he had lived; never selfish, or vindictive, or personal; never keeping back, but never pushing forward; and always honouring his party and his cause by the honesty and resolute moderation of all his sentiments.

Jeffrey had the greatest regard for this most excellent man. On the 22d of November, 1826, Moncrieff was raised by his brethren of the bar to be their Dean. Some thought that Jeffrey who, besides other things, was his senior, had a better claim. But he put this down peremptorily, insisting that Moncrieff held, and deserved to hold, a higher professional position; and declaring that, at any rate, he would have more gratification in his friend's elevation than in his own. He accordingly seconded Moncrieff's nomination. Many a tough bar battle had they. But this only tightened the bands of their social lives. In their judicial conflicts, Moncrieff had the advantage in hard law, Jeffrey in general reasoning and in legal fancy.

He died on the 30th of March, 1851.

George Cranstoun, with rather a featureless countenance, had a pleasing and classical profile. With a deadly paleness, a general delicacy of form, and gentlemanlike though not easy manners, the general air indicated elegance, thought, and restraint. His knowledge of law was profound, accurate, and extensive; superior perhaps, especially if due value be set on its variety, to that of every other person in his day. It embraced every branch of the science, feudal, mercantile, and Roman; constitutional

and criminal; the system not of his own country alone, but, in its more general principles, the jurisprudence of Europe. No great, though new, question could occur, on which he was not, or could not soon make himself at home. His legal loins were always girt up; and his law was dignified by a respectable acquaintance with classical and continental literature, and a very considerable knowledge of the literature of Britain. Except two or three casual (and rather elaborate) levities, he wrote nothing but the legal arguments in which the court was then so much addressed. His style in this line was so clear and elegant, that there can be no doubt that it would have sustained higher matter. His speaking was anxiously precise; while ingenious law, beautiful reasoning, and measured diction gave every professional speech, however insignificant the subject, the appearance of a finished thing. It was not his way to escape from details by general views. He built up his own argument, and demolished that of his adversary, stone by stone. There are few in whose hands this system could have avoided being tedious. But he managed it with such brevity in each part, and such general neatness and dexterity, that of all faults tediousness was the one of which he was freest. He could not be forcible, and was too artificial to be moving, and therefore avoided the scenes where these qualities are convenient. His appropriate line was that of pure law, set off by elegance, reasoning, and learning. His taste was delicate, but not always sound, particularly on matters of humour, which his elaboration seldom gave fair play. He no doubt felt the humour of others, and had humorous conceptions of his own. But when he tried to give one of them to the public, the preamble and the point were so anxiously conned and polished, that the principal pleasure of the audience, when they saw the joke on the stocks, consisted in their watching the ingenious care with which it was to be launched.

The defect of the whole composition was a want of nature. To a very few of the kernels of his friendships he was reported to be not incapable of relapsing into ease. But those less favoured, and his general acquaintance, were oppressed by his systematic ceremony. He shrank so into himself, that those who did not understand the thing were apt to suppose him timid and indifferent to common distractions. But he was exactly the reverse. His opinions and feelings, both of persons and of matters, were decided and confident ; in forming them he was entirely free from the errors that spring from undue admiration or enthusiasm ; and behind a select screen they were sometimes freely disclosed. But the very next moment, if before the world, the habitual mask, which showed nothing but diffidence and fastidious retirement, was never off. He would have been far more powerful and popular, could he have been but artless. His exposition of law was matchless ; and he sometimes touched the right moral chord, but not always on the right key. The disposition to get into the region of exquisite art ; to embellish by an apt quotation ; to explain by an anecdote ; to drop his distinctly uttered and polished words, one by one, like pearls into the ear, —adhered to him too inseparably.

Though a decided Whig, for which he suffered professional proscription for several years, it was chiefly by his character that he did good to his party. Retired habits and the unfortunate ambition of perfection excluded his practical usefulness. With no indecision of principle, and no public indifference, though with considerable distaste of popular vulgarity, it was beneath George Cranstoun ever to come forward but on a great occasion, and with a display of precise, unchallengeable excellence. This was not the man for plain public work, and accordingly he very rarely undertook it.

His and Jeffrey's professional struggles were often very amusing. He undervalued what he thought Jeffrey's igno-

rance of correct law; Jeffrey made game of the technical accuracy of his learned brother. A black letter judge agreed with the one; the world admired the other. Each occasionally tried the other's field. But in these encroachments the advantage was generally on the side of Jeffrey; who, with due preparation, could more certainly equal the law of Cranstoun, than Cranstoun could the ingenuity or the brilliant illustration of Jeffrey. The one was in books; the other in the man.

About the close of 1810, Mons. Simond, a French gentleman, who had left his country early in the revolution, came with his wife and a niece to visit some friends in Edinburgh, where they remained some weeks. Mad. Simond was a sister of Charles Wilkes, Esq., banker in New York, a nephew of the famous John; and the niece was Miss Charlotte Wilkes, a daughter of this Charles. It was during this visit, I believe, that she and Jeffrey first met.

In 1812 he became the tenant of Hatton, about nine miles west of Edinburgh, where he passed the summer of that and of the two succeeding years. The Moreheads and their family lived with him there in 1812 and 1813. It had formerly been a seat of the Lauderdale family, by whom the mansion had been built, and the grounds laid out, prior to the close of the seventeenth century. In its original condition,—with its shaded avenues, its terraces, fountains, garden sculpture, shrubs, and its lawns,—it must have been a stately and luxurious place. But by 1812, time and neglect had made great changes. The house was still habitable for a family disposed to be contented; and the gardens retained the charms which can scarcely be taken from the grounds brightened by healthy evergreens. The balustrades, however, were broken; the urns half buried; the fountains had ceased to play; and there was such general decay and disorder, that one of the interests consisted in fancying how well it must have looked when it was all entire.

This was the first country residence that Jeffrey ever had of his own. He enjoyed it exceedingly. It was the beginning of that half town and half villa life which he ever afterward led. He kept no carriage then of any kind ; but rode out as often as he could ; which, during the vacations of the court, was every day ; and, besides ordinary visitors, no Saturday could pass without a special party of his friends. But his best happiness at Hatton arose from its quiet, and the opportunities it gave him of making the Moreheads happy, and of prattling with the children.

One of his fancies for several years, both before and after this, was to run for a few days to some wild solitude, in the very depth of winter. "I am (to Horner, 5th January, 1813) just returned from the top of Ben-Lomond, where I had two shots at an eagle on New Year's Day. Is not that magnificent ? and far better than special pleading, or even electioneering, which I hope was your employment about the same time. The weather was beautiful, only not quite wintry enough for my project of getting a peep of a true Alpine scene, or rather, to confess the truth, a living image of St. Preux's frozen haunts at Meillerie. I have not done with Rousseau yet, you see, and find infinite consolation in him in all seasons. I cannot say that I feel my taste for business and affairs increase at all as I grow older ; and, therefore, I suppose it is that I retain almost all my youthful interest in other occupations."

His acquaintance with Miss Wilkes had ripened into a permanent attachment, which it was at one time thought would have ended in a marriage in England. Her father was an Englishman, but had been several years resident in America ; and when his daughter was here, there was a scheme of their all returning to settle in this country. This plan had been given up, however, and the bride being established again on the other side of the Atlantic, it became necessary that he should earn her by going there. Accordingly, in spring, 1813, he actually resolved to do so ;

which may be considered as one of the greatest achievements of love. For of all strong-minded men, there never was one who, from what he deemed a just estimate of its dangers, but in truth from mere nervous horror, recoiled with such sincerity from all watery adventures. No matter whether it was a sea that was to be crossed, or a lake, or a stream, or a pond. It was enough that he had to be afloat. The discomforts of a voyage to America in 1813, before steam had shortened the way, and relieved it by every luxury enjoyable by a landsman at sea, were very great. To these were added the more material dangers connected with the war then subsisting between the two countries, and the almost personal passions under which it was conducted. But to him all these risks, including even that of detention, were immaterial. The sad fact was, that the Atlantic was not made of solid land.

However, his mind being made up, he set about it resolutely. His clients were left to their fate; the Review to Thomson and Murray, with promises of articles from some of its best contributors; and a will was deposited with George Joseph Bell, which conveyed all that he had to trustees for certain purposes. The trustees were four relations—"and my excellent friends Geo. J. Bell, John A. Murray, James Campbell, James Keay, and Robert Græme." He desired them "to take and give to each of my trustees one or two dozen of claret from my cellar—and also a book, or picture, or piece of furniture—to drink and to keep in memory of me." Of these five, Mr. Murray and Mr. Bell have been already mentioned. Mr. Campbell (now of Craigie) and Mr. Græme (now of Redgorton) continued to be his excellent friends to the end of his life. So did Mr. Keay, till he died in 1837—a person of great worth and judgment, and who had risen to a high station at the bar.

Having armed himself with all the official papers that could be got, and as many private recommendations as he

chose, he and his brother went to Liverpool, (May 1813) to find a ship. He was detained there a long while. But this showed him all the celebrated men of that place; among others Roscoe, with whom he does not appear to have been struck. He returned to Edinburgh in July; and at last, after many obstacles, set sail on the 29th of August in a cartel, "the ship full of visitors, and a monstrous music of cheering mariners, squeaking pigs, and crying children."

Of course he kept a journal.

The sea does not begin to be abused till the third day, when it is thus dealt with—"No land in sight, and none expected till we see America. It is amazing how narrow and paltry the boundless sea looks when there are no high shores in sight to mark its boundaries! I should think the eye does not reach more than seven miles of the surface at any time. To-day it seems not much larger than a Spanish dollar, and much of that complexion. Not a sail or any vestige of man since the ship of war left us. Man, indeed, has left no traces of himself on the watery part of the globe. He has stripped the land of its wood, and clothed it with corn and with cities; he has changed its colour, its inhabitants, and all its qualities. Over it he seems, indeed, to have dominion; but the sea is as wild and unsubdued as on the first day of its creation. No track left of the innumerable voyagers who have traversed it; no powers over its movements, or over the winds by which they are influenced. It is just as desert and unaltered in all particulars as before its bed was created; and would be, after his race was extinct. Neither time nor art make any alteration here. Continents are worn down and consolidated, and the forests grow up or rot into bog, by the mere lapse of ages; but the great expanses of the ocean continue with the same surface and the same aspect for ever, and are, in this respect, the most perfect specimen of antiquity, and carry back the imagination the farthest into the dark abysses of time passed away."

The experience of the first eleven days enabled him to understand the charms of a voyage, which are thus summed up : " Wednesday, 8th Sept., eight o'clock P. M.—For these last seven days I have not been able to write for violent gales and violent sea-sickness, head-winds and swimming head, the whole time almost ; fierce south-west gales, which, with eternal motion and clamour, have not advanced us 200 miles on our course, and have given me a great idea of the pleasures of a voyage.—*Imprimis*, Oppressive and intolerable sickness, coldness, loathing, and vertigo. *Secundo*, Great occasional fear of drowning, and penitence for the folly of having come voluntarily in the way of it. *Tertio*, There is the impossibility of taking any exercise, and the perpetual danger of breaking your limbs, if you try to move from your chair to your bed, or even to sit still without holding. *Quarto*, An incessant and tremendous noise of the ship groaning and creaking, cracking and rattling ; to say nothing of the hissing of the wind, and the boiling and bubbling of the sea. *Quinto*, The eternal contact of the whole crew, whom you hear, see, feel, and smell, by day and by night, without respite or possibility of escape ; crying children, chattering Frenchmen, prosing captain, and foolish women, all with you for ever, and no means of getting out of their hearing. *Sexto*, The provoking uncertainty of your fate, never going 150 miles in one day on your way, and then taking seven days to 100 ; the agreeable doubt whether your voyage is to last three weeks or three months. *Septimo*, The horrid cooking and the disgusting good appetites of those who are used to it. *Octavo*, The uniformity and narrowness of your view, and its great ugliness. There might be twenty more items, but these are enough ; and in consideration of these alone, I think I shall make a covenant with myself, that if I get back safe to my own place from this expedition, I shall never willingly go out of sight of land again in my life. There is nothing so ugly or mean as the sea in roughish

weather. The circuit very narrow, the elevations paltry, and all the forms ungraceful and ignoble. It looks like a nasty field deformed with heaps of rubbish, half shovelled and half frozen; and then the total want of vegetable odour, or variety, or any local association, makes it still more uninteresting. The sunsets are sometimes magnificent, but rather gloomy and terrible; deep recesses of glowing pillars and awful prison gates of red-hot clouds, with sunbeams issuing from their cavities, and spreading an angry and awful light on the waters."

However, he was sometimes consoled by a capacity of vulgar enjoyment. "We killed a pig last night, and made mock turtle soup of his head to-day. Miss —— makes us excellent puddings and pies every day, and if my sickness keeps off, I am in danger of getting a habit of gormandizing."

"I have lived (he says on the 10th of September) so constantly with people I loved, and had full and cordial intimacy with, that it is always quite overwhelming to me to be left, for any length of time, with those to whom I can feel neither familiarity nor affection. I have endeavoured to cure this feeling by almost entirely occupying myself with recollections and anticipations, and giving such dimensions to the past and future as to make the present of little importance. This exercise of the imagination is very delightful, though a little wearing out; but if the weather continue fine, I shall get on very well with it."

And so he does, for there follows this picture of a day at Hatton. "Now they are shooting partridges amidst the singing reapers, and by the side of inland brooks in Scotland; and the leaves are growing brown on my Hatton beeches, and the uplands are purple in their heath, and the air is full of fragrant smell, and the voices of birds; and Tuckey's* eyes are glittering wild with joy, and every hour

* *Tuckey* was his nickname for one of Morehead's little girls.

is bringing some new face and some new thing to the happy dwellers in those accessible scenes. While here, there is the eternal barrenness of the water, and the hissing of the winds, and the same unvarying band of fellow prisoners, and eternal longing for a termination that is altogether uncertain. But it will come in some shape or other."

And a Sunday there is thus recalled. "Sunday 12th, two o'clock.—Calm, calm, oppressively and relentlessly calm, since seven o'clock this morning, and likely enough, from all appearances, to continue so. An enchanting day, too, if we could be on shore; warm, still, and glorious, with bright frothy clouds and sighing airs; enough to rustle leaves and fan the brows of fatigue; but here only flapping our sails and spreading the nauseous smell of our pork boiling all over the ship. There is nothing so sweet to my imagination as a bright calm Sunday in the early part of autumn; gilding with its temperate splendour the yellow fields and holy spires, and carrying on its still and silent air the soothing sounds that fall and expire in that mild pause of labour; lowing oxen, bleating sheep, and crowing cocks, heard from farm to farm, through the clear air; and even the wood pigeons and roosting crows resounding through far groves; and the distant tinkling of bells, and the slow groups wandering from church, and the aspect of peace, and plenty, and reflection, that meets the eyes on all sides. At sea, however, there is nothing but a wearisome glare, and a sickening heave of the water, and fretting, and gloom, and impatience."

The next Sunday revives similar associations. "Sunday, 19th September, eight o'clock.—I have been thinking all day of my sweet leisure autumn Sundays at Hatton last year; my early walks in the calm sunshine of the morning; my gray stairs, with the dewy flowers beside me; and Tuckey's cherub voice and glittering eyes; my languid reading, and careless talking all the morning; my little contemplative trot before dinner; our airy tea drinkings,

with the open windows, and the swallows skimming past them ; our long twilight social walks ; Tuckey's undressing, prayers, and slumbers ; my butter milk potations, quiet bed-readings, and gazing on the soft moon that shone in upon my slumbers through the ever open windows. What a contrast my last three Sundays have afforded to this simple but happy life ! To console myself, I am obliged to look forward to New York, and make a rival picture of peace and love there. Fancy, though, is less tranquil and sure in her work than memory."

The twenty-third day appears to have been a heavy one. But he seems to set this down partly to the "indefinite delay of all that is most interesting in existence,"—which, I suppose, means the bridegroom's impatience. "Monday, 20th Sept., eight o'clock.—Another weary, melancholy day ; not very heroically borne. Calm, dead oppressive calm, almost without intermission from this time last night till now. Two lovely evenings too ; and the day so balmy, bland, and tranquil, as ought to have made it a pleasure to exist merely. But it was not ; for I languished so for the scenes where it would have been a pleasure, and felt such impatience to reach that end of the tedious way, that I have been substantially wretched and shamefully low. If I thought it could have done me any good, I could, with great good-will, have crept into a corner and cried. The sky was beautiful. A light varied dome of gray clouds resting on a zone of brighter silver, all wrought over like embossed silver, with a raised pattern of darker clouds ; and the sea shining below like a vast pavement, or a molten sea in the temple of Solomon. This evening, again, the sunset was magnificent, when he descended from the more solid canopy, and looked through the horizontal rim ; and then, after he went down, the stars shone out with such dewy softness and summer sweetness, and the south wind breathed so low and gently, that I almost fancied that I could smell the orange and myrtle groves of the Western

Islands, (they are not above 200 miles off, I take it,) and hear their piping shepherds, and goats bleating on their twilight rocks. The picture of Hatton, though, and my sweet summer evenings in those less romantic shades soon spoiled that picture, and my usual regret and impatience returned."

The only thing like a gale that relieved their monotony was too slight to raise his respect for the ocean. "Tuesday, 21st Sept., evening.—We have had a real gale of wind to-day, for the first time, and it has neither made me sick nor terrified me. Moreover, it has carried us, I dare say, 130 miles on our course, and done us more good than all the winds and calms of the last five days. It began about three this morning, and waked us all before daybreak. Notwithstanding the splashing of the spray, I spent several hours on deck, and never saw an uglier scene; and, what is worse, ugly, I think, without being sublime or terrible. I fancy, however, I have a spite at the sea, for I cannot bring myself to think or speak of it without a certain contempt, as well as dislike. The sky was very dark, and the water blue black, with a little foam, and many broad spots of dirty green, where the swell had recently broke. For the mountain waves one reads about in descriptions, they seemed to me very poor, paltry little slopes, not more than twenty feet high, by about three times as much in breadth, tossing very irregularly, and all wrinkled or covered over their convexity in the direction of the gale. The only things that had a sort of dreary magnificence were some black-looking birds screaming through the mist, and a sort of smoking spray which the wind swept from the water, and kept hanging like a vapour all over its surface. We went very easily through this sea at the rate of better than seven miles an hour. If I had been in a little boat, or a crazy old ship, I dare say I should have been terrified; but as it was, the spectacle seemed to me very contemptible and paltry."

But on the 23d—"The sunset was most superb, from the astonishing variety of shades and colours. The sky was cloudy all round; at least four different layers of clouds, all broken and seen behind each other in different tints and degrees of glory, kindling and curling in the finest groups and perspective. At different moments, and at different quarters, I am sure it might have furnished a painter with a hundred skies, every one singularly rich and beautiful. A panorama of it, with the black flat sea brightened in various tints beneath, would have made a splendid exhibition."

They caught cod on the 26th, off Newfoundland; "huge victims, who seemed of a bulk worthy of the ocean." "There was something grand indeed, though very dreary, in watching the irregular heaves of the misty billows under the dark and heavy sky, and the wheeling of the innumerable birds that hovered in our wake to pick up the offal that our butchery threw overboard. This set some of the men upon a new sport, which it seems is common in these regions. They fastened a bit of fat upon a small hook, and let it float astern. The birds darted after it in crowds, and tore it from each other with clamour, till the hook fastened on one more voracious than the rest. They very soon caught four or five in this way; but as they confessed they were good for nothing, we persuaded them to give up that cruel pastime. The quickness of sight in these creatures is astonishing. Yesterday we threw out little bits of grease, not larger than a bean, and repeatedly saw them check and pounce upon it from a distance of many hundred yards. Their agility, and the force and ease of their motions, are beautiful; and I amused myself for a long time in watching them skim close along the smooth and misty water, now dipping one end of their long wings, and now the other, now soaring aloft, and then diving for a long time out of sight under water, and rising and cackling with joy and loquacity."

The 4th of October was the joyous day. "Land, ho!

such was the joyful cry that startled us about one o'clock from the mast-head, and immediately we were all on the rigging to gaze at it. In a few minutes, however, it was plain enough from the deck; stretching like a long, low, dark cloud along the bright edge of the horizon. It was then about ten miles off, but we neared it very fast, and soon distinguished woody hills, and coloured fields beneath, and a bright zone of white sand or gravel binding all the shore; and various villages and human dwellings scattered along the beach. Columbus himself could not be more delighted than I was at this discovery; and the sight of stationary dwellings sending up quiet smoke among the trees, and the spires of rustic churches, and deep brown shades, and all the common traces of human habitation and rustic life, came like a glimpse of paradise upon my famished eyes, and gave me a sense of refreshment and joy that I have not known since I left *Scotland*. The day was lovely and unclouded, and the appearance, however distant, of comfort and secure life, peasants eating apples and new bread, and drinking new milk under their own trees, appeared to me like the summit of human felicity. Unfortunately, however, we were indulged but with a very transient glimpse of those beauties."

They were not only not allowed to land at once, but for two or three days were in danger of being ordered to repair to a place about five hundred miles off. However, after much alarm and negotiation, the voyage, in so far as he was concerned, was brought to a close on its fortieth day. He and his brother were set ashore early on the morning of the 7th October; and that day "we made our way to Mr. Wilkes's, where I found the object of this tedious navigation."

He continued in America till the 22d of January, 1814. In November, after his marriage, he visited a few of the principal cities of the Union. But his journal, though minute, records nothing, even in his favourite lines of re-

flection and speculation, that would now interest others. He appears to have seen many important people, and to have been very kindly received. He had two curious interviews, one with Mr. Monroe, the secretary, and one with Mr. Madison, the President; of which he gives a very striking account. He had a power of reporting what he heard, whether speeches or conversation, more fully and accurately than almost any other person trusting to memory alone. A conversation reported by Jeffrey, where he spoke confidently, was, in its substance, fully as correct, and nearly as fresh, as the original.

He had gone to the secretary to learn whether there was any hope of his obtaining a cartel for his return to Britain. After being promised every possible accommodation, the conversation was drawn on by Mr. Monroe to the war, its provocations, principles, and probable results; and particularly to the right claimed by England of searching American vessels for the recovery of British subjects. These were matters with which Jeffrey was probably as familiar as even the able and official person with whom he was talking; because the rights of neutrals had been more than once discussed in the Review, and in at least one article by Jeffrey himself; and, in so far as the right of searching *ships of war* for British deserters or subjects was involved, the principles there maintained were strongly against the English claim. But though not satisfied of the existence of the right claimed, he seems to have thought that it would be paltry not to stand by his country, before an enemy who had him in his power. Accordingly, he took the side of Britain during an animated, though politely conducted argument, which, after lasting a long time one day, was renewed the next.

After this, but on the same day, (18th November, 1813,) he had the honour of dining with the President, when he had another discussion with him. By the advice of the secretary, he took occasion, when he was about to retire,

to thank his excellency for the indulgence he had met with in the matter of the cartel. "This was received in a composed, civil way; and then his excellency proceeded to say that it was the wish of his government to set an example of the utmost liberality in every thing, and to prove to the world that nothing but absolute necessity should ever induce them to adopt those principles of warfare which had been directed against them. I said I trusted the English nation stood in need of no lessons in these particulars, and that in her present unfortunate hostilities with America, would show the same spirit of generosity which had distinguished even her most impolitic wars. He took up this a little warmly, and said that the way in which she had attacked the defenceless villages, threatened the citizens with the fate of traitors, and broken off the agreements entered into by their own agents as to the exchange of prisoners, did not say much for their spirit of generosity, and that the very pretence in which the war originated, the obstinacy and insolence with which all satisfaction had been refused, and the extraordinary form in which negotiation was ultimately offered, could leave little doubt on any impartial mind as to the temper by which it was carried on on the part of England. I was a little surprised at this sort of challenge to discussion, thrown out by a sovereign to a private individual in his own drawing-room. I felt, however, that it was not my part to decline it; and being somewhat *au fait* of the matter by my discussion with the secretary, I did not hesitate to accept. We entered accordingly upon a discussion which lasted nearly two hours, and embraced all the topics which I had gone over with Mr. M.; very nearly upon the same grounds, and to the same results; though maintained on the part of the President with rather more caution and reserve, more shyness as to concessions, and a tone considerably more acrimonious toward England; though perfectly civil, and even courteous to myself."

After repeating the substance of each of these conferences to Mr. Wilkes, as soon as they were over, and thus impressing it on his mind, he wrote it down, so that it is probably as correct and minute an account of three conversational discussions as it is possible ever to have. His defence of the general conduct of this country, both in the origin and in the conduct of the war, was manly and able; and, in so far as it depends on general reasoning, apart from the authority of jurists, who were not taken into council on either side, I doubt if the right of search was ever more powerfully maintained. Whatever the truth of the case may be, he had clearly the best of these arguments; though it be certain that those of his opponents do not suffer from his statement of them.

He left New York, on his homeward voyage, on the 22d of January, 1814, and reached Liverpool on the 10th of February. "Once more on British ground, and done, I hope for ever, with nautical journals." "I return to you (he tells Mrs. Morehead, in a letter of the 9th of February, while still on ship-board,) unchanged in every thing, and if possible, still more tenderly attached to Scotland, and all it contains, than ever." To which he adds next day on his landing: "Arrived once more on my own land." "Heaven bless you all,—and Tuckey above all; of whom you do not tell me one-half enough. I am quite feverish with joy at feeling myself again so near you, and never to be parted so far again."

He was very speedily established at home; with its rekindled light of domestic love. It would be presumptuous and indelicate to make the lady he brought among us a subject of public description. I shall only say that almost the whole happiness of his future life flowed from this union; and that Mrs. Jeffrey uniformly showed that she deserved the affection with which she inspired all his friends. Alas! it is easy to utter these words! But how inadequate are they to recall, vividly, what they are meant to

convey! The whole scene has passed away, and every hour weakens its impressions. The thirty-four years during which they were united have fled, and he and she are but remembered. Could we now feel over again the delights of a single day passed with them in the country, or of a single evening over their social fire, we would then know, better than we could when it was familiar, the depth of the natural and cheerful happiness which she diffused round her husband and his friends.

In his first letter to Horner after reaching home, (3d May, 1814,) he expresses his regret that he cannot, like everybody else, run over and see France; because, though strongly tempted, he could not move so soon again. "In the mean time I intend to cultivate the domestic virtues, and all manner of plants and flowers. I grow every day more sick of the necessity of working; and have serious thoughts of going into a cottage and living on £300 a year. Only it is rather too little, and I should like to have the means of moving about a little." This makes a very good sentence in a letter; especially one addressed to a friend who was in no danger of being misled by it. But there was nothing less seriously in his mind at this time, even with a new wife, than retirement, and cottages, and £300 a year. He saw the bar now fairly open to him; and returned with increased alacrity to his professional, literary, and social pursuits.

When he had sailed for America, in August, 1813, the issue of the invasion of Russia by France was uncertain; and his fears being far stronger than his hopes, he had gone away with the gloomiest views of public affairs. By the time that he returned, the invading host was dissipated, and the war was miraculously ended, amidst events, and after experiences, which seemed to promise permanent peace to the world. He was astonished and delighted, and gave expression to his feelings in the very next article that he wrote for the Review; being that beautiful

one on "*The State and Prospects of Europe*," (No. 45, art. 1;) to which, lest his predictions of a millennium should be refuted by circumstances not then existing, he gave the special date of the 5th of May, 1814. This was remarkable, he says, as the first occasion on which the Review and the whole public had ever been of one mind. "It would be strange indeed, we think, if pages, dedicated like ours to topics of present interest, and the discussions of the passing hour, should be ushered into the world at such a moment as this, without some stamp of that common joy and overwhelming emotion with which the wonderful events of the last three months are still filling all the regions of the earth. In such a situation it must be difficult for any one who has the means of being heard, to refrain from giving utterance to his sentiments. But to us, *whom it has assured, for the first time, of the entire sympathy of our countrymen*, the temptation we own is irresistible." And then he goes on to the most beautiful, and the most intelligent, of all the many songs of triumph that poetry and oratory sang upon the novelty that had lightened every heart. "It had come upon the world like the balmy air and flushing verdure of a late spring, after the dreary chills of a long and interminable winter; and the refreshing sweetness with which it has visited the earth, feels like Elysium to those who have just escaped from the driving tempests it has banished."

He had all along been too sincerely afraid of the war not to rejoice in its termination, without troubling himself about the principles or the objects of the powers by the success of whose troops it had been ended. There were philosophers, and even patriots, who saw nothing in Napoleon's landing at Frejus except the acquiescence of a legitimately elected sovereign in a call by his subjects for his return from a state of compulsory banishment, to govern them; and in whose eyes the glory of Waterloo was dimmed by its being only a part of the scheme for imposing a go-

vernment on France by the force of foreign arms. The Review was open to the discussion of all such ideas; but Jeffrey's own opinion was clear, that a continuation of the war, and of Napoleon's military despotism, were the greatest of all immediate evils, and that whatever ended both ought to gratify reasonable men. I cannot discover any thing offensive in the Review about this time, either on this or on any other subject; but Mr. Horner seems to have condemned something which I suspect was connected with the Whigs and the allies, so strongly, as to have indicated an inclination to have no more to do with the work. This produced an admirable defence (12th March, 1815) by Jeffrey, both of his own conduct as editor, and of the principles on which any such work must necessarily be conducted. The letter is too long to be quoted here, but it is a sound and high-minded exposition, which cannot be read without admiration of his spirit and honour.*

Horner soon afterward (2d June, 1815) asked his opinion of the "new war," and blamed the allied attack on France. To this he received a plain answer; the substance of which was—"I am mortally afraid of the war, and I think that is all I can say about it. I hate Bonaparte, too, because he makes me more afraid than anybody else; and seems more immediately the cause of my paying income-tax, and having my friends killed by dysenteries and gunshot wounds, and making my country unpopular, bragging, and servile, and every thing that I do not wish it to be. I do think, too, that the risk was, and is, far more imminent and tremendous of the subversion of all national independence, and all peaceful virtues, and mild and generous habits, by his insolent triumph, than by the success of the most absurd of those who are allied against him."

He had left Hatton in the autumn of 1814, and in the spring of 1815 transferred his rural deities to Craigcrook,

* Appendix.

where he passed all his future summers. It is on the eastern slope of Corstorphine Hill, about three miles to the north-west of Edinburgh. When he first became the tenant, the house was only an old *keep*, respectable from age, but inconvenient for a family; and the ground was merely a bad kitchen garden, of about an acre; all in paltry disorder. He immediately set about reforming. Some ill-placed walls were removed; while others, left for shelter, were in due time loaded with gorgeous ivy, and both protected and adorned the garden. A useful, though humble, addition was made to the house. And, by the help of neatness, sense, evergreens, and flowers, it was soon converted into a sweet and comfortable retreat. The house received a more important addition many years afterward; but it was sufficient without this for all that his family and his hospitalities at first required. But by degrees, that *earth hunger* which the Scotch ascribe to the possession of any portion of the soil, came upon him, and he enlarged and improved all his appurtenances. Two sides of the mansion were flanked by handsome bits of evergreened lawn. Two or three western fields had their stone fences removed, and were thrown into one, which sloped upward from the house to the hill, and was crowned by a beautiful bank of wood; and the whole place, which now extended to thirty or forty acres, was always in excellent keeping. Its two defects were, that it had no stream, and that the hill robbed the house of much of the sunset. Notwithstanding this, it was a most delightful spot; the best for his purposes that he could have found. The low ground, consisting of the house and its precincts, contained all that could be desired for secluded quiet and for reasonable luxury. The high commanded magnificent and beautiful views, embracing some of the distant mountains in the shires of Perth and Stirling, the near inland sea of the Frith of Forth, Edinburgh and its associated heights, and the green and peaceful nest of Craigcrook itself.

During the thirty-four seasons that he passed there, what a scene of happiness was that spot! To his own household it was all that their hearts desired. Mrs. Jeffrey knew the genealogy and the personal history and character of every shrub and flower it contained. It was the most favourite resort of his friends, who knew no such enjoyment as Jeffrey at that place. And, with the exception of Abbotsford, there were more interesting strangers there than in any house in Scotland. Saturday, during the summer session of the courts, was always a day of festivity; chiefly, but by no means exclusively, for his friends at the bar, many of whom were under general invitations. Unlike some barbarous tribunals which feel no difference between the last and any other day of the week, but toil on with the same stupidity through them all, and would include Sunday if they could, our legal practitioners, like most of the other sons of bondage in Scotland, are liberated earlier on Saturday; and the Craigerook party began to assemble about three, each taking to his own enjoyment. The bowling-green was sure to have its matches, in which the host joined with skill and keenness; the garden had its loiterers; the flowers, not forgetting the wall of glorious yellow roses, their worshippers; the hill, its prospect seekers. The banquet that followed was generous; the wines never spared; but rather too various; mirth unrestrained, except by propriety; the talk always good, but never ambitious; and mere listeners in no disrepute. What can efface these days, or indeed any Craigerook day, from the recollection of those who had the happiness of enjoying them?*

* A fictitious person of the name of Morris, (but who represents a real man, and a powerful writer,) and who, in *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*, published in 1819, professes to describe Edinburgh and its neighbourhood, mentions, as if he had seen it, a Craigerook scene, where the whole party, including Mr. Playfair, who died in July, 1819, aged seventy-one, took off their coats and had a leaping match. As the liveliness and individuality of Dr. Morris's descriptions have made some of the simple

Horner wrote to him recommending the Baconian gardening.* To which he answers, (9th June, 1815,) "I intended to have been heretical in the other way, and to have accused you of affectation, for professing an admiration of Bacon's style of gardening. I am not for bold staring houses, and bare lawns, any more than you are. But really they are considerably more tolerable than a paltry wilderness of four square acres, or groves and arbours, 'or fair pillars of carpenters' work;' and the truth is, that you durst no more make such a horrid Dutch Lust field, than you durst put on the quilted breeches and the high-crowned hat of the great philosopher. However, come to Craigcrook, and debate the matter manfully."

In the autumn of this year, (1815,) he gratified his desire of seeing the Continent for the first time. The immediate temptation was, that he could have the company and the aid of Mons. Simond. Madame Simond remained with Mrs. Jeffrey at Craigcrook. In writing to Mr. Richardson for his passports, (14th September, 1815,) "Can I do any thing for you where I am going? I go, after all, with a heavy heart, and would rather stay at home. Nothing that I shall see abroad, I am sure, will give me half the pleasure of seeing my friends again upon my return; and it is quite refreshing to think that I may have a peep of so many of them at Hampstead,† as I pass through London."

Yet he was only away about a month; having reached Rotterdam from Harwich on the 24th of September, and returned to Dover on the 25th of October. He ran through Holland and Flanders, seeing the common sights of galleries and curious towns; and was above a fortnight in Paris. A full and minute journal details the proceedings of every

believe them to be all real, it may be as well to say that this is entirely a fancy piece. And, for so skilful a painter, it is not well fancied. It is totally unlike the Craigcrook proceedings, and utterly repugnant to all the habits of Mr. Playfair.

* See Horner's Memoirs, ii. 249. † Where Mr. Richardson then lived.

day. These were interesting then, from the novelty of scenes that had been closed against the British traveller for nearly twenty-five years. But now that they are familiar to every one, there is no particular attraction in the statement of even Jeffrey's observations and impressions. To himself, at the time, it was their novelty that chiefly struck him; and he calls what he was writing a mere traveller's guide-book. Though lively and descriptive, it is not worth quoting. One of the few reflections that he makes was at Waterloo: "Half of the ground is now ploughed up; and except the broken trees and burnt offices at Hougoumont, there is nothing to mark the scene of so much havoc and desolation. The people are ploughing and reaping, and old men following their old occupations, in their old fields, as if 60,000 youths had not fallen to manure them within these six months. The tottering chimney tops are standing, the glass unbroken in the windows, the roads and paths all winding as before, the grass as green, and the trees as fresh, as if this fiery deluge of war had not rolled over the spot on which they are standing. I picked up a bit of cloth and a piece of a bridle." He had got excellent introductions from Lord Holland and Sir James Mackintosh for Paris; where he accordingly saw a number of important people, and a good deal of Parisian society. But he records little memorable even for that day, and nothing that it would be worth while to repeat now. All the political feeling seems to have been concentrated into hatred of the Bourbons and the English, and utter uncertainty as to what would be the next act of France's protracted tragedy. In the long voyage from Boulogne to Dover, "The sea and the wind became both very high, particularly the former; a worse and more dangerous sea than is often seen in the open ocean, from the shortness and irregularity of the swell." He finishes by saying that he had examined all the wonders of Dover, and "I have admired the modest and domestic look of the women—eaten roast beef, apple

pie, and mutton chops—drank beer and port wine—and felt myself taking very kindly to all my old British habits and prejudices. The best use of going abroad, I take it, is to make one fond of home; a fondness on which virtue and happiness are both most securely built; and which one who does not leave home too early, can scarcely fail to increase by such an experiment. Something is learnt too, I suppose, though probably of no great value. And things are pleasant to recollect, and to talk of at a distance, which were wearisome enough when they occurred. It was solely to enable me to recollect them, that I have put down this indistinct notice of them all.”

A change took place in the beginning of next year, in the administration of justice in Scotland, which it was foreseen would be of importance to Jeffrey. It consisted of the introduction of juries for the trial of facts in civil causes, which was first practised on the 22d of January, 1816. There were no juries here before this except in Exchequer, and in criminal prosecutions. The practice in these courts was not extensive; but such as it was, he had had the best of it, at least before the criminal tribunal, for several years; and his success there suggested him as the counsel likely to be the most successful gleaner in the new field. This expectation was not disappointed. He instantly took up one side of almost every trial in what was then called the Jury Court, as if it had been a sort of right, and held this position as long as he was at the bar. “Tell me (says Horner, 2d June, 1815) what is doing, or meant to be done, about your Jury Court. That will be a great field for you. The success of the new institution must, in a very great measure, depend on the exertions made by the bar.” “And with so much of genius and philosophy as adorn the Parliament House at present, it will be imputable to your indolence only if you do not give the thing a right impulse at first,” &c.

Jeffrey was well fitted for the new sphere in every re-

spect, though not perhaps without some deductions. His law, which was now recognised as sufficient for the deepest discussions before the judges, was far more than sufficient for any emergency likely to occur in a court, which, instead of getting whole causes to dispose of, had only to investigate certain detached matters of fact specified in previously adjusted issues. He had as great a familiarity with the rules and the philosophy of evidence as any one either at the bar or on the bench. Caution and distrust made him a safe adviser of his client; while no flaw in the case or in the reasoning of his adversary could escape his acuteness. Though superior to the ludicrous and miserable weakness, proceeding generally from professional selfishness, which drives some counsel to identify themselves with every client who employs them, and to fancy that truth and justice are always on their side, a sense of duty, and a natural energy of temperament, excited him to as much zeal as an honourable advocate ought to feel or to profess. Rarely misled by the temptation of a merely temporary triumph, his general management was judicious and prospective. In sagacity he had no superior. It was his peculiar quality. Through the usual dishonesty, misinformation, and prejudices, by which every advocate is liable to be misled, he felt, and could predict, what, either of principle or of assertion, would ultimately stand or would ultimately fail. Thus seeing, from the outset of the voyage, all the rocks and shoals on which the ship was likely to strike, and all the gales that might favour or obstruct it—all the anchors that would hold, and all the harbours of refuge into which it might be run, his steerage was that of a first-rate legal pilot. He scented what would turn out nonsense or falsehood a great way off, and thus was the safest of all general advisers. It was not exactly acuteness or talent; it was a faculty which these qualities often obstruct. Sagacity—or, at least, the sort of sagacity which I mean to describe as belonging to him—consists

principally in the power of taking large and calm surveys, with a view to detect strong or weak points. A person who, knowing him, had never seen him at this work, might have doubted his being effective with juries. He might have feared a manner still somewhat artificial, and a mind addicted to more refined reasoning than plain men might relish. Some of these misgivings would not have been unreasonable. There was, in truth, a want of plainness, directness, and shortness. But it adds greatly to the merit of his success, that he triumphed over even these defects. An invaluable memory for details enabled him to array and to compare any circumstances, however numerous or complicated;* and for whatever difficulty talent was required, he had it in every variety at command. Revelling in the exuberance of his powers, he sometimes put the matter in too many lights; but he never failed to put it in some, or in one, from which no rusticity could escape. The plausibility with which his own sophistry was veiled, was only equalled by the skill with which he exposed that of his opponent. If it was a case where humour was convenient, it gushed readily from a mind habitually practised in ingenious combination of ideas and resemblances, and so brilliant in illustration, that Southey thought this the peculiarity of his intellect. Was a grave or a lofty train of thought or of sentiment proper, who could rise to it more nobly than one who had only to yield to his own natural feelings? But there was another influence around him more honourable than any that mere talent could confer. The people were proud of the Review, of which they were aware that he was the spirit; and they knew that there was no scheme for their elevation which

* He had a fancy, or said that he had it, that though he went to bed with his head stuffed and confused with the names, and dates, and other details of various causes, they were all in order in the morning; which he accounted for by saying, that during sleep "*they all crystallized round their proper centres.*"

did not acknowledge him for its leader, or its most intelligent champion. Then they had always heard of him as amiable and generous; and when they saw him, and he began to do business with them, either gravely or playfully, they were the more disposed to admire the counsel from their personal love of the man.

I wish I could give some examples of his professional style. But it is impossible. Such displays can never be appreciated, or indeed understood, unless where the whole circumstances are fully reported; and even then they are of no value unless they be connected with public events. The life of an advocate is a life spent in the midst of occurrences of the deepest interest to parties; but which, to others, vanishes with the passing hour. There is not a day in which talents are not exhibited in courts of justice equal to the highest that can operate in the most difficult employments in which the human mind can be engaged. The exercise of these talents saves or ruins families. It inflames able men with the fire of professional ambition. It agitates spectators according to various sympathies. If a great public principle or result be involved, such as history must transmit to posterity, what occurs keeps its interest; not as a judicial proceeding, but as a political event. If only private concerns be at issue, the whole affair, though marked by admirable displays of ability, is almost as little cared for after it is over, as the last theatrical exhibition of a great actor. What preserves the forensic glory of Thomas Erskine, except the State trials, which gave subjects of permanent dignity to his genius, and which, thus sustained, his genius made immortal? Few such occasions occur even in England, and far fewer in Scotland;—during Jeffrey's time, indeed, none; and those that possessed some temporary local importance are so imperfectly reported, that the published accounts would rather mislead than assist us in estimating his powers or his style.

The first application of juries to civil justice was in-

trusted to the Right Hon. William Adam, of Blair-Adam, in Kinross-shire, who was put at the head of the new court. This led to an agreeable intercourse between him and Jeffrey. Jeffrey had kept up his Speculative Society friendship with William Adam, the son; but he now gained the esteem of the whole family; and speaks, in many of his letters, of his delightful visits to them, in all their branches, both at Blair-Adam and at their villa at Richmond.

In 1816, he wrote the article *Beauty* for the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. Of all the treatises that have been published on the theory of taste, it is the most complete in its philosophy, and the most delightful in its writing; and it is as sound as the subject admits of.

After the peace, by delivering the people from foreign alarm, had given them leisure to look into their domestic condition, the various questions of reform that have ever since engrossed their attention began successively to arise. Consistently with the principles and objects it had always adhered to, the *Review* engaged, with its usual animation, in all these discussions. But Jeffrey, though as enthusiastic a reformer as was consistent with prudence, made few personal contributions in this form to the cause. Public affairs, indeed, were generally the smallest of his departments, though in none, when he ventured into it, was his wisdom more conspicuous; but after this he cultivated the subject even more sparingly than he used to do. Between 1815 and 1820, inclusive, he seems to have only written one article directly on British politics. Nobody who lived in 1819 and 1820 can have forgotten the frightful condition of large portions of the population; when demagogues aggravated the real miseries of want, by ascribing it to wilful human causes. It was the most horrid period since the days of 1793. Jeffrey's humanity would not allow him to avoid giving a few words of advice on such a crisis; and in October, 1819, he wrote a short

but excellent article on the state of the nation, (No. 64, art. 2,) containing an exposition to all parties of their errors, their duties, and their danger. His only other articles connected with even general politics were one on De Stael's French Revolution, (September, 1818,) and one (in May, 1820) on the jealousies between America and Britain. This last was a subject to which he was never indifferent. He had constantly endeavoured to remove the irritations which made these two kindred nations think so uncharitably and so absurdly of each other. This article contains an examination of the grounds on which this want of candour is charged by the author of the book he is criticising as solely on the side of the British, and an earnest appeal to the good sense of both communities. He has reprinted this admirable paper in his *Selected Contributions*, with this note, (v. 4, p. 167 :) "There is no one feeling—having public concerns for its object—with which I have been so long and so deeply impressed, as that of the vast importance of our maintaining friendly, and even cordial relations, with the free, powerful, moral, and industrious States of America—a condition upon which I cannot help thinking that not only our own freedom and prosperity, but that of the better part of the world, will ultimately be found to be more and more dependent. I give the first place, therefore, in this concluding division of the work, to an earnest and somewhat importunate exhortation to this effect, which, I believe, produced some impression at the time, and I trust may still help forward the good end to which it was directed."

With these exceptions, his whole contributions during these six years were of a literary character. And it is impossible to read their mere titles without being struck with the view which they exhibit of mental richness and activity. He was in the full career of a professional practice that occupied the greatest portion of his whole time, and during about eight months, yearly, could not be got

through without the exclusive use of ten or even twelve hours a day; besides which, those who only saw him in society, and knew not how the fragments of a diligent man's time may be gathered up, might suppose that he had nothing to do but to dine and to talk. Nevertheless, besides the three articles just mentioned, he wrote, during this period, about thirty-six more, chiefly on literature, biography, and general history.

It is unnecessary to enter into any explanation of the nature of the constitutional and economical reforms which the Whig party in Scotland had been long recommending; and which, now that the people had awakened, and the war could no longer be made the apology for adhering to every abuse, they pressed with greater confidence than ever. It is sufficient to state the facts, that the great majority of the nation deemed these reforms indispensable; and that they have since been all sanctioned by Parliament. The best leaders of the Scotch Whig party were still members of the Faculty of Advocates; who, contrary to their interests, had adhered to their principles with a constancy most honourable to themselves, and, I fear, with too few examples at other bars. It was to the Parliament House that the country looked for guidance; and to no individual so much as to Jeffrey. He justified their confidence by his zeal, intelligence, and caution. Seeing the course that the current was taking, and the certainty of its being at last irresistible, he thought the slowness of its motion, which gave more time for knowledge, no misfortune; and therefore seldom originated active proceedings. But, so as his uniform recommendation of uniting reasonableness of object with temperance of means, was acceded to, he never shrank from coming forward when required; and, consequently, was always in the van. The battles he had to fight, like most of the common battles of party after they are over, may seem insignificant now. But they were of very serious importance at the time, insomuch that there

are many who will consider a failure to explain them as depriving Jeffrey of much of his public merit. But I cannot think that any exposition of their detail is necessary, or that reasonable curiosity may not be satisfied by a general reference to transactions which, even at the distance of thirty years, there is some pain in remembering. I shall therefore only state, that as it was clear that the battle of internal reform had begun, there was no place where this truth was perceived with greater horror than at Edinburgh. The reason of this was that Edinburgh was the great seat of the influence of government in Scotland. The most numerous, and the highest class of political competitors was there, and there was more patronage to fight for. Complaint had been so habitually crushed, that the defenders of the old system considered every effort towards independence as rebellion; while those who made these efforts treated opposition to them as tyranny. Neither of these feelings was at all unnatural, in the position of the parties. But the conflict was carried on with very different arms; which I shall not describe or contrast. The Whigs made no secret that their object was to emancipate Scotland. They were opposed with great bitterness, and with unhandsome weapons. These local animosities lasted some years, and brought Jeffrey and his associates into constant collision with their opponents. During those protracted and irritating proceedings, his judgment and his eloquence were often required, and nearly as often exerted; to the effect of greatly animating the spirits and advancing the cause of his party all over the country. I will not gain him praise by any more particular disclosure of scenes which I wish I could forget, and which I am persuaded that others regret. But I could convey no idea of his exertions in what he thought the right public cause without mentioning generally some of his appearances as they arose.

It is impossible to do so, or indeed to explain almost any

of the local proceedings of his public life, without mentioning Sir James Craig, who was active in them all. He died at his seat of Riccarton, on the 6th March, 1850; in his eighty-fifth year. Prompt, able, and vigorous; with a decisive and resolute manner; his whole life was spent in fearless usefulness. He was so prominent in our worst times, that it is difficult to understand how Thomas Muir could be transported, and James Gibson (his original name) not be even tried. Boldness, talent, and devotion to the apparently desperate cause of Scottish freedom, and even his personal strength and stateliness, made him the terror and hatred of some; while the same qualities, exercised without the relaxation of almost a single day, and given without regard to trouble, risk, or expense, to every object connected with our liberation, made him the idol of others. No private individual, out of Parliament, never publishing, and rarely speaking, and largely occupied with private business, did so much, throughout all its progress, to uphold the popular cause. There could be no ebb or flow of Whiggism in Scotland, but this active and ardent spirit was sure to be in the midst of it. When public discussion was necessary, good sense generally withdrew him from the conspicuous positions; but those who occupied them could best tell what they owed to his previous management. Being the general patron of all the needy patriots in Scotland, to whom he had long been predicting brighter days, he sought for places for them far oftener than he liked; but for himself he was spotless. He refused every thing, both when the Whigs were in office in 1805, and in 1830; and, except his baronetcy in 1832, I am not aware that any benefits depending on politics ever accrued, through him, either to himself or to any member of his family. Besides being relied upon by political allies, he had the personal confidence and esteem of many to whom his politics were odious. He owed this to his general ability in business, and to the warmth of his heart. For, with all his party

zeal, he was a milky-blooded man. No one could doubt this who was ever with him in his family. Seeing Sir James Craig in his fields, or among his villagers, or by his fireside, was one of the sights that show how, in right natures, the kind affections can survive public contention. Craig's very name suggested the idea of Ephesus and conflict; yet no contented man, wearing his days away in the tranquillity of rural life, could be more amiable. This was one of the cases which makes the simple comprehend how the fierce opposition of some public men can subsist with perfect candour and good-will before each attack begins, and the instant after it ends; so that while the world sees nothing but the foaming of the cataract, and imagines that these men are all rapids, the truth is, that their private lives flow away sweetly and silently. Craig had almost a veneration for Jeffrey, and Jeffrey had a high esteem of him. Not that he could always sympathize with Sir James's zeal; or that he did not sometimes fret under his activity; or, especially when Lord Advocate, that he had not occasionally to check his interference. But these exceptions left their general relation unimpaired, and whenever Jeffrey appeared publicly in any Scotch movement, it might be deemed nearly certain that he and Craig were in concert.

On the 24th of February, 1816, a public meeting was held in Edinburgh, in favour of the abolition of the income-tax. Though not a party meeting, the bad example of any political meeting whatever excited considerable alarm. Jeffrey made the principal speech, and moved certain resolutions, which James Moncrieff seconded, and they were carried.

On the 5th of March, 1817, in the paltry case of Mac-laren and Baird, (State Trials, vol. xxxiii.,) who were that day convicted of sedition, he made the best speech that has ever yet been made in a Scotch court in defence of a prisoner accused of that crime.

The "*Biographical Sketches of my Literary Life and Opinions*," by Mr. Coleridge, published that year, contained a very unhandsome personal attack on him, founded upon most inaccurate statements of what had passed at a visit paid by him to Mr. Southey, in 1810, at which Mr. Coleridge was present. Jeffrey wrote a review of this work, (No. 56, article 10, August, 1817,) to which he added a long note, giving his version of this affair, and defending his general literary treatment of the Lake school. This defence was quite proper at the time; but the personal matter has now become insignificant. The parties are all dead; and if any living man can believe that Jeffrey was capable of behaving with meanness and cruelty, that person may read this note, and then adhere to his belief if he can.

It was about this time that he first became acquainted with the Rev. Dr. Chalmers, who began to contribute excellent articles to the Review. There was a strong mutual affection and admiration, each appreciating the virtues and understanding the genius of the other. There were few, unconnected with him in religious objects, whom Chalmers loved more; and Jeffrey always thought him a great moral philosopher, an enthusiastic philanthropist, and the noblest orator of the age.

In February, 1818, he did what he never did before or since. He stuck a speech. John Kemble had taken his leave of our stage, and before quitting Edinburgh, about sixty or seventy of his admirers gave him a dinner and a snuff-box. Jeffrey was put into the chair, and had to make the address previous to the presentation. He began very promisingly, but got confused, and amazed both himself and everybody else, by actually sitting down, and leaving the speech unfinished; and, until reminded of that part of his duty, not even thrusting the box into the hand of the intended receiver. He afterward told me the reason of this. He had not premeditated the scene, and thought he had nothing to do except in the name of the company to

give the box. But as soon as he rose to do this, Kemble, who was beside him, rose also, and with most formidable dignity. This forced Jeffrey to look up to his man; when he found himself annihilated by the tall tragic god; who sank him to the earth at every compliment, by obeisances of overwhelming grace and stateliness. If the chairman had anticipated his position, or recovered from his first confusion, his mind and words could easily have subdued even Kemble.

About this period Edinburgh was clouded by several sad deaths.

Horner died on the 17th of April, 1817. His memoirs have since been published by his brother Leonard, to whom, both on his own account and because it tended to recall the deceased, Jeffrey transferred great affection. Mr Leonard Horner mentions in his preface, that, instead of making out this interesting life himself, he had put the papers into the hands of an "eminent person, who, by his early and uninterrupted intimacy with my brother, his varied accomplishments, and his known powers as a writer, was peculiarly fitted to be my brother's biographer." This person was Jeffrey, who delayed the task so long that he was obliged at last to give it up.

Henry Erskine died on the 8th of October of that year. Jeffrey thought so highly of him, that he wrote an account of him, which he sent, as he once or twice did other slight articles, to the Scots Magazine, then conducted by his friend Morehead, and afterward gave it a place in the last volume of his Selected Contributions. It is short, but affectionate and just.

Erskine disappeared in old age. But Dr. John Gordon, physician, who died in June, 1818, was taken from us in the very flower of his manhood. He was one of the many young men whose talents the late Dr. John Thomson had the merit of discovering and encouraging. A taste for science was combined in him with well-directed industry,

and with a look and manner inexpressibly pleasing. He was rising rapidly to the best medical practice, and the success of his private lectures on physiology justified our proudest hopes for the University. His unexpected loss made a momentary pause in our sorrow for Horner. Jeffrey had a genuine affection for him; a feeling, however, in which the whole community shared. He was ill only a few days; and on the last day he was ever out, he sat in an arbour in the garden of Craigcrook. His friend, Dr. Daniel Ellis, the author of several valuable works on vegetable physiology, published a memoir of him. The beautiful account of his personal character and demeanour was supplied by Jeffrey. The "*graceful frankness, and gay sincerity,*" are very descriptive of the manner.

Lord Webb Seymour, after a long course of feeble health, passed away on the 19th of April, 1819.

His great friend John Playfair, for whom indeed principally he had fixed himself in Edinburgh, followed him in three months. His death was on the 19th of July, 1819. Jeffrey has left a description of this delightful philosopher also; so true and so discriminating, that it would be presumptuous in any one else to touch the portrait. That part of the funeral which takes place within the house was a spectacle never to be forgotten; attended as it was by the most eminent men in this place, among whom were Dugald Stewart, Dr. James Gregory, Mr. Henry Mackenzie, the Rev. Archibald Alison, Dr. Thomas Brown, Mr. Thomas Thomson, Mr. Jeffrey, and others of that order, the friends and old associates of the deceased, and elevated by the noblest of prayers by Sir Harry.

To those who knew Edinburgh, I need not say what it suffered by the loss of these five men. They were the delight and the pride of the place.

Jeffrey felt equally honoured by the friendship of another eminent person, whose regard for him was the chief inducement to his occasionally visiting this place,—James Watt,

the improver of the steam engine. He died on the 25th of August, 1819. And, on the 4th of September, there appeared in the Scotsman newspaper, that striking delineation of the man, and what he had done, by Jeffrey, which he has since published at the end of his Contributions.

It was reported about this time that Mr. Thomas Moore had fallen under some severe pecuniary misfortune, on which Jeffrey wrote as follows to Mr. Rogers:—

“Edinburgh, 30th July, 1819:—My dear Sir, I have been very much shocked and distressed by observing in the newspapers the great pecuniary calamity which has fallen on our excellent friend Moore; and not being able to get any distinct information, either as to its extent, or its probable consequences, from anybody here, I have thought it best to relieve my anxiety by applying to you, whose kind concern in him must have made you acquainted with all the particulars, and willing, I hope, to satisfy the inquiries of one who sincerely shows interest in his concerns. I do not know, however, that I should have troubled you merely to answer any useless inquiry. But in wishing to know whether any steps have been taken to mitigate this disaster, I am desirous of knowing, also, whether I can be of any use on the occasion. I have, unfortunately, not a great deal of money to spare. But if it should be found practicable to relieve him from this unmerited distress by any contribution, I beg leave to say I should think it an honour to be allowed to take a share in it to the extent of £300, or £500, and that I could advance more than double that sum over and above, upon any reasonable security of ultimate repayment, however long postponed. I am quite aware of the difficulty of carrying through any such arrangement with a man of Moore's high feeling and character, and had he been unmarried, or without children, he might have been less reluctantly left to the guidance and support of that character. But as it

is, I think his friends are bound to make an effort to prevent such lasting and extended misery, as, from all I have heard, seems now to be impending. And in hands at once so kind and so delicate as yours, I flatter myself that this may be found practicable. I need not add, I am sure, that I am most anxious that, whether ultimately acted upon or not, this communication should never be mentioned to Moore himself. If you please, you may tell him that I have been deeply distressed by his misfortunes, and should be most happy to do him any service. But as I have no right to speak to him of money, I do not think he should know that I have spoken of it to you. If my offer is accepted, I shall consider you and not him as the acceptor. And he ought not to be burdened with the knowledge of any other benefactor.

“Is there no chance of seeing you in Scotland again? We have had a sad loss in Playfair, and which is quite irreparable to the society here. It is a comfort to think we cannot possibly have such another. We had a great fright about Scott, but fortunately he is quite recovered. I have a sort of project of running over to Paris again this autumn. If I had a chance of finding you in the Rue de Rivoli, I should not hesitate a moment. I am not quite so insensible to the advantages of this encounter as I appeared to be. And I have a thousand times since reproached myself for having made so little use of them.”

A commission was issued in summer, 1820, for the trial of certain persons in Scotland who were charged with high-treason. Jeffrey, (as I understand,) from that professional charity which is so common and so honourable at the Scotch bar, where no prisoner has ever been tried without counsel, went to Stirling and took charge of some of the defences. He tells Mrs. Morehead, (July, 1820,) “I have made two long speeches, and have not spared or disgraced myself; though success was scarcely possible.” The thing that distinguished the proceedings in so far as he personally

was concerned, was, that for the only occasion in his whole practice, he got into bad terms with a professional brother. This brother was a serjeant, who had been sent from England to keep us all right in the mysteries of English treason law. I believe he was a very good man, and his being charged with such a duty seems to show that he was a respectable counsel. But some of those who were present report that he was plainly prepossessed with very contemptuous ideas of every thing Scotch, but especially of the lawyers. He had no notion what Jeffrey was, and had probably never heard either of him or of the Edinburgh Review. His disdain was returned without ceremony. It is likely that there were faults on both sides. But the fact is, that they got on very ill, and were on the very edge of personal quarrel.

It was in 1820 that he had the comfort of finding Miss Joanna Baillie reconciled to him. His criticisms of her plays, though able, and even complimentary, but not without discrimination, gave not unnatural offence when they first appeared, (1803,) from something of apparent flippancy, or at least of what a lady might suppose to be so, in their style, and she long declined being introduced to him. They met, however, in Edinburgh this autumn, with the almost invariable result on those who had a prejudice against him, of permanent respect and esteem. He, ever after making her acquaintance, continued her steady friend, and seldom was in London without going to Hampstead to see her. "We went out to Joanna Baillie yesterday, and found her delightfully cheerful, kind, and simple, without the least trait of the tragic muse about her."—(To me, 1st April, 1838.) "I forgot to tell you that I have been twice out to Hampstead to hunt out Joanna Baillie, and found her the other day, as fresh, natural, and amiable as ever, and as little like a tragic muse. Since Mrs. Brougham's death, I do not know so nice an old woman."—(To Miss Brown, 28th April, 1840.) "We went out to

Hampstead, and paid a very pleasant visit to Joanna Baillie, who is marvellous in health and spirits, and youthful freshness and simplicity of feeling, and not a bit blind, deaf, or torpid.”—(To Miss Brown, January, 1842.) “I had a very kind visit from Joanna Baillie to-day; looking beautiful, and without a touch of blindness, deafness, or languor, and now in her eightieth year.”—(To me, 22d February, 1842.) “That nice Joanna Baillie has also been in my neighbourhood for several days, and is the prettiest, best dressed, kindest, happiest, and most entire beauty of fourscore that has been seen since the flood.”—(February, 1842.)

Toward the close of this year a public meeting was held in Edinburgh, which, in reference to the state of Scotland at that time, was very important, and is not yet forgotten. It is known as “*The Pantheon Meeting*,” from the building within which it was held. It was called in order to petition the crown for the dismissal of the ministry; and was thus not merely political, but directly hostile to existing power; being the first open and respectable assemblage that had been convened in this place, for such a purpose, for about twenty-five years. It was meant, and was received, as a criterion of the strength of the two parties of those friendly, and those opposed, to reform; and there could be no better evidence of its importance, than the fury with which all connected with it were assailed. All that I have to do with it is in reference to Jeffrey. It was a large and respectable assemblage, held on the 19th of December, 1820. Moncrieff presided. The excitement, the inexperience in the art of managing such convocations, and the danger of language as violent as that which had for several days been directed against it, made it at first a very hazardous experiment. But Jeffrey rose, and all fears vanished. He made the first, and a very moderate speech; well calculated for popular effect certainly, but which would have done most men honour in a fastidious parliament. It soon

made the meeting take the proper tone, and feel that its strength lay in avoiding the extravagance of which it had been predicted that it would be guilty. Accordingly, after carrying strong resolutions, with only two dissentient voices, the proceedings and the day closed in peace.*

The first official honour that he ever received was now conferred upon him by the students of the College of Glasgow. They elected him their Lord Rector. This officer is the second person in the establishment in rank, being inferior to the chancellor alone. It is too often considered as a merely honorary situation; but it has important duties, and ought as rarely as possible to be made so. In academical jurisdiction, the rector is superior even to the chancellor. He is elected annually in November by the professors and the matriculated students. For many years the custom had been for the students not seriously to interfere; and, judging from the list of the elected, the professors seem to have been on wonderfully good terms with the country gentlemen in their neighbourhood. Adam Smith, who was chosen in 1787, was the last person who could have been chosen on account of his literary or philosophical reputation. Jeffrey, who was the next, would never have been chosen in 1820 by the professors. But things had begun to change; of which there could not possibly be more striking signs than the two facts, that these young men took the election into their own hands, where they have kept it ever since, and that their first choice fell upon him. His having been at that college himself, and having frequently attended their annual distribution of prizes on the 1st of May, perhaps inclined them a little toward him; but these accidents alone would never have produced the result. He was elected as a homage to his personal literature, and to the great work with which his name was associated,

* The petition was signed by about 17,000 persons; the opposite by fewer than 2000.

and to his public principles and conduct. When he told us of this perfectly unanticipated event, it sounded like the intimation of a miracle. He went to Glasgow, and was installed on the 28th of December, 1820, ten days after the Pantheon meeting. The novelty of the occasion created great excitement.

He made a beautiful speech ; beautifully delivered.* It delighted him to do justice to the eminent men he remembered there,—Reid, Millar, and Jardine, the last of whom had the gratification of hearing his old pupil's address. Of himself he says, "It was here that, now more than thirty years ago, I received the earliest, and by far the most valuable part of my academical education ; and first imbibed that relish and veneration for letters, which has cheered and directed the whole course of my after life ; and to which, amidst all the distractions of rather too busy an existence, I have never failed to return with fresh and unabated enjoyment. Nor is it merely by those distant and pleasing recollections—by the touching retrospect of those scenes of guiltless ambition and youthful delight, when every thing around and before me was bright with novelty and hope, that this place, and all the images it recalls, are at this moment endeared to my heart. Though I have been able, I fear, to do but little to honour this early nurse of my studies, since I was first separated from her bosom, I will yet presume to say, that I have been, during all that interval, an affectionate and not an inattentive son. For the whole of that period I have watched over her progress, and gloried in her fame. And at your literary olympics, where your prizes are distributed, and the mature swarm annually cast off to ply its busy task in the wider circuit of the world, I have generally been found a fond and eager spectator of that youthful prowess in which I had ceased

* It is the first in a handsome volume of "Inaugural Discourses by Lords Rectors of the University of Glasgow," by John Barras Hay, published in 1829.

to be a sharer, and a delighted chronicler of that excellence which never ceased to be supplied."

He closes by this admonition—"I have but a word more to say, and that is addressed, perhaps needlessly, to the younger part of my hearers. It would be absurd to suppose that they had not heard often enough of the dignity of the studies in which they are engaged, and of the infinite importance of improving the time that is now allotted for their cultivation. Such remarks, however, I think I can recollect, are sometimes received with distrust, when they come from those anxious teachers whose authority they may seem intended to increase; and, therefore, I venture to think, that it may not be altogether useless for me to add my unsuspected testimony in behalf of those great truths; and, while I remind the careless youth around me, that the successful pursuit of their present studies is indispensable to the attainment of fame or fortune in after life, also to assure them, from my own experience, that they have a value far beyond their subserviency to worldly prosperity; and will supply, in every situation, the purest and most permanent enjoyment, at once adorning and relieving the toils and vexations of a busy life, and refining and exalting the enjoyments of a social one. It is impossible, however, that those studies can be pursued to advantage in so great an establishment as this, without the most dutiful observance of that discipline and subordination, without which so numerous a society must unavoidably fall into the most miserable disorder, and the whole benefits of its arrangements be lost. As one of the guardians of this discipline, I cannot bid you farewell, therefore, without most earnestly entreating you to submit cheerfully, habitually, and gracefully, to all that the parental authority of your instructors may find it necessary to enjoin; being fully persuaded, that such a free and becoming submission is not only the best proof of the value you put on their instructions, but, in so far as I have

ever observed, the most unequivocal test of a truly generous and independent character."

Death has been busy since; but of about a dozen friends who accompanied him, six or seven survive, and remember the joyous nocturnal banquet by which the formal and academical festival of this installation was followed.

He was elected again, according to the usual practice, next year, (November, 1821;) and in November, 1822, had a very painful duty to discharge. The electors are divided into four nations, and it is a vote by a majority of the nations that decides each election; and as a small nation counts the same with a large one, there may be a great majority of individual votes, while the nations stand two to two. In 1822, the persons set up were Sir Walter Scott and Sir James Mackintosh. The nations were equally divided, but the majority of individual votes was in favour of Sir James. In this situation it devolved on the preceding rector to decide. Both of the two chosen were eminent, both Scotchmen, both his personal friends. His feeling was to do all honour to the illustrious Sir Walter. But his reason compelled him to give his decision in favour of Mackintosh. His grounds were, that though nothing could exceed the glory of Scott, Mackintosh was unquestionably the more academical; and that his supporters were the most numerous. This last consideration has generally been deemed conclusive in such an emergency. On retiring he founded a prize.

Soon after his installation, he took an active part in a series of political meetings; of all of which, though they went on annually for five years after this, (1821 to 1826 inclusive,) it may be as well to dispose at once. When I mention that they were all public dinners, it may seem that, after such an interval, they might have been allowed to be forgotten. But, in point of fact, they are not forgotten yet, and were by far the most effective of all the public movements in Scotland on the popular side, at that

time. Amidst the numerous similar meetings that were then held all over the empire, they were prominent from the numbers, the respectability, and the talent, that distinguished them. They were organized chiefly by the method and activity of Mr. Leonard Horner, the founder of our School of Arts, and, indirectly, of all these institutions; one of the most useful citizens that Edinburgh ever possessed. They gathered together the aristocracy, in station and in character, of the Scotch Whig party; but derived still greater weight from the open accession of citizens, who for many years had been taught to shrink from political interference on this side, as hurtful to their business. The meetings were always held, as nearly as could be, on the anniversary of the birth-day of Charles Fox. To some of the elder, these free and open meetings were a gratifying contrast to the days in which this festival was very privately held; yet rarely without there being officers and spies set to watch the door, and to take down the names of those who entered—a hint which only a few bolder spirits had nerve to disregard.

These were not scenes in which it was beneath any man to act. Jeffrey entered into their spirit and their business cordially; and spoke at every one of them; and never did he speak anywhere with more forethought. Nothing but a sense of duty could have compelled him to adhere so steadily to exhibitions, for which, in themselves, he had a strong distaste. He never stooped to any topic so low as that it bordered on the common vulgarities of party; but inspired his audiences by appeals to general principles. These addresses were sufficient of themselves to impress a character of purity and dignity on each assemblage. He elevated them toward the highest objects; which he gave them a desire to reach only by the most liberal ways. He presided on the 24th of January, 1825; when he perhaps displayed as much intellect and power in that sort of speaking as ever sustained any one in that peculiar and

hazardous position. At the meeting on the 26th of January, 1826, he was thought to have surpassed himself in a speech recommending candour and respect toward America. On the 18th of November, 1825, he spoke twice at another dinner given to Mr. Joseph Hume—that is, to the cause of economy, which that gentleman was supposed to represent. One of these addresses was on behalf of the Spaniards and Italians who had sought refuge in Britain. The other was on the combination laws; and was chiefly valuable on account of his clear and eloquent explanation of the dangers and follies of unions and strikes by workmen. This speech was published as a pamphlet, and in two or three days above 8000 copies were sold.

Throughout all these movements the case of Scotland was powerfully upheld by two friends of his,—the Hon. James Abercrombie, afterward speaker, and now Lord Dunfermline, and Mr. Kennedy of Dunure, M. P.; to both of whom, amid higher calls to this duty, the fact of Jeffrey's opinions and co-operation was a powerful additional inducement to engage in the course where their services were so conspicuous and valuable.

I do not know the particulars of the scheme, but there was a scheme toward the close of the year 1821 to bring Jeffrey into Parliament; which he defeated by positively declining. The proposal was made in confidence, and therefore he never spoke of it. But on the 27th of January, 1822, he wrote to Mr. Wilkes, "I have had two overtures to take a seat in Parliament; but have given a peremptory refusal—from taste as well as from prudence. I am not in the least ambitious, and feel no desire to enter upon public life at such a moment as the present."

He was an idolater of Loch Lomond, and used often to withdraw there and refresh himself by its beauties. After resorting for several years to inns, he made the acquaintance of a gentleman, (Mr. McMurick,) who, observing the stranger's attachment to the loch, and having more room

in his house than he required, invited him, with Mrs. Jeffrey and their child, to take up their quarters, but leaving them to follow their own times and ways, at his delightful little residence on the lake, as often and as long as they chose. This kind and considerate proposal being acceded to, they went to Stuckgown in the autumn of 1822. These sojourns generally lasted two or three weeks, and were renewed, though not exactly every year, till his daughter's marriage in 1838, when they ceased. Dearly did he enjoy these retirements. He pretended to like even the boating, and delighted in mountains, for which one of his habits—an indifference about rain—was very convenient.

His first retreat to Stuckgown is thus mentioned in a letter to his father-in-law, Mr. Wilkes: "22d September, 1822, Edinburgh—My dear friend, Here we are, enjoying our autumn leisure as idly as if it were never to end, and as much like what we were last year and the year before, and so on, as if we had neither grown older, or intended ever to begin. The only thing that changes visibly is the little one, who does grow bigger and dearer from year to year, and makes us start to think that she was a nonentity when we parted. Well, but is not this a very good account of us, and almost all that need be said? This royal visit* kept us in a fever for a month of sweet weather, and then we posted away to Loch Lomond, where we stayed ten days among our dear cataracts and cliffs, and have only returned about a week to our own quiet home.* It rained almost every day while we were in the Highlands, and most commonly all day; but the weather never confined either Charlotte or me for an hour, and I do not think at all interfered with our enjoyment. It was soft, and calm, and balmy, and we walked, and rowed, and climbed, and scrambled, without minding the rain any more than the ravens. We were out eight or nine hours every day, thoroughly wet most of the

* Of George the Fourth to Edinburgh.

time, and never experienced the least inconvenience or discomfort; but came home more plump and rosy than we had been since last year. The roaring of the mountain torrents in a calm morning after a rainy night has something quite delicious to my ears, and actually makes a kind of music, of which you dwellers in the plains can have no conception. From the platform before our door we had twenty at least in sight, and more than a hundred within hearing; and the sort of thrilling they made in the air, with the mingling of the different waters on the last swelling of the breeze, had an effect quite overpowering and sublime. We had a few delicious days on our return, which was by Hamilton and the Falls of Clyde; and now we have bright crisp autumn weather, deeply tinted foliage and great clusters of hollyhocks, China roses, stocks, and mignonette. The child was with us of course all the time, bathed every day in the loch, and went with me on the barouche seat of the carriage, chattering the whole way, and taking her first lessons in picturesque beauty. Both she and her mother, I think, have come home fatter than I remember to have seen them."

Early in 1823 Mr. Wilkes came from New York with his two daughters, Mrs. Colden and Miss Wilkes, and Mr. Colden, on a visit to Jeffrey, and to his brother-in-law Mons. Simond at Geneva. It was a grateful visit to the family at Craigcrook, and to its Edinburgh friends; who, though they have never seen Mrs. Jeffrey's sisters since, have the greatest pleasure in their recollection. Mr. Wilkes, who died in 1833, gained every heart. There never was a more lovable man.

As the American party meant to go to the Continent, this tempted Jeffrey to engraft an expedition of his own on theirs; and Mr. Richardson and I agreed to join him. Venice was our main object; seeing as much else as we could in the short time we had. We accordingly set off in July; saw Belgium and Holland, went up the Rhine,

into Switzerland, crossed by St. Gothard down upon the north of Italy, and so to Venice ; where we remained some days ; then homeward by Milan, the Simplon, Geneva, and Paris. Jeffrey's journal is full of dates, places, and striking observations and descriptions, but contains nothing worth making public. It was a delightful journey. Its only defect arose from his inveterate abhorrence of early rising ; which compelled us to travel during the hottest part of the day. This aversion to the dawn, unless when seen before going to bed, lasted his whole life. He very seldom went to sleep so soon as two in the morning, and distrusted all accounts of the early rising virtues. He tells Lord Murray, in a letter in 1829, that he had been much pleased with a family he had been visiting near Bath, " especially with the patriarch, a marvellous brisk young gentleman of eighty-two, who gallops up and down the country in all weathers, reads without spectacles, and is neither deaf, dull, nor testy. I find, to my great delight, that he never rose early in his life ; though I am concerned to add that he has for some years been a water drinker ; a vice, however, which he talks of reforming."

He was in London again in 1824, upon Scotch appeals ; with which, indeed, his visits there were very often connected. This, however, was work which, notwithstanding his experience in it, he seems to have liked as little as any counsel can ever like to argue their own law before judges who do not understand it. His practice there had hitherto been almost exclusively before Lord Eldon ; who, by patience, dignity, learning, and respect for the law he had to dispense, and for the courts he had to direct, left that house a model of the judicial qualifications by which alone its high appellate character can be maintained. Yet, even the presidency of this judge, however it might mitigate, could not entirely remove the disagreeableness of addressing a court considerably ignorant of the law it had to declare. The mere necessity of translating terms, and of

explaining rudiments, is teasing ; and there is a far more serious distress in the tendency of every foreign court to respect, or to despise, whatever it may hear of the law of another country, solely according to its agreement with the law of their own. Before a cautious and liberal judge, a comparison of systems may benefit both. But with a rash or a commonplace judge, it is apt to be very hurtful. It leads him to condemn and to ridicule whatever is strange to his narrow vision ; and covers presumption or indifference under the shelter of the law within which he may be respectable. Such a person, instead of being awed by conscious ignorance into modesty, naturally falls into the style of showing his superiority by openly contemning, because it is foreign, the law, which it is his duty to understand, or not to administer.*

* It would be a valuable law book which, omitting cases of fact, as useless, should examine the past course of the appellate judgments, with the view of weighing its effects, for good or for evil, on the law and the practice of Scotland on points of permanent importance.

The disposal of individual causes, however, is not the sole use of a court of appeal. Its indirect influence in controlling inferior tribunals is very material ; and throughout the first hundred years after the Union, there were circumstances in the condition of Scotland which made this control indispensable. But an appeal now to a court not at home in the law on which the appeal depends, and unaided by any Scotch lawyers, except those who may happen to be at the bar, and are consequently interested, does certainly seem strange ; especially as the law of England appears to tolerate no rival, and its practice to be ill calculated for opening the mind to the comprehension of general principles, or of any foreign system. Our English friends would perhaps understand the matter better, if it were proposed to make appeals competent from their courts to ours, of which the principles are so much more extensively founded on what seems, not merely to ourselves, but to enlightened strangers, to be reason. The great problem is, to get the law of Scotland deferred to in the Court of Appeal ; which in this matter is in theory, and ought to be in practice, a Scotch court.

We sometimes hear English counsel blamed for their open derision of the law of Scotland at the bar of the House of Lords, which it is said that they occasionally profess to feel as an abomination, and purify themselves

It added to his discomfort that the dignity of that high tribunal, though the judicial uniform may be dispensed with, cannot be maintained without the full bar attire. He bemoans, in a letter written after a day's attendance there, on this occasion, the severity of being obliged to "sit six hours silent, *in a wig*."

In 1825 he got what he calls "*a glimpse of Ireland*," being his only one. His friend the late Mr. Mungo Brown, a person of piety and of singular purity of character, was going to the assizes at Carrickfergus, to give evidence of the Scotch marriage law, and this seems to have been Jeffrey's temptation to go and take a look at the country. They left Greenock on the 25th of July, and were home again on the 1st of August; so that it was truly but a glimpse. Yet they were very active, and his journal is rather amusing. "One sees the Irish character at once, even in this new and half Scottish colony—(Belfast.) The loquacity—the flattery—the gayety—the prompt, unhesitating engagement for all things—the reckless boasting—the shameless failure—the audacious falsehood—the entire good-nature, kindness, and sociality of disposition—are all apparent at the very first, and do not soon cease to strike." He saw a good deal of O'Connell, who is described as "large and muscular; with an air and an eye in which a half natural and half assumed, indolent good-nature and simplicity are curiously blended with a kind of cunning and consciousness of superiority. He spoke with a great deal of brogue, and very fearlessly and readily, on all subjects,—Catholic

(after taking fees in it) by protesting that they find it difficult to speak seriously about any thing so barbarous. If this charge be true, its only importance is in its application to the court. Counsel seldom say what they believe will offend the judges.

The proper form of obtaining judicial aid from Scotland, *when it is required*, is a matter deserving great consideration; but with the example of England before us, it is not obvious how there should be much difficulty.

and English supremacy, Irish business, law and individuals—without study or apparent attention to words or effect.” The velocity of the criminal proceedings shocked him; but he was pleased with the civil trial for which Brown had gone, though less with the bar than with the bench. “I heard North make a speech of two and a half hours, which I understood was a good specimen of the most ornate style of speaking in Ireland. It was very elegantly and exactly composed, but I thought puerile in its style and ornaments, and singularly injudicious and extravagant in its statement, when compared with the evidence by which it was followed. It was very clear, however, not very verbose, and very pure on the whole in diction. But he talked of the Catholic laws, *‘turning the torch of Hymen into the black brand of Alecto ;’* and told the jury that if they refused to believe a witness because there might be *‘inaccuracies and exaggerations in his evidence, they might as well refuse to drink of the pure and wholesome stream because its waters were stained by the earth which composed its banks, or chafed by the rocks or pebbles which broke the smoothness of its course.’*” Jeffrey had the honour of dining with the judges and the leading counsel, but gives rather a bad account of the physical part of the banquet —“no napkins even, or silver forks, bad port and sherry at dinner, and two bottles of bad claret after.”

Political economy is so recent a science that no provision for its being taught could be made by the constitution of old colleges. Accordingly it was never taught in any Scotch college, except by Professor Mylne at Glasgow, and by Dugald Stewart, in his two short and very general courses, at the beginning of this century. Having now become the most important of all the practical moral sciences, an effort was made during this summer (1825) to obtain a Regius Professorship for it in Edinburgh, and to confer the office on Mr. John R. McCulloch, who had already given excellent lectures on this subject, and was

rising into the position he has attained, as the first economist of the age. The scheme was at first warmly patronized by Mr. Wallace, the President of the Board of Trade, by Canning, Huskisson, and Lord Dudley. Mr. Huskisson recommended that a memorial should be got from Edinburgh, respectably, but not numerously, signed, offering to endow the chair, and praying the crown to erect it, which he engaged to lay before government. Jeffrey, who took a deep interest in the affair, both from his conviction of its utility, and from his regard for Mr. McCulloch, and his certainty of his friend's fitness, drew up the memorial;* which was subscribed by thirty or forty excellent names, including those of five judges and twelve professors, who, "or some of them," engaged to secure an adequate endowment. But at this stage an unworthy obstacle was thrown in the way from Edinburgh, and the plan was defeated.

Jeffrey partook in 1826 of the sorrow and consternation of all Scotland, on the disclosure of the pecuniary misfortunes of Sir Walter Scott. Mr. Constable, the publisher of the Review, whose bankruptcy produced the crash, was Jeffrey's debtor to a very considerable amount on account of that work. The claim, after some negotiation, was settled. But even while his recovering any thing seemed extremely doubtful, all feeling for his own loss was forgotten amid his grief for the severer calamity that had fallen on Scott. Indeed, it never disturbed his serenity. Writing to Mr. Richardson, who acted as usual as his professional friend in London, he says, (21st January, 1826,) "It is grievous to annoy you with all this dull stuff, which I am happy to tell you does not make me in the least unhappy. Cockburn has taken advantage of it to indite what he terms a *Constable dinner*; to be held at my house

* It was afterward published in the Scotsman newspaper, 27th September, 1826.

next Saturday, and to be continued weekly till I get out of my difficulties."

In the year 1827 he left his house in George Street, and rose to his last domicile in 24 Moray Place.

His practice, which was now in its zenith, lessened his contributions to the Review, and made him feverish about new writers. "Can you not lay your hand on some clever young man who would write for us? The original supporters of the work are getting old, and either too busy, or too stupid, to go on comfortably; and here the young men are mostly Tories."—(To Allen, 3d January, 1825.)

During the first gleam of liberal government, under Mr. Canning in 1827, Jeffrey was advised, by some of his English friends of influence, to try and obtain a seat on the bench, if there should be a vacancy. He had no objections to this "*honesta demissio*," but adds (to me, 20th October, 1827,) "I had a hankering after the '*dignified ease of a Baron of Exchequer*.'" A very natural hankering for one who merely wished for a very well-paid sinecure; but an odd conception for a person of his mental activity. The possibility of some judicial promotion having transpired, the fact of his connection with the Review was whispered as an objection. He asks what the *exact ground* of the objection is, and says, (to me, 1st November, 1827,) "I was always aware that the political character of the work, its *party* principles, and occasional party violence, *might*, when concentrated on the head of the only ostensible party, raise an objection of moment; and for this and its consequences I should not care much. But it has occurred to me, I confess for the first time, that the objection may be rested on the notion that the *Editor of a periodical work*, whatever its political character might be, and even if it were purely literary, and without any politics, had derogated from the personal dignity required in a judge, and ought not to presume so high. From the very first I have been anxious to keep clear of any tradesman-like

concern in the Review, and to confine myself pretty strictly to intercourse with *gentlemen* only, even as contributors. It would vex me, I must own, to find that, in spite of this, I have lowered my own character, and perhaps even that of my profession, by my connection with a publication which I certainly engaged with on very high grounds, and have managed, I think, without dirtying my hands in any paltry matters. If it be so, however, I beg you will tell me; not merely with a view to these present dependencies, but to my whole future life. But this is for talk."

The purity of his hands was so complete, that throughout all the high official honours that awaited him, this objection was never heard of. However disposed for judicial promotion, there were four persons before whom, with his usual generosity, he says he would not like to advance. These were his friends, George Bell, Mr. Thomas Thomson, John Fullerton, and myself.

On the 14th of March, 1829, he came forward at the last public meeting (not connected with his elections) that he ever attended; and it was a magnificent one. It was called to petition in favour of the removal of the Roman Catholic disabilities; and was composed of as many as could get into the assembly room—which could not be much, if at all, fewer than two thousand.* All parties except the one which wished these disabilities perpetuated were represented there, and a Conservative presided. The two most impressive speeches were by Jeffrey and Chalmers. Both were admirable; but more in spirit and in manner than in any originality of thought, which so hackneyed a subject scarcely admitted of. Nothing could be more perfect than the exquisite diction, beautiful articulation, good taste, and generous feeling of the one; or the

* A shilling ought to have been paid for admittance, and about 1700 shillings were received at the door.

burning vehemence of the other. The effect of both was very great. But in a popular assembly, ardour will ever, at the moment, be more impressive than grace. No more powerful emotion was ever produced by words, than at the close of Chalmers's address. Brilliant and glowing as his written pages are, they are cold and dull compared with his spoken intensity. The rough broken voice,—the ungainly form,—the awkward gesture,—the broad dingy face,—gave little indication of what was beneath. But the capacious brow!—and the soul!—*mens agitat molem*.

In a few months after this, an event happened which ended his connection with the Review. Mr. Moncrieff, the Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, was raised to the bench. The deanship is merely a station of honour; but when not lowered by the interference of political or other improper considerations, it is the highest honour of the kind that can be conferred in Scotland. Each election is only for a single year; but he who once succeeds is almost never dispossessed, so that it is the presidency for life, or during the holder's pleasure, of the most important public body in the country. Jeffrey's friends naturally looked to him as Moncrieff's successor; and Mr. Geo. Jos. Bell seems to have written to him advising him to canvass, and even to give up the Review, as a canvassing step. The answer to this was: "If my friends think that a stand should now be made, and that they can make their best stand on me, I am willing to be stood on; and shall be honoured and gratified to be promoted or defeated in their behalf. But I think it becomes me to be passive, or chiefly passive, and most certainly I shall originate or suggest nothing in the cause. 2d. As for the Review, I have an affection for it of old, and I would rather make the money I make by it, in that way, than by the same quantity of work in my profession. At the same time, I have perhaps done it all the good I am likely to do, and the best service I could now render it, probably, would be to put it into younger hands.

3d. If I were *sure* of being made dean by announcing that *I had given up* the Review, I think I would do it at once. But being pretty sure that I shall *not* be dean, whatever I announce, I shall not make any such annunciation."

Accordingly, no such pledge was given. But Mr. John Hope, the Solicitor-General, who had been set up against him, (or been proposed to be so,) withdrew, and on the 2d of July, 1829, Jeffrey was elected unanimously. He says in the preface to his Contributions, that if Mr. Hope had not "generously deferred to my seniority, his perseverance might have endangered the result." It would have done more than endangered it. Considering, in addition to the solicitor's own professional eminence, and the Conservative condition of a majority of the bar, there can be little doubt that his perseverance would have prevented the result, and that he might have taken the place to himself. But he acted on this occasion with the liberality that had marked his conduct in the previous case of Mr. Moncrieff, (Nov. 2d, 1826,) for whose elevation to the dean's chair he made the motion. He also moved in favour of Jeffrey, in a kind and manly speech. At Jeffrey's request, I had the honour of seconding. In his note asking me, he begs me to "say as little ill of me as your conscience will let you. The solicitor means to propose me, but I hope to have the countenance and a good word of one at least of my old friends. I am not very sure that I do wisely in asking this; for I feel more nervous in the prospect of this public ceremony than I can well account for; and though I could stand the eulogies of the public accuser steadily enough, I am not quite sure of being able to maintain my dignity against the testimonies that come from the heart, and go to it."—(29th June, 1829.)

The two previous deans, Mr. Cranstoun, and Mr. Moncrieff, were strong Whigs. But they were great lawyers, and were not implicated, even by one single contribution, in the offences of the Review. Jeffrey was personally

guilty of many of them, and as editor, was held responsible for them all. Yet he was elected. The Faculty did itself great credit by this proceeding, and received great honour in return. He owed his elevation to his professional eminence, to his literary renown, to his undivided personal popularity, and to the liberality of that majority of his brethren who liked him more than they disliked his political principles and those of his work. It showed the improvement of public opinion, and the softening of party hatred.

“It immediately occurred to me, (says he in his preface,) that it was not quite fitting that the official head of a great law corporation should continue to be the conductor of what might be fairly enough represented as in many respects a party journal; and I consequently withdrew at once, and altogether, from the management.” The 98th number, which came out in June, 1829, was the last he edited; and, excepting three or four papers which he wrote long afterward, the one on the Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, published in October, 1829, was the last he ever furnished as a regular contributor.

The Review then passed into the able hands of its second editor, the late Mr. Macvey Napier.

He had often been advised to make a list of his own contributions, but though not at all desirous of concealing any of them, he treated it as a matter of indifference, and never would take the trouble. I was glad, therefore, when one day, in December, 1840, I found him, on my renewing the proposal, not so averse as he used to be; and we soon sat down, and began with the first number, and in the course of a week or two we went through the whole work, authenticating all his papers. His memory rarely showed its tenacity more strikingly. His recollection of the articles either wholly or partially his was so assured, that he generally recognised them as soon as he saw the title. If there was a doubt, it was commonly solved by his mentioning, before going farther, some fact, or phrase, or meta-

phor, or striking sentence, or something of this kind, and saying,—“If that be there, it is mine.” His conjecture was almost always confirmed on reading the article, both by finding the test, and by the general revival of his recollection; so that at last all uncertainty was removed. This list, brought down so as to include his four subsequent contributions, amounting to 201 articles, will be found in the Appendix. He said that there might possibly be one or two mistakes, but that he did not think that there were any.

It is impossible, on thus seeing the collected outpourings of his mind, not to be struck by the variety of his matter. Instead of having confined himself to literature, as his prevailing taste for this department has made it sometimes be supposed that he did, there is scarcely a theme that he has not discussed, with all his fertility of view, and all his beauty of style. What other eight volumes by one man, contain such writing, or such mind, on so many and so various of the most delightful and important subjects of human speculation?

On closing the labours of these twenty-seven years, he had a career to look back upon such as never elevated the heart of any one who had instructed the public by periodical address. It is not my business to review the Review; and I am conscious of incapacity to do it. But it is not very difficult to state the grounds on which I think that this was a splendid retrospect.

Independent of special objections to particular articles, the general censures to which the work was exposed were the same in 1829 that they were as soon as its character and objects were disclosed. And certainly it was not for want of warning that what were said to be its errors were persevered in. Its enemies for several years found great comfort in its abuse, which they vented in streams of pamphlets that make curious reading now. Instead of practising the moderation and candour, the absence of

which from the Review is their great complaint, they almost uniformly exceed, by a hundredfold, most of the offences which they ascribe to it. But they are generally kind enough to admonish the wicked editor of the disgrace into which he is falling in the sight of all good men, and of the speedy extinction of his abominable work. Except in the case of the Earl of Lauderdale, I am not aware that any answer was ever made to any of these fulminations, beyond an explanatory page or two in the Review itself.

The favourite censure was of the Review's severity; in which it was said to have a sincerity and a flippancy, which showed that condemnation was its enjoyment; and that its authors sought for distinction, not in the discovery and encouragement of merit, but in the detection and exposure of defects; and that, while rioting in the delight of their power, the interests of the victim were disregarded, and that his agonies only enhanced the ridicule under which he suffered.

This charge is not altogether groundless; but the fault is one that adheres naturally to the position of a reviewer.

There is no offence to an author greater than the seeming contempt of silence, and therefore the very act of publishing is a petition for notice. And the critic, thus invited, assumes the censor's chair, and, concealed, has to examine, and to announce, the character of every book that stands before him for its doom. If the journal be in the hands of men skilled in the analytical art, the reviewer, who has the advantage of coming last, is often better acquainted with the matter of the book than its author; insomuch that, in many cases, the criticism is the abler work of the two. And it is always tolerably certain that there are many more who will, at first, take their opinions idly from the journal, rather than from the more laborious study of the original book. Thus, both from his situation and his talent, the critic, unless he be of a singularly considerate temperament, and on a very cool subject, naturally

imbibes feelings of conscious superiority, not favourable to the exercise of candid judgment. Confidence in his own opinion, and thoughtlessness as to the sensations of authors, especially when he has really no desire to hurt them, are nearly inseparable from his position ; and this tendency is immensely increased by the number of the occasions on which severity, and even scorn, are absolute duties. Then, it does so happen that all human censors do prefer the discovery of faults. Excellence is more easily found out ; and it leads to mere praise. But he who detects a fault, shows his superiority, at least to him who committed it ; and its being a fault, seems to confer a freer license of exposure. The critic therefore makes the most of it, not for the satisfaction of tormenting, but for the luxury of exercising his skill in that science, of which sarcasm and derision are the most popular displays. Blaming and exposing become arts ; in which it is very tempting to excel ; and for which readers are ready to pay more than for better matter. Different critics fall into this habit in different veins, and under different feelings. When Jeffrey gave way to it, it was generally from mere lightness of spirit. Totally devoid of ill-nature, and utterly unconscious of any desire to hurt, he handled the book as a thing to be played with ; without duly considering that the gay and moral pleasantry of Horace might produce as much distress as the declamatory weight of Juvenal. These critical vivacities, however unfortunate, being the natural tendencies of the reviewer's situation, the true question, in appreciating this part of the character of a critical work, is, as to the *excess* in which the tendency has been indulged ?

The answer to this question, in the case of the Edinburgh Review, is triumphant.

In spite of all its severity, there is no work of the kind where applause has been conferred more generously, or with more valuable illustrations of its grounds. Where else will the merits of the great writers, the great invent-

ors, the great patriots, or the great philanthropists, who shone during these twenty-seven years, be found by future ages so enthusiastically recorded? Detached expressions or opinions may be objected to; but, on the whole, the admirers of such eminence can find on no such powerful and judicious praise. If this be the fact, a work dedicated to the examination of the publications of the passing day, and consequently conducted under all the passing influences, may submit to the blame of occasional asperity. The *Edinburgh Review* incurred this blame at its outset, because its tone was new; and because, contrasted with the placid dotage of its predecessors, it was strong. But in time discussion showed its necessities, and supplied a decisive standard by which the supposed cruelty of this journal may be judged of. Other journals arose. *Which of them has been less cruel? Which of them has exhibited the virtues for the want of which the Edinburgh Review was blamed? Which of them has not surpassed it in all the iniquities of its justice? Which of them has practised less the art of giving pain?*

The literary and scientific errors of the work were sometimes accounted for by being ascribed to the personal antipathies of the editor, and its political ones to his anxiety, from selfishness, to serve the Whig party. These, being charges of unkindness and dishonesty, may be safely left to the refutation afforded by the editor's character. Deducting the ordinary mistakes and exaggerations inseparable from warm discussion, he never published one sentence of his own that did not express his sincere opinion at the time. Had he any personal unkindness toward Sir Walter? Yet whose poetry did he review with less of the partiality of a friend. How many books written by persons he disliked were put into his crucible, yet came out all the brighter for his illustration of their merits! If the hope of personal advantage had affected his political writing, his clear course would have been to have given up

the Review, or to have softened its tone. Nothing could be so bad for his personal interest, even as a politician, as what he did.

Of the charges against Jeffrey personally, none was more absurd or proclaimed with greater perseverance, than his treatment of the Lake Poets ; whom he was said to have persecuted with ungenerous obstinacy. No answer to this can be more graceful or effective than his own : " I have in my time said petulant and provoking things of Mr. Southey, and such as I would not say now. But I am not conscious that I was ever unfair to his poetry ; and if I have noted what I thought its faults in too arrogant and derisive a spirit, I think I have never failed to give hearty and cordial praise to its beauties—and generally dwelt much more largely on the latter than the former. Few things, at all events, would now grieve me more than to think I might give pain to his many friends and admirers, by reprinting, so soon after his death, any thing which might appear derogatory either to his character or his genius ; and therefore, though I cannot say that I have substantially changed any of the opinions I have formerly expressed as to his writings, I only insert in this publication my review of his last considerable poem, which may be taken as conveying my matured opinion of his merits—and will be felt, I trust, to have done no scanty or unwilling justice to his great and peculiar powers."—(Contributions, vol. iii. p. 133.)

" I have spoken in many places rather too bitterly and confidently of the faults of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry ; and forgetting that, even on my own view of them, they were but faults of taste, or venial self-partiality, have sometimes visited them, I fear, with an asperity which should be reserved for objects of moral reprobation. If I were now to deal with the whole question of his poetical merits, though my judgment might not be substantially different, I hope

I should repress the greater part of these vivacities of expression; and indeed so strong has been my feeling in this way, that considering how much I have always loved many of the attributes of his genius, and how entirely I respect his character, it did at first occur to me whether it was quite fitting that, in my old age and his, I should include in this publication any of those critiques which may have formerly given pain or offence to him or his admirers. But when I reflected that the mischief, if there really ever was any, was long ago done, and that I still retain, in substance, the opinions which I should now like to have more gently expressed, I felt that to omit all notice of them on the present occasion might be held to import a retraction which I am as far as possible from intending; or even be represented as a very shabby way of backing out of sentiments which should either be manfully persisted in, or openly renounced, and abandoned as untenable."—(Contributions, vol. iii. p. 233.)

Since, in the cases of these two most eminent of the school, he regrets his occasional unguardedness of language, but retains his opinions, the only thing to be considered is, whether the opinions be sound? This, however, is a mere matter of taste. But supposing them to be unsound, it is absolutely ludicrous to say that his errors are so gross as to imply unkindness,—which is the principal part of the charge. Where is the best stated praise of what is good in these poets to be found? Unquestionably in the *Edinburgh Review*. Accompanied, no doubt, with severe condemnation of their supposed faults. But is it not a fact, that, in so far as continued circulation is a criterion of permanent excellence, time is every day confirming almost all his poetical judgments? and particularly his judgments on the Lake Poets? Southey himself anticipates the day in which his admirers, though the wisest, are scarcely to exceed a dozen. *What poet whom Jeffrey condemns continues a favourite with the public, except in*

the works, or in the passages, or in the qualities, which he applauds?

The hatred of the political opinions of the work, is, in its original intensity, scarcely comprehensible now. The present age thinks with composure of such things as Catholic Emancipation and Parliamentary Reform, because they are settled. But forty years ago they were dreams;—favourite visions with philosophers;—but not within the horizon of any practical imagination. When those, therefore, whose ascendancy, or whose conceptions of public tranquillity, were involved in the unquestioning belief that whatever was right, saw their ark touched, they were struck with horror, and could impute what alarmed them to nothing but wickedness and intentional mischief. In these circumstances no prudence could have disarmed hostility. But, in place of uniform prudence, there did occur those occasional indiscretions, without which what periodical criticism of living things will ever be conducted? The irritability of authors, the terrors of honest Toryism, and the devotion of churches to themselves, might all have been sometimes more gently treated. Indifference to the prejudices of these parties raised more angry enemies to the Review than were raised by the deeper offences of its doctrines.

Its political offences all resolve into its despair of the war, and its recommendation of popular and economical reforms. It would be idle to answer objections which merely amount to this, that the objectors differ from the party objected to. For every man by whom the public opinions of the Edinburgh Review were condemned, there was one other man, if not ten, by whom they were applauded. Discounting zealots on both sides, and appealing to those of impartial judgment, the great majority will concur in regretting occasional error, but in admiring general wisdom; and in acknowledging that the political improprieties of the Review were only such as always ad-

here to controversy, and that no party work ever urged its views with greater intelligence and purity. Since the editor and his associates thought the war hopeless, it was their duty to do what they could, by argument, to convince the public that it ought to be brought to a close. Their opinion was that of many of the wisest men, and the best patriots, that we had. They must be judged of as at the time, and not after the bubble of Napoleon's ambition burst by its own expansion. Since they believed that the success of the Whigs was necessary for the safety of the country, ought they to have concealed this conviction, instead of advancing and anticipating the wisdom of coming parliaments?

In judging of the value of all such charges, as against the editor of a review, too little consideration is commonly given to the very peculiar position that he occupies. He is responsible for all that the work may contain, in certain senses, and to certain effects; but not at all in the same way that any honourable writer is for what he gives forth as his own composition, and as the expression of his own thoughts. No editor, depending on the co-operation of numerous contributors, can be so. For even as controlling others, though armed with a pretty strong discretion, he is never altogether absolute. "We are growing (to Horner, 20th July, 1810) too factious. I admit it, and it mortifies me as much as any one to think that we are. But you judge rightly of my limited power, and of the overgrown privileges of some of my subjects. I am but a feudal monarch at best, and my throne is overshadowed by the presumptuous crests of my nobles. However, I issue laudable edicts, inculcating moderation and candour, and hope in time to do some little good. A certain spice of aristocracy in my own nature withholds me from the common expedient of strengthening myself by a closer union with the lower orders; but I would give a great deal for a few chieftains of a milder and more disciplined character."

Bating these slight exceptions, we can only estimate our permanent obligations to the Edinburgh Review, when Jeffrey retired from it, by placing ourselves on the eminence of 1829, and looking back on the space between that point and the month of October, 1802. It is nearly impossible even to count the useful intervening changes. A few of the more material ones stand out, and will for ever display themselves, as the great marks that attest the progress of the age. In 1802, dread of the people, and a stern resistance of improvement, because it implied change, were the necessary, and often the only, qualifications for favour with the party in possession of power. The rights of religious toleration were so little understood, that several millions of the population were subjected, on account of their creed, or their forms, to various important disabilities. We traded in human beings, under the protection of a great party, and of the law. Popular education was so utterly unknown to England, that the ignorance of the lower orders was considered as a positive recommendation. Ireland was in a state of disorderly barbarism; and, because it was peopled by Papists, this was thought its natural and its deserved condition. There was much hardness or indifference in public opinion; showing itself particularly in the severity of our dealings with all we had to punish or control,—the sailor or soldier, the criminal, the insolvent, the lunatic, and the young. The foundations of many parts of our public policy were hollow; or, where solid, what had been raised upon them was unsound; so that facility of revision was what was required; yet these defects were exactly what were successfully maintained to be the best part of our policy. The mere elements of political economy were very sparingly known, except to a very small class. Some of the physical sciences, such as geology, were only arising, and all of them admitted of great improvement. The literary horizon was but beginning to glow with the brilliancy of its later

great era. The public mind was in the bud ; but, if not cherished, the blossom and the fruit might have been destroyed, or long delayed.

In the year 1829, all this was altered or mitigated. The alteration from youth to manhood, in an individual, is not more complete than the change that had taken place in the nation. That miserable horror of change, which must in time reduce any country to idiocy, was duly abated ; and novelty, though it never of itself became a recommendation, ceased to be a reproach, and conclusive. The Protestant dissenter and the Papist were emancipated. Nothing effectual was yet done for popular education ; but the existing evil had been exposed ; and we heard little of the praises of ignorance. The sad insanities of Ireland, which may still baffle a century of sound legislation, were not cured ; but the folly of dealing with that as a doomed island, and the duty of trying to relieve its miseries, though self-inflicted, by justice and prudence, and the hope of the ultimate success of wise measures even on that people, came to be the habitual sentiments of parliaments and of public men. Our great crime of slavery was put down ; and the many curses by which it will ever revenge itself upon any people that practise it were avoided. The light was admitted into many abuses, and many defects, in many parts of our polity, not excepting the fiscal and the legal, the most inscrutable and the best guarded of them all. The heart of the nation was softened. All the haunts, whether of penal or corrective control, of innocent or of guilty misery, were reformed by that pity which would have entered them in vain, but for the improved humanity of the age. Commercial and kindred questions came to be solved by an application of the economical science to which they belong, and which lost by discussion much of its mystery, and became familiar to the ordinary thoughts of ordinary people. That extension of the elective franchise, without which it now seems certain that revolution could

not have been long delayed, had not actually taken place; but it was close at hand. Campbell, Crabbe, Southey, Scott, Byron, Moore, and Wordsworth, had risen, and shone, and nearly passed away. But not till the true principles of poetical composition had been examined and applied to each. There never was a period in which such numerous and splendid contributions, moral and physical, were made to the treasury of public knowledge; and all of these were now discussed with no general and feeble expressions of praise or of blame, but with a degree of independence and talent, entering into the very heart of the matter, that gave people of all sides an assurance of being adequately instructed.

If there be a person who thinks that the condition of the people and of our institutions and system was better in 1802 than in 1829, and who, consequently, if he could, would go back to the earlier period, that person, of course, can feel no gratitude to the *Edinburgh Review*. But whoever exults in the dropping away of so many fetters, and in the improvement of so many parts of our economy, and in the general elevation of the public mind, must connect all these with the energy and intelligence of this journal. Not that many of these changes, or perhaps all of them, would not have taken place although this work had never existed; for, to a certain extent, they arose naturally out of the advance of a free community. But they certainly would not have occurred so soon, or so safely. There is scarcely one abuse that has been overthrown, which, supported as every one was, might not have still survived, nor a right principle that has been adopted which might not have been dangerously delayed, had it not been for the well-timed vigour and ability of this *Review*. It was the established champion of the measures, and principles, and feelings that have prevailed; and the glory of the victory cannot be withheld from the power that prepared the warriors who fought the battle.

It was not merely that the journal expounded and defended right principles and objects. Its prerogative was higher. It taught the public to think. It opened the people's eyes. It gave them, periodically, the most animated and profound discussions on every interesting subject, that the greatest intellects in the kingdom could supply. The mere mention of the names of a few of those who addressed the public through this organ, during Jeffrey's editorship, is of itself sufficient to attest the high character of the instruction given, and to guaranty its safety. How could a periodical work be but magnificent, of which it could be said that it was carried on by such men as the following, all in the full force of their powers, and each zealous on his favourite subject, viz. :—Jeffrey, Smith, Horner, Brougham, Thomas Brown, Walter Scott, John Playfair, Hallam, Malcolm Laing, George Ellis, Wilberforce, Lord Melbourne, John Allen, Coleridge, Malthus, Payne Knight, Professor Lesley, D. Mackintosh, Daniel Ellis, Moore, Dr. John Gordon, Palgrave, Leigh Hunt, Romilly, Foscolo, Dr. Chalmers, Professor Wilson, J. R. Macculloch, Empson, Dr. Arnold, Sir William Hamilton, Macaulay, Carlyle, Robert Grant, Hazlitt, Alexr. (Sanscrit) Hamilton, Thomas Campbell, Peter Elmsley, Phillimore, James Mill, Macvey Napier, Chenevix, Bloomfield, Sir H. Parnell, General William Napier. Many other bright stars might be added ; but the sky that blazes with these constellations is bright enough. Their influence in illuminating the age may be ascertained by every man for himself. Let any regular reader of this Review recollect, and say how many of his opinions, and of the reasons for them, were formed from its successive articles ; and how largely the feelings and principles that he now owns were breathed into him by its general spirit.

Thus the Review soared, from the very first, into a higher region, and became itself the principal work of the day. And while none of the successors it produced have found it expedient to avoid its form or its professional principles,

all of them have prospered or failed just according to the success with which they have imitated its talent and independence. Read with admiration in every spot where English is known, it was crowned by the only remaining honour of being proscribed by every government to which free inquiry was dangerous.

Jeffrey's value as *editor* was incalculable. He had not only to revise and arrange each number after its parts were brought together, but before he got this length, he, like any other person in that situation, had much difficult and delicate work to perform. He had to discover, and to train authors; to discern what truth and the public mind required; to suggest subjects; to reject, and, more offensive still, to improve contributions; to keep down absurdities; to infuse spirit; to excite the timid; to repress violence; to soothe jealousies; to quell mutinies; to watch times; and all this in the morning of the reviewing day, before experience had taught editors conciliatory firmness, and contributors reasonable submission. He directed and controlled the elements he presided over with a master's judgment. There was not one of his associates who could have even held these elements together for a single year. The merit of getting so many writers to forego the ordinary jealousies of authors and of parties, and to write invisibly, and without the fame of individual and avowed publication, in the promotion of a work made up of unconnected portions, and assailed by such fierce and various hostility, is due to him entirely. He acquired it by his capacity of discussing almost any subject, in a conciliatory spirit, with almost any author; by the wisdom with which his authority was exercised; by the infusion of his personal kindness into his official intercourse; and his liberal and gentleman-like demeanour. Inferior to these excellences, but still important, was his dexterity in revising the writings of others. Without altering the general tone or character of the composition, he had great skill in leaving out defective

ideas or words, and in so aiding the original by lively or graceful touches, that reasonable authors were surprised and charmed on seeing how much better they looked than they thought they would.

As a *writer*, his merits were of the very highest order. It may be doubted if there be a critical work in the English language, including such a variety of subject, superior to his *Selected Contributions*. But these are not nearly one-half of what he gave the *Review*, and many of his finest articles are omitted. The general peculiarities of his productions are to be found in their reasoning wisdom and their graceful composition. Amid all the enlightened minds and all the powerful writers, around him, he never fails to shine so brightly, that there is no other person the extinction of whose contributions would so deeply alter the character of the work. Whatever influence it had upon the age, that influence is to be more ascribed to him than to any other individual connected with it. This was not the result of his genius alone. The most gratifying part of his triumph is to be ascribed to his taste for happiness and goodness, and his love of promoting them. How delightful, because how true, is the statement of the feelings with which, after an interval of fourteen years from his retirement, he looks back on the object and the tendency of his personal contributions! "If I might be permitted farther to state, in what particular department, and generally on account of what I should most wish to claim a share of those merits, I should certainly say that it was by having constantly endeavoured to combine ethical precepts with literary criticism, and earnestly sought to impress my readers with a sense, both of the close connection between sound intellectual attainments and the higher elements of duty and enjoyment; and of the just and ultimate subordination of the former to the latter. The praise, in short, to which I aspire, and to merit which I am conscious that my efforts were most constantly directed, is

that I have, more uniformly and earnestly than any preceding critic, made the moral tendencies of the works under consideration a leading subject of discussion, and neglected no opportunity, in reviews of poems and novels, as well as of graver productions, of elucidating the true constituents of human happiness and virtue; and combating those besetting prejudices and errors of opinion which appear so often to withhold men from the path of their duty; or to array them in foolish and fatal hostility to each other. I cannot, of course, do more, in this place, than *intimate* this proud claim. But for the proof, or at least the explanation of it, I think I may venture to refer to the greater part of the papers that follow.”—(Preface to the Contributions.)

I return from this (too long) digression, to the narrative of the facts of his life.

There was no educational establishment, except those for the education of the poor, in which he took a greater interest than in the Edinburgh Academy. This is a proprietary day-school, instituted with the view of raising the quality and the tone of education, in its higher branches, for boys of all classes. It was opened in 1824; Sir Harry Moncrieff invoking the Divine aid, and Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Henry Mackenzie senior, the patriarch of Scottish literature, addressing the assemblage. It had long the benefit of the powerful head-mastership of the Archdeacon John Williams, who now presides over the establishment at Llandovery; and it at present flourishes under the charge of the Rev. John Hannah, of Oxford. It has realized all the expectations of its founders; and, besides being indisputably the best school in this country, it has indirectly improved all the other schools of the same class. If a correct account were taken, it would probably be found that, independently of other colleges, more of its pupils have gained honours at Oxford and Cambridge, than all the pupils of all the other schools in Scotland since the Edin-

burgh Academy began. Jeffrey was one of the original proprietors, and afterward a director; and on the 30th of July, 1830, he presided, and delivered the prizes, at the annual exhibition. No addresses to boys could be marked by better judgment, or better feelings, than those delivered by him on this occasion. Thoroughly acquainted with their minds, he said every thing that could arouse and direct their ambition.

Relieved of the anxious and incessant labour of the Review, he expected that what remained of his life would be passed in comparative repose. But in December, 1830, the Whigs came into office, and he, by pre-eminence, was appointed Lord-Advocate. This, in one unexpected moment, changed his whole habits, prospects, and avocations. He had hitherto lived entirely in Edinburgh, or its neighbourhood, enjoying his fame and popularity with his private friends,—an honourable and happy life. But he had now to interrupt his profession; to go into Parliament at alarming pecuniary risk; to forego the paradise of Craigcrook, and his delicious vacations; to pass many weary months, and these summer ones, in London; to be no longer the easy critic of measures, but their responsible conductor; and to be involved, without official training, in all the vexations of official business. These calamities he would have avoided if he could. But being assured that his party and the public were concerned, he submitted. After stating the dangers of his new situation to his niece, Miss Brown, he adds, "Now I do not say this in the way of whining, but only to let you see how good reason I have for being sincerely sick and sorry at an elevation for which so many people are envying, and thinking me the luckiest and most elevated of mortals for having attained."—(3d December, 1830.)

He makes in this letter another very natural reflection: "Will you not come to see us before we go? You will find me glorious in a flounced silk gown, and long

cravat,—sending men to the gallows, and persecuting smugglers for penalties,—and every day in a wig, and most days with buckles on my shoes! I wish my father had lived to see this,—chiefly, I hope, for the pleasure it would have given him; but partly too, I will avow, for the triumph I should have had over all his sad predictions of the ruin I was bringing on my prospects by my Whig politics, and of the bitter repentance I should one day feel for not following his Tory directions—though it was but a hazard, after all; and he had a fair chance of being right, as to worldly matters at least;—and so good night.”

There is no situation native to Scotland of greater trust or dignity than that of Lord-Advocate. Yet, as it is dealt with, it is not an office that a sensible man, considering his own interest alone, would desire to have. In so far as each is the legal adviser of the crown in their respective countries, the Lord-Advocate is in Scotland something like the Attorney-General in England. But, practically, their positions are very different. The total official emoluments of the Lord-Advocate are, on an average, not above £8000 a year; in addition to which, his only other reward, or hope of reward, consists in the chance of judicial promotion. His direct patronage is exceedingly slender, and for the patron, patronage is more of a torture than of a reward. For these considerations, he has to obtain a seat, or seats, in Parliament; which, between December, 1830, and May, 1832, cost Jeffrey about £10,000. Then he has to go to London, and return so often, or to remain so long, that his practice is greatly injured, and generally extinguished. And as there is no Scotch secretary, and Scotch matters, however simple, are very apt to be taken up as mysteries by those who do not choose to understand them, the general business of the country is thrown upon the Lord-Advocate, to an extent that, if attempted toward an Attorney-General, would quash him in a week. Horner says truly, (in 1804,) that the Lord-Advocate, “in the management

of elections and general assemblies, and town-councils, &c., has been hitherto no better than a sub-clerk in the Treasury,"—which he is of opinion was an unnecessary degradation.—(Memoirs, i. 269.) And this is not only the use to which the Lord-Advocate is still far too much applied by government; but every other party fancies that he is entitled to use him in the same way; and to hold him responsible, beyond his correct legal line, not only for the measures that he promotes, but for those that he opposes. If duly supported by his masters, he might withstand all this. But they, commonly knowing and caring little about the matter, have seldom much scruple in consulting their own comforts, and in trying to conciliate members, by the sacrifice of their own officer; who cannot defend himself or his measure as an independent man, but must speak or be silent according to orders. The root of all this discord, vexation, and inefficiency, lies in expecting a professional gentleman not only to conduct affairs to which he has been accustomed, but to begin to act suddenly as a statesman, in matters to which he is necessarily new. This might have passed formerly, when there was very little Scotch public business, and the people were nobody, and the principle was, no change; but it is absurd now. It has long been complained of by the people of this country, that no attention is bestowed on Scotch measures by Parliament. This complaint is just. The evil arises partly from the ignorance of the Houses of what any thing Scotch means, and partly from their indifference about any thing desired by a portion of the empire that is too small and too quiet to create alarm; but still more, from the almost ostentatious disregard by government of matters which, at the worst, can only cause a small and momentary mutiny among fifty-three not loquacious members. The only remedy is, the appointment of some person, probably holding another office, to manage the general, apart from the legal, affairs of the country, avowedly and responsibly; or, if this duty

be kept upon the Lord-Advocate, to give him due support, and far more authority. As it is, if an eminent lawyer, without parliamentary ambition, and with no taste for sweltering in London, but making a respectable income, and living at home in peace, wishes to be sleepless all night, and hot all day, and not half so useful as he might be, let him become Lord-Advocate. The evil is aggravated by the consideration that the performance of his proper duties alone, while it would give ample occupation, would be agreeable and important. In addition to his being the legal adviser of the crown and of government, no man can be idle who takes the management of our whole criminal business; provided it be continued to be managed so as to exhibit a conclusive precedent, and a model, for taking the duty of penal prosecution out of the hands of inferior officers and interested private parties, and committing it to the charge of a high and responsible public accuser. In August, 1842, Jeffrey had a conference with the late Earl Grey, then Prime Minister, in which, as Jeffrey states it, his lordship "promised to make some arrangement for relieving my office of a great part of its *political* duties, and reducing it to its true legal character, and something is even in progress for the practical accomplishment of this." But to this hour nothing has been done.

He was of opinion that, in the particular circumstances of the Scotch Bar; where there are few official honours, the situations of Dean and of Lord-Advocate, or Solicitor-general, should not be monopolized by one person. Acting on this principle, he resigned the deanship—which on the 17th of December, 1831, was conferred on Mr. Hope, who had so handsomely forgone his claim on the previous vacancy.

Jeffrey was fortunate in this, that when he came upon the parliamentary stage, he was not, at first, distracted by variety or perplexity of objects. For upwards of fifty years the Whig party in Scotland had, without one moment's diversity or relaxation, been demanding parliamentary and

burgh reform, as the two definite things that for this country were all in all. By the first, they meant that, under whatever safeguards, the constitutional principle of popular representation should be extended to Scotland; by the second, that an end should be put to the insulting absurdity of all town-councils being self-elected. These were also English objects—in the wake of which the Scotch ones were sure to follow; but the Scotch cases were infinitely stronger. Putting down these two evils was essential and preliminary to any good whatever being done to this country. Though the new Lord-Advocate, therefore, had soon no want of lesser projects and distractions, these were the two forts that had first to be gained.

Hence, though scarcely any Lord-Advocate had entered public life in a more important or hazardous season, there have been few whose official proceedings it is less necessary to follow. He was only in office about three years and a half, and it took nearly the whole of that time to get these two measures carried. Their adjustment to Scotland presented its own difficulties, and gave rise to its own discussions; but such details are unimportant after they are settled; and in the main schemes the northern part of the island was identified with the southern. The principle of reform was no sooner recognised by government and the legislature, than it was succeeded by its practical applications—which implied a plentiful crop of proposals; but, though within the first projection of these changes, he was withdrawn before he could become officially responsible for their success, or their defeat. No important improvement, therefore, of the Lord-Advocate's own, did or could distinguish his official reign. His merit resolves into the manner in which he managed the two great measures that were committed in a certain degree to his charge; and this admits of no explanation that could be interesting, or perhaps even intelligible, to those who were not engaged in the conflict.

Though he would much rather have stayed at home, he had never any aversion to a visit to London. He had many friends there in all classes, among whom he was very popular; and he delighted to whet his intellect against the great intellects of the capital, and to observe the varied society to which his reputation and his conversational powers introduced him. Whenever he was there, he wrote to me almost daily, owing partly to my being solicitor-general under him. These letters contain lively accounts of all his proceedings and feelings. The interesting persons he met with—his social parties—his occasional retreats to the country—every shadow of change in public affairs—striking parliamentary occurrences and speeches—the whole incidents of the London scene—are given with a vivacity and talent which Lady M. W. Montagu might have envied. But these communications can be only very sparingly disclosed. They have already, in many places, become immaterial and obscure; in others they touch living individuals; and in many, and these the most valuable, they imply confidence. But in so far as they are merely personal, they enable me to let him describe those personal occurrences himself, with which alone I have now to deal.

Within a few weeks after his elevation, he was returned member for what were termed the Forfarshire Burghs; on which occasion he had the honour of being pelted by what he calls "*The brutes of Forfar*," being a gang of blackguards who thought that this was a good way of promoting the cause of his opponent. But there was a flaw in the proceedings which soon unseated him. He had only got the return by the vote of the Dundee delegate, and this burgh having been previously disfranchised, it was ultimately decided that it had no right to vote. But as the judgment of disfranchisement was under appeal, he was advised to take his seat till the appeal should be disposed of.

And so he was in office, and in Parliament. "I come

into public life in stormy weather, and under no very enviable auspices, except that our *cause*, and our *meaning*, are good.”—(To Richardson, 27th July, 1831.)

The Reform Bill was propounded on the 1st of March, 1831. Three days thereafter he made his first speech. “I have proposed to speak twice, but could never get in. I think I must to-night. But not a word has yet been said as to Scotland, nor do I think the House would bear three sentences on that insignificant subject. I must therefore go into the general question.”—(To me, 4th March, 1831.) He did so in a speech, of which Mackintosh says, “Macaulay and Stanley have made two of the finest speeches ever spoken in Parliament. Jeffrey’s, though not quite so debating and parliamentary, was quite as remarkable for argument and eloquence. No man of fifty-five* ever began a new career so well.”—(Memoirs, ii. 479.) This speech was published immediately afterward, at the special request of government, and made a strong impression on those who really wished to understand the question. It is certainly general, and too much above the common grapple of parliamentary contention; but out of the whole speeches that were delivered throughout the two years that the question was discussed, no better argument in favour of the principle and necessity of the measure, on its general grounds, is extractable. Still, as a debating speech, it fell below the expectations both of his friends and of himself; and the chief cause to which he used to ascribe the disappointment, was his constant dread, on his throat’s account, of the physical effort of speaking.

On the 17th of March, the House of Lords affirmed the judgment disfranchising Dundee, and this left him little chance with the committee. “The Chancellor has affirmed Dundee. So that card is lost, and we are all the worse for the committee. I think things look ominous on the

* He should have said above fifty-seven.

whole with me ; and I have little other comfort than that I always anticipated a bad result, and went into the matter deliberately, and with my mind made up to the worst. I only hope I shall not be found frivolous, and vexatious, and saddled with the enemy's costs, and that I shall escape disqualification by bribery."—(To me, 17th March, 1834.) He soon struck his colours, and was unseated. "Rutherford, I believe, has told you the tragic history of my committee. I bear the result, as I am bound to do, manfully ; chiefly, I believe, because I foresaw the likelihood of it from the hour that I first entered on my canvass, and have never much expected any thing else. It is plain, however, that it will never do to make a poor Scotch lawyer pay his own way into parliament three times in one year."—(To me, 28th March, 1831.)

Lord Fitzwilliam let him have his burgh of Malton ; for which he was elected on the 6th of April. His journey there was without Mrs. Jeffrey and his daughter, and therefore it seems to have made him pensive. "Here I am, near halfway to Edinburgh, and yet not on my way to Edinburgh ! Oh ! this lovely view on the *home* road brings that home so painfully before me, and gives such a pull at the heart, that it requires all admonitions of duty and ambition, and every thing, to prevent me from running on desperately down a steep place, and landing at Craigmook. I left town yesterday early, and got to Lord Milton's to dinner, where I stayed till this morning ; a very fine old place, and a most agreeable family of the quiet, natural, benevolent English aristocracy. I am afraid we have nothing of the sort in Scotland, and yet in England I could rather say it is the most common character of the first rank. I am on my road, you are aware, for Malton, where I shall be at mid-day to-morrow ; and I hope elected on Wednesday or Thursday. I must actually visit six hundred people, it seems, and go to the open market-place on a staid horse, and make a discourse from the saddle, under

the canopy of heaven, rain or fair weather. This is penalty enough, I think, without having to pay £500 for feeding this punctilious constituency." "It has been a long lonely day, and I feel something desolate in the solitude of mine inn. It was very bright and cheery, however, and the green hedges and fields full of bleating lambs were soothing after the long fever of London. I have **not** had so much time to recollect myself since I left home." — (To me, Ferrybridge, 5th April, 1831.)

He was elected on the 6th of April, but within a fortnight Parliament was dissolved. This event was the consequence of ministers, after a debate of two nights, being in a minority of about eight, on a motion by General Gascoigne, that the number of the members of the House of Commons be not *diminished*. Jeffrey never spoke so indignantly as he did against the conduct of most of the Scotch members on this occasion. If the *then* existing number of the members could not be diminished, no more members could be gained for Scotland or Ireland; and the representatives of these countries were warned "*emphatically*" by government, that, by supporting this motion they extinguished all hope of obtaining their additional members. "Ireland (Jeffrey writes) was far more true to duty," but the opposition Scotch members all voted for the motion, "and in fact decided the question." The view of these persons was, that throwing the Reform Bill out, was, in their opinion, more important than obtaining more members for Scotland, and this does not seem very unreasonable. But Jeffrey is anxious that their "*unspeakable baseness* should be known and proclaimed in Scotland;" and I mention this as almost the solitary, but rather a refreshing exception to the usual gentleness of his political malediction.

After mentioning the plots and speculations connected with the sudden close of the attempt to work reform out of the unreformed Parliament, he says: "It was a beautiful, rosy, dead calm morning, when we broke up a little

before five to-day; and I took three pensive turns along the solitude of Westminster Bridge; admiring the sharp clearness of St. Paul's, and all the city spires soaring up in a cloudless sky, the orange red light that was beginning to play on the trees of the Abbey, and the old windows of the speaker's house, and the flat, green mist of the river floating upon a few lazy hulks on the tide, and moving low under the arches. It was a curious contrast with the long previous imprisonment in the stifling roaring House, amidst dying candles, and every sort of exhalation."—(To Mr. Thos. Thomson, 20th April, 1831.)

Parliament was prorogued on the 22d of April, "after a scene of bellowing, and roaring, and gnashing of teeth, on the part of the adversary, in both Houses, which it was almost frightful to look at," and next day it was dissolved.

He was naturally ambitious to represent his native city. But believing it to be hopeless under the system then existing, he would not have made the attempt, had it not been that, without his knowledge, a canvass was begun for him, which he did not think it proper to resist. Its result was perfectly descriptive of what was formerly called election in this country. His opponent was a very respectable gentleman called Dundas, in whose favour, however, I believe that no body beyond the town-council, came publicly forward. Almost all the public bodies petitioned the council in favour of Jeffrey, and a petition to the same effect was voted at a public meeting of the inhabitants, on a Saturday, about three o'clock; which petition was signed by next Monday evening by about 17,400 persons. On the succeeding day, being Tuesday, the 3d of May, 1831, the thirty-one or thirty-two individuals composing the town-council met in a room, to choose the member. They began by reading all these applications; and then, by a majority of seventeen to fourteen, elected Mr. Dundas. This was the last general election at which any Scotch town-council had it in its power to perform the elective farce.

He was chosen for Malton again toward the beginning of June.

Being blamed, a little after this, by some who did not duly consider his situation, for want of decision, and for conceding too much to artful opponents, he defended himself by saying, "A thousand thanks for your hints as to my infirmities. You might have made them twice as bad with perfect safety. I am rather afraid to promise amendment, but I boldly promise never to be moved to any thing but gratitude by having the course of amendment pointed out to me." "When the decision rests with myself, I ought probably to be more prompt and decided. But when I have in substance only to propose and report for others, I rather think that I ought to hear all, and discuss with all. And I know that many people have complained that I do not discuss enough, and that I am too peremptory and intractable, and I have even received hints to this effect from the minority, to whom the dissatisfied have carried their supplications." "It is very well for you and —— to say that you adhere to the original arrangement of the bill, and that all the objections to it are nonsense. I must hear and discuss all those objections, and I cannot say to the minority that they are nonsense, for they are very much moved by them, and want me to obviate them by more decisive arguments than can always be produced."— (To me, 23d June, 1831.)

Notwithstanding all this, the scold was not ill deserved. His own constant sincerity and reasonableness made him always incredulous of the opposite qualities in others; and hence his having more charity for cunning enemies than toleration for honest friends, was an infirmity that too often beset him.

On the 1st of July, 1831, he brought in the Scotch Reform Bill, "with a very few words of explanation. I was strictly enjoined to avoid going into any discussion, and indeed *had a written order from —— to move for*

leave without saying a single word."—(To me, 2d July, 1831.)

Politically the two bills were the same. They differed only in phraseology and machinery. But there was a short period during the preparation of the Scotch one, when there was an imagination of making our franchise higher by five, or even by ten pounds than that for England, which was supported by some of the leading reformers in this country, and a fifteen-pound franchise had, at one time, the countenance even of the Lord-Advocate. This was not because he or they thought the English ten-pound qualification too low; but because they thought that raising it for Scotland would facilitate the passing of the Scotch bill, and that, for this country, a fifty, or even a hundred-pound franchise was at least better than none. They were wrong even in this view, which was vehemently resisted by others, and by none with more effective vigour than by Sir John H. Dalrymple;* and government settled the matter on the principle that the franchise must, in this respect, be the same in both kingdoms.

Giving an account of the second night's debate on the second reading of the English bill, he says: "No division last night, as I predicted, and not a very striking debate. A curious series of prepared speeches, by men who do not speak regularly, and *far* better expressed than nine-tenths of the good speeches, but languid and inefficient from the air of preparation, and the want of nature and authority with which they were spoken. There was but one exception, and it was a brilliant one. I mean *Macaulay*, who surpassed his former appearance in closeness, fire, and vigour, and very much improved the effect of it by a more steady and graceful delivery. It was prodigiously cheered, as it deserved, and I think puts him clearly at the head of the great speakers, if not the debaters, of the House."

* Now Earl of Stair.

"I once meant to have said something, but I now think it impossible. Besides, Mackintosh and Macaulay have taken all my ideas, and I cannot stoop to reclaim them; but we shall see. It is very hot, though very beautiful; and would be the most delicious weather in the world at Craigcrook, or Loch Lomond, to which last region I wander oftenest in my dreams. We have not been very dissipated lately. We were at a grand party at the Staffords' the other night, and I have had two or three more cabinet dinners. The most agreeable are Lord Grey's, where there are always ladies, and we were very gay there last Sunday. I am still as much in love with Althorpe and most of his colleagues as ever, and feel proud and delighted with their frankness, cheerfulness, and sweet-blooded courage."—(To me, 6th July, 1831.)

He frequently met with Mr. Wordsworth this spring; and as some people fancy that he had a rude unkindness toward all the Lakers, it is proper to mention that Wordsworth and he, whenever they happened to be in each other's company, were apparently friends. There was certainly no want of friendly feeling on Jeffrey's part; nor, it is to be hoped, on Mr. Wordsworth's, though possibly it was somewhat chilled by the recollection of what he may have supposed to be past injustice. But if he had any such thoughts, he had too much kindness and politeness to show them. In a letter to Mrs. Echersall, (27th March, 1831,) Jeffrey says: "I dined yesterday at Mackintosh's, with Wordsworth, the poet, and Shiel, the Irish orator, and several other remarkable persons. Wordsworth and I were great friends. He and Empson and I stayed two good hours after everybody else had gone, and did not come home till near two." Giving an account of the same meeting in another letter, he says: "Did I tell you that I met Wordsworth at Mackintosh's last week, and talked with him in a party of four till two in the morning? He is not in the very least Lakish now, or even in any degree

poetical, but rather a hard and a sensible worldly sort of a man."—(To me, 30th March, 1831.)

Nobody seems to have struck him with such admiration as Lord Althorpe. "There is something to me quite delightful in his calm, clumsy, courageous, immutable probity and well-meaning, and it seems to have a charm for everybody."—(To me, 13th February, 1831.)

He refreshed himself during these turmoils by as many retreats to the country as he could make. "I am just going to a conference with Melbourne at the Home Office, which has forced me to give up the refreshment of a rural day at Greenwich, which I had promised myself, and for the sake of which I had declined all engagements this Saturday. But he has maliciously named four o'clock, and cut through all our innocent schemes. These are the things which give one most the feeling of bondage."—(To me, 16th July, 1831.)

He spoke on one of the stages of the bill on the 15th of July, 1831. "I spoke a little last night, but my voice was too weak for so full and stirring a House. I have always said that I was most afraid of that infirmity; and unless they are unusually quiet, I am aware that I cannot make myself generally heard; which is very provoking."—(To me, 16th July, 1831.)

In September, 1831, he moved the second reading of the Scotch Bill in a speech which I heard, and I was not struck with any vocal deficiency; but the House, to be sure, was perfectly quiet. It was an excellent speech, and very well received. But he was plainly under great restraint, and, except in sense and clearness, it was little calculated to give strangers any idea of his powers.

He began to suffer soon after this from an attack, which confined him for several weeks, and required a painful operation. "Tel. ——— that I am no better, but that I bear my sufferings like a lamb, though I cannot help bleating a little now and then. I have lost quantities of blood, and a

good deal of flesh, and all to no purpose, and have come to the creed that continual pain is a far worse evil than a bad conscience, a bad character, or even disappointment in love; to say nothing of the more ideal ills of a bad government, a bad climate, or an empty purse. I beg the aid of your prayers, and am always yours affectionately.”
—(To me, 3d October, 1831.)

Yet even in this situation, his humanity alarmed him for the consequences of the bill being thrown out by the Peers. “For God’s sake keep the people quiet in Scotland. I have written edifying letters to the sheriffs of the manufacturing counties, and some additional troops have, on my earnest request, been sent among us. Nothing in the world would do such fatal mischief as riot and violence, ending, as it *now* must do, in lavish bloodshed—from which my soul recoils. I am suffering more pain than I could wish to an anti-reformer.” “I am very much reduced in flesh and strength; but feeling my head and my heart whole enough in my intervals of pain. It has been a sharp martyrdom; but it is shabby in me disturbing my kind friends so much about it, and the expressions in your letter make me almost scorn myself for distressing you. It is far more cheering to me to think of you, gay and comfortable, than even for a moment sad on my account.”
—(To me, 15th October, 1831.)

Parliament was prorogued on the 20th of October; but he was too ill to come home, and in the beginning of November went to Wimbledon. I advised him to apply his leisure on various Scotch matters which seemed to require legislation. The principal of these were the Poor Law, Education, the Law of Evidence, and the Police. He was not disposed, however, to meddle with more than he had already on hand—especially “as the misfortune is, that government will not take the trouble to understand any thing merely Scotch, and is therefore never cordial nor resolute.”—(1st November, 1831.) Every one of

these matters has been operated upon by Parliament since.

“I am delighted with this place, (Wimbledon.) It is much colder than London, but dry and bright. Fine old trees, skirting a bright green common, in tufts and masses; some shining ponds glistening in the turf; a boundless horizon, with the Richmond woods on one side, and the Surrey hills on the other; a gay but quiet village, sinking into the wood, and a garland of large shady villas sweeping in a full crescent round a broad bay of the common; a nice, dry, airy house; with a garden of smooth turf and broad gravel walks, backed up with evergreens, and thick wood. I have brought a good store of books, and read with voracious delight. I am even voracious at dinner; and have my carriage and horses. In short, if it were not for that old pain, which is the devil and Satan, I should be very happy, and by God’s grace I hope to get the mastery over it in due time. Mrs. J. and Charley (his daughter) are in ecstasy at having at last escaped from that stifling noisy London; and run about like your boys at Bonaly in the first days of vacation.”—(To me, 4th November, 1831.)

Parliament met again early in December. On the 17th of that month, ministers had a great majority on the second reading of the bill. “The debate on the whole, was not interesting. ——— made a most impertinent, unfair, and petulant speech, but with passages of great cleverness. Macaulay made, I think, the best he has yet delivered; the most condensed at least, and with the greatest weight of matter. It contained the only argument, indeed, to which any of the speakers who followed him applied themselves. There was a very running fire of small calibres, all the early part of yesterday. But there were, in the end, three remarkable speeches,—first, a mild, clear, authoritative vindication of *the measure*, upon broad grounds, and in answer to general imputations, by Lord John Russell; delivered with a louder voice, and more

decided manner than usual with him. Next a magnificent, spirited, and most eloquent speech by Stanley—chiefly in castigation of —, whom he trampled in the dirt, but containing also a beautiful and spirited vindication of the whole principle and object of Reform. This was by far the best speech I have heard from Stanley, and I fancy much the best he has ever made. It was the best, too, I must own, in the debate; for, though Macaulay's was more logical and full of thought, this was more easy, spirited, and graceful. The last was Peel's, which, though remarkable, was not good," &c.—(To me.)

In a few days after this he thought himself almost sufficiently rewarded for having taken office, by the power which it gave him of obtaining one of the principal clerkships in the Court of Session for George Joseph Bell. He would have made him a judge if there had been a vacancy; and certainly no man had ever a stronger claim, so far as such claims depend on eminent fitness, than Mr. Bell had for a seat on that bench, which his great legal work had been instructing and directing for above thirty years.

Jeffrey wrote something in jest to Lord Holland, who was going to visit the king at Brighton, about the Scotch and the year 1745. In a few days he saw his lordship after his return. "He says he won five-and-sixpence from the king at cribbage, and was sent to bed at eleven o'clock. Can you conceive any thing more innocent or primitive? a king playing eagerly for sixpences! He tells me he also read to his majesty the letter I wrote him about a new *rebellion* in Scotland, if the bills were not passed, and with very good effect. The king condescended to observe that there was a *Scotticism* in the letter, viz: the use of the word *misgive* for *fail* or *miscarry*, which I do not think a *Scotticism*; but who will dispute with a king? For all this we are not easy."—(To me, 2d Feb., 1832.)

He met Talleyrand at Holland House, and gives this account of him: "He is more natural, plain, and reason-

able, than I had expected; a great deal of the repose of high breeding and old age, with a mild and benevolent manner, and great calmness of speech, rather than the sharp, caustic, cutting speech of a practised utterer of *bons mots*. He spoke a great deal of old times and old persons, the court of Louis XVI. when Dauphin, his coronation, Voltaire, Malsherbe, Turgot; with traditional anecdotes of Massillon and Bossuet, and many women of these days, whose names I have forgotten, and a good deal of diplomatic anecdote, altogether very pleasing and easy. He did not eat much, nor talk much about eating, except only that he inquired very earnestly into the nature of *cocky-leekie*,* and wished much to know whether *prunes* were essential. He settled at last that they should be boiled in the soup, but not brought up in it. He drank little but iced water.”—(To me, 5th Feb., 1832.)

The following is part of his account of the second reading of the Reform Bill in the Lords, (14th April, 1832:)
“As I did not get to bed till near eight this morning, (and was out again at eleven,) after fourteen hours starving in the Lords, you cannot expect a long or a lively letter from me. You will see we had a majority of nine, being one more than anybody can account for. The debate was not very brilliant, but got, in its latter stage, excessively interesting. The Chancellor, more tranquil and less offensive than usual, but not at all languid, and in very good voice throughout, chiefly correcting false representations, dispelling vain terrors, and arranging and soothing. Lyndhurst’s by far the cleverest and most dangerous speech against us in the debate, and very well spoken. Lord Grey’s reply, on the whole, admirable; in tone and spirit perfect, and, considering his age and the time, really astonishing. He spoke near an hour and a half, after five o’clock, from the kindling dawn into full sunlight, and I think with great

* A Scotch soup.

effect. The aspect of the House was very striking through the whole night, very full, and, on the whole, still and solemn, (but for the row with Durham and Phillpots, which ended in the merited exposure of the latter.) The whole throne and the space around it clustered over with 100 members of our House, and the space below the bar (which, since the galleries which are constructed over the grand entrance, is also left entirely for us) nearly filled with 200 more, ranged in a standing row of three deep along the bar, another sitting on the ground against the wall, and the space between covered with moving and sitting figures in all directions, with twenty or thirty clambering on the railings, and perched up by the doorways. Between four and five, when the daylight began to shed its blue beams across the red candlelight, the scene was very picturesque, from the singular grouping of forty or fifty of us sprawling on the floor, awake and asleep, in all imaginable attitudes, and with all sorts of expressions and wrappings. ‘*Young Cadboll*,’ who chose to try how he could sleep *standing*, jammed in a corner, fell flat down over two prostrate Irishmen on the floor, with a noise that made us all start, but no mischief was done. The candles had been renewed before dawn, and blazed on after the sun came fairly in at the high windows, and produced a strange, but rather grand effect on the red draperies and furniture, and dusky tapestry on the walls. Heaven knows what will become of it.” (To me, 14th April, 1832.)

The bill was thrown out by the Peers in May. This led to a resignation of ministry, which was thus announced to me, (9th May, 1832:) “Well, my dear C., we are all out! and so ends the first act of our comedy. God grant that it may not fall too soon into the tragic vein. The fact is not generally *known* yet, (I am now writing to you about noon;) but it is surmised, and before six o’clock it will be announced in Parliament. I went to Althorpe at ten o’clock to ask, and had a characteristic scene with that most honest,

frank, true, and stout-hearted of all God's creatures. He had not come down-stairs, and I was led up to his dressing-room, where I found him sitting on a stool, in a dark duffle dressing-gown, with his arms (very rough and hairy) bare above the elbows, and his beard half shaved, and half staring through the lather, with a desperate razor in one hand, and a great soap-brush in the other. He gave me the loose finger of the brush hand, and with the usual twinkle of his bright eye and radiant smile, he said: 'You need not be anxious about your Scotch bill for to-night, for I have the pleasure to tell you, *we are no longer his Majesty's Ministers.*' It is idle to speculate on the coming events; though events will come, and *offences* too, and wo most probably to those through whom they come. Nor is it much wiser to look backward now, except for the consolation of not having, at all events, been shabby or mercenary, and the other comfort (for it is really one now) of never having been sanguine. In the mean time, do what you can to *keep peace*, and with your last official breath exhort and conjure lovers of liberty to be lovers of order and tolerance. I tremble for Scotland, and think there is greater hazard there than in any other quarter."

In this horror of popular commotion, and anticipating the formation of a government resolved to dissolve, and not to reform, he draws the following picture: "It will only require twelve or fifteen desperate men to be got together in a room—a Chancellor and Home Secretary to be created—a commission made for proroguing Parliament at two o'clock, and a proclamation for dissolving it for the Evening Gazette—an insulting answer proposed to the address of the Commons—and the country is on fire before Sunday morning; ay—inextinguishable fire, though blood should be poured out on it like water! Then would follow the dispersion of unions and meetings, and petitions by soldiery; and vindictive burnings; and massacres of anti-reformers, in all the manufacturing districts; and summary

arrests of men accused of sedition and treason; and shoals of persecutions for libels, followed by triumphant acquittals, and elections carried through amidst sanguinary tumults, and finally, a House of Commons returned to put down that brutal administration, but *too late* to stay the torrent it had created. There is a scene for you!!"—(To me, 17th May, 1832.)

To those who think the loss of political power the greatest of all misfortunes, the following account of one man's resignation under that calamity may be useful: "Lord Althorpe has gone through all this with his characteristic cheerfulness and courage. The day after the resignation he spent in a great sale garden, choosing and buying flowers, and came home with five great packages in his carriage, devoting the evening to studying where they should be planted in his garden at Althorpe, and writing directions and drawing plans for their arrangement. And when they came to summon him to a council on the duke's giving in, he was found in a closet with a groom, busy oiling the locks of his fowling-pieces, and lamenting the decay into which they had fallen during his ministry."—(To me, 21st May, 1832.)

Ministry being replaced within a week, he proceeded with the Scotch bill; but "my reason for speaking little is, that I have no voice to insure a hearing; and, to-day, I am sorry to say that it is worse than usual, which, as I must go on with my Reform Bill, is very provoking."—(21st May, 1832.) However, it seems that no voice was quite sufficient, because "Lord Althorpe desired me to say nothing at moving (the second reading), and, as there was to be no division, he said it was not regular to reply."—(22d May, 1832.)

A personal, and political, and well-qualified friend of his own being a candidate for a chair in one of our colleges, he says, (4th June, 1832:) "Unless —— sends good medical credentials, he certainly will *not* be appointed I

have had some talk with Lord Melbourne about it, who says, that to job a teaching chair in a great medical school would be *disgraceful*, and that he will not give it to any man because he is a Whig, unless he be the best, or among the best, in all respects; and who shall say otherwise?"

The Scotch bill passed the Commons about midnight on the 27th of June, 1832.

This did not end his anxieties, but it greatly relieved them. It left little beyond the general principles of the measure to be discussed, and this was virtually settled by the English case; though there were some persons, and even in high places, who wished to protract the struggle, on the curious ground, that though the representation of England had been reformed, that of Scotland had better continue as it was. But this could not disturb him, and the intrigues, and discussions, and wranglings that had agitated the preceding eight months, were virtually at an end. Being the official manager of the measure, he, like every one else in that position, had to resist the most opposite proposals, both from friendly and from hostile quarters, and was blamed accordingly. For example, he was loudly condemned for leaving each of the two adjoining shires of Peebles and Selkirk, one with about 12,000, and the other with about 8000 inhabitants, with a member, and for giving only one member to Orkney and Shetland jointly, these two islands being separated by one hundred miles of tempestuous sea, and the people in each amounting to above thirty thousand. And still more wildly was he attacked for having introduced a members' qualification clause, which was a novelty in this country, into the Scotch bill. But the truth is, and this was explained, uselessly at the time, that he opposed all these provisions. The qualification clause, indeed, which at first applied to towns as well as shires, he resisted almost to the extent of resigning; and when this part of the statute was altered, Lord Althorpe stated in the House, that "he took blame to himself

for not having had more regard to the advice and mediation of the Lord-Advocate." Many similar examples might be given.* They are common to all men in his position.

His reflections on getting the measure through the Commons were these: "It is odd how strangely I felt as I walked home alone last night after all was over. Instead of being elated or relieved, I could not help feeling a deep depression and sadness, and I rather think I dropped a tear or two, as I paused to interrogate my own feelings in St. James's Square. I cannot very well explain this, but a sense of the littleness and vanity even of those great contentions was uppermost in my mind. I have ever since had a most intense longing to get home, and when so many of my fellow members now think themselves free, and are preparing to set off to-morrow or next day, it seems peculiarly hard on me to be chained for two or three weeks longer. I trust, however, it will be no more, and then I shall have some summer to enjoy yet. I hunger and thirst for another view of Loch Lomond and my Highlands, and hope to meet you at Glenfinnart† before grouse has become common. Do for me what you can with the citizens, and let me know what is wanted on my part."—(To me, 28th June, 1832.)

The bill passed the Lords on the 12th of July. On coming from a long night's work in the Commons that day, this scene was presented: "It was a most lovely, warm, rosy, dead calm morning, when we broke up; and the perfect reflection of all the towers and trees on the water, with the fresh, crisp solidity of the unmoving foliage in that glorious metallic light, made up a magnificent scene."—(To me, 13th July, 1832.)

At the eleventh hour, and when on the very eve of the

* A Scandinavian put forth a fierce pamphlet which seemed to be directed chiefly against the atrocity of his native Shetland being called Zetland in the bill.

† Where Lord Fullerton was living.

royal assent, his patience was severely tried by the fancied discoveries of eager and captious friends, who pretended to groan over the bill, and to predict its entire failure, because their new and confident nonsense had not been foreseen and provided against. "Certainly there is an alacrity in *fault-finding* among some of our friends, which, but for the actual experience of it, I should not have thought possible; and then so fierce, and conceited, and infallible. I do not know two such provoking, wrong-headed, unmanageable fools, as the said —, and —; and wish to God they would kill each other, and deliver us from the intolerable plague of their counsels."

The lamented illness of Sir Walter Scott, who was not in a condition either to act as Sheriff of Selkirkshire, under the Reform Bill, or to appoint a substitute, or to resign, made it necessary to pass a statute enabling the crown to appoint an interim sheriff to act during his incapacity. This was all arranged with Sir Walter's friends; and no one who knew Jeffrey could doubt the affectionate tenderness with which he would perform the sad duty of moving the bill. Nevertheless, it has been said that he was actuated by a desire to have an office to give away! Mr. Lockhart has explained the true facts, as the best answer to "a statement *highly unjust and injurious*;" and adds, that when "Mr. Jeffrey introduced his bill in the House of Commons, he used language so graceful and touching, that both Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Croker went across the House to thank him cordially for it."—(Life of Scott, chap. 83.)

Parliament having adjourned with a view to dissolution, he proceeded homeward. "It is beautiful weather, only too hot. I hope to dine in the cool groves of Roehampton with the Mintos to-morrow, and then turn my face to the fresh air of the north. There is a spring and a bracing in the very thought of it." "And so ends the chronicle of this session, ever memorable, and destined, I trust, to be of

blessed memory to all future generations, though it closes in tears, and amidst signs of times which are big with anxiety and alarm.”—(To me, 10th August, 1832.) “A lovely day; and I feel that I shall revive when I meet the bracing air of the north. Yet there is some pang in leaving one’s house of a year; and the loneliness of London and its outskirts has rather a melancholy air this morning.”—(12th August, 1832.)

He came here in the middle of August, 1832, and remained till Parliament met again in February, 1833. His chief object now was, to be returned to the first Reformed Parliament by his native city. But even this ambition did not fire him, as it would have done some excited candidates. “——— annoys me by stating that I should not *lose a moment in coming down* to canvass. Now, first, I cannot possibly stir till our bill is through the Lords, as well as the Commons; there being no one man on our side who knows any thing of the history or detail of the measure, or could give any explanation as to many points liable enough to be misunderstood, and even, I fear, rashly abandoned. In the next place, I have the greatest horror, if I were even free, to move at such a call, at the idea of running about begging the votes of 10,000 or 12,000 people, and counterfeiting great pride and eagerness, when all the time I would give a good round sum to be honourably rid of the House. And lastly, as I stand solely from public necessity, and to oblige or obey my political friends on the spot, I do think it reasonable that they should arrange, and take the charge of the canvass for me, being a thing for which I have no manner of genius or stomach at the present moment. I hope this will not appear unreasonable or selfish. It may show more indifference on the subject than would be wise to confess to electors, but not a bit more, nor, indeed, half so much as I feel. I do not find it is expected that I should put forth either a profession of faith or an humble supplication for support. Nor, on the other hand,

do I hear of any requisition or invitation proposed to be addressed to me. But upon all that, I put myself in your hands, and give you power either to address the electors in my name, or to intimate, in answer to any requisition, that I am willing to be indebted to their support," &c. &c. His associate in this object was the Hon. James Abercrombie, who for many years had so identified himself with the cause of his countrymen, that long before popular election was introduced, he used to be described as the representative, not of the city, but of the citizens. No selection by the constituents could be more natural. Ever since the old bondage had begun to relax, he had warmly and steadily supported the people in all their reasonable efforts; and they who know those matters best will be the readiest to attest that, without his sagacity and firmness, his influence and parliamentary experience, and his earnest desire to improve the condition of his countrymen, many of their strongest claims would have been without a practical adviser in London.

He and Jeffrey received a requisition to let themselves be put in nomination, signed by about 1200 electors. They consented, and went through the usual process of addressing meetings of the constituents, and of seeing and conferring with the district leaders. These things have become common since; but this was the first time that the people had ever exercised the elective franchise; and the novelty of the proceedings gave them an interest that can never be felt again. People stared at the very sight of the hustings; all from curiosity, many with delight, some with unaffected horror. One party saw, in these few rare planks, the fulfilment of a vision long cherished; another the end of a system which they had hoped to perpetuate. The nomination was on the 17th of December, 1832, the declaration of the poll upon the 19th. Their opponent on the Tory side was a most excellent gentleman, Mr. Forbes Blair, a banker. The result was, that 4058 voted for Jeffrey, 3865 for Mr.

Abercrombie, 1519 for Mr. Blair. It is due to the electors to state, that the first two were returned free of expense.

It was in connection with these proceedings that he first got well acquainted with the late Sir Thomas Lauder, who had left his most beautiful place on the river Findhorn, and settled in Edinburgh in 1831. His popular qualities made him a valuable ally in an election, but it was for higher excellences that Jeffrey adhered to him. He was one of the most accomplished of country gentlemen. Few men, not bred to any regular profession, (for his soldiership was very short,) could have distinguished themselves in such a variety of ways as he could, if he had chosen. He did enough to attest his capacity both for science and for art; and some of his works of fiction would have made more permanent impressions than they have done, had they not appeared in the immediate blaze of those of Scott. His account of the "Great Floods of August, 1829, in the province of Moray and adjoining districts," is perhaps the best description that there is of any British inundation. Yet even these powers were apt to be lost sight of by his friends, amidst their enjoyment of his worth and amiable gayety.

Jeffrey remained here from August, 1832, till February, 1833, when he was obliged to return to Parliament; and at no period of his life was he happier, or with better reason. Restored health, the society of his natural friends, some truce to official annoyance, a slight resumption of his professional occupations, and the high position he had reached, supplied him with all the sources of rational pleasure.

On his way back to London, he says, "I left you all more sadly this time than the time before; partly, I believe, because I had settled more down to my old habits, and partly because I could not but feel how fast the tide of life is ebbing away from us, and how little may remain to

be enjoyed after another return, not *for* Edinburgh, but *to* it. No matter, we must all do as we must, and all is said. We are drifting down to rapids at least, if not to an absolute cataract, and we must keep our heads steady."—(To me, from Stevenage, 3d February, 1833.)

The only friend, besides his wife, daughter, and servants, that he took with him, was one he often mentions, "*Poor Polly*," a gray and very wise parrot. He was attached to all that sort of domestic companions, and submitted to much banter on account of the soft travelling-basket for the little dog Witch, and the large cage for this bird. The hearth-rug and the sofa were seldom free of his dumb pets. He was very unwell for above two months after he arrived, in the trachea, and, generally, nearly voiceless.

The reform of the burghs was now the great object, but it was far from superseding other matters; for there were endless discussions, and the usual amount of suggestive and of obstructive positiveness on all sides, about the Anatomy Bill, Church Patronage, Sheriffs, Law Reform, Edinburgh Annuity Tax, and many other matters. This was natural. The Reform Act had broken down the dam that used to keep back the stream of legislative improvement. The obstacle was no sooner removed, than grievances, all said, however old, to require instant correction, started up in every corner, and covered the land with exhalations of reformers. Some of these were reasonable; not the less so that they saw difficulties, and were patient. Many, in their enthusiasm and conceit, would hear of no doubt; and had to learn, by mortifying experience, that most cases have at the least two sides, and that delay is often the ballast of sound legislation. In the first flush of their liberation, every one desirous of distinguishing himself by his little bit of reform rushed with his project to the Lord-Advocate; and if he found that government or parliament were not to concede in a moment all that

he wanted, abused his lordship as a changed man. Several of these schemes, clear as their promoters thought them, have not, after the lapse of twenty additional years, been settled yet. Meanwhile, though their promoters troubled the official receptacle, they could not subdue his sense of duty or his good nature. He heard everybody, and never spared himself, but could not help being often amazed at the absurdity he had to deal with.

In the midst of this bustle he did not forget the Speculative Society; which, and all other such institutions within the College, were in great danger from a scandalous desire on the part of the town-council or its leaders, to take all their apartments from them, for the accommodation of one or two professors. It was fortunate that, at this very moment, government was making a grant of about £10,000 to the magistrates for the College. The state of things being explained to Jeffrey, he went to Lord Brougham, and says, (10th February, 1833 :) "I have seen the Chancellor, and he engages that the grant to the college certainly shall not issue, but on condition of the *Studiosa Juventus* having accommodation for their societies," which they accordingly were allowed to retain.

He was soon in all the whirl of the place he had gone to. "I dined yesterday at Ham with ———, and Lords ———, ———, ———, and other Tories. To-day I go to the Chief Justice's, whom I have scarcely seen; and to-morrow I have hard duty, first to the House of Lords at ten, then to the drawing-room at two, then to a *dressed* dinner at Lord Melbourne's at seven, and finally to Lady Lansdowne's at night. The drawing-room is the most irksome. But I do well to write to you to-day, though I cannot now write any more. Monday, 25th.—Well! I have got through the heaviest half of my day's task, having argued till two, and paraded in the drawing-room till near five; a very brilliant and imposing spectacle, and more beautiful women than I ever saw together before, and

more beautifully dressed. But the star of all stars in my eyes is ———, who wants nothing but wings and immortality to be an angel. The getting away, as usual, was tiresome; but, on the whole, I thought the pastime so good that I think I shall go to another. We had a delightful *quiet* dinner with the Chief Justice yesterday, no one but Sharpe and Empson. He is full of heart and spirits, and we stayed talking till eleven.”—(To me, 24th February, 1833.)

The Irish Coercion Bill gave him the best view he had yet obtained of the nature of a certain class of the Irish members—“without the least sense of shame or honour; bold, desperate, and loquacious.”—(3d February, 1833.) He was always inclined to hope better of O’Connell, and had a great admiration of his eloquence. “He is a great artist. In my opinion indisputably the greatest orator in the House; nervous, passionate, without art or ornament; concise, intrepid, terrible; far more in the style of old Demosthenic directness and vehemence, than any thing I have heard in this modern world; yet often coarse, and sometimes tiresome, as Demosthenes was too, though venturing far less, and going over far less ground.”—(To me, 4th March, 1833.)

The Burgh Bill was moved for on the 12th March, 1833, “without any discussion, or next to none; and I shall read it a first time, I hope, to-morrow, and a second time on Friday, in the same quiet and comfortable way. The secret of this is, that we finally arranged to send it, after the second reading, to a special committee up-stairs, consisting of all the twenty-three burgh members for Scotland, who may there discuss and suggest at their leisure, and, having so exhausted themselves, will not be much disposed, or readily allowed, to bother about it in the House.”—(To me, 12th March, 1833.)

Was it owing to their anticipating this, that they took their own way in the committee? He seems to have been

absolutely worried, not so much by the direct opposition of those who were against the measure, as by the restless conceit and intolerance of its friends. Every man in every town thought that this was a matter on which he was entitled to speak, and confidently; and as there was little analogy to be affected by it in England, it was not adequately taken charge of by government. It was therefore far more distressing to the Lord-Advocate, in whose unassisted hands they left it, than the parliamentary reform had been. "Our committee—I mean the Scotch burgh committee—goes on as ill as possible, and it is difficult to say who behaves worst." "They chatter, and wrangle, and contradict, and grow angry, and read letters and extracts from blockheads of town-clerks, and little fierce agitators; and forgetting that they are members of a great legislature, and (some of them) attached to a fair ministry, go on speculating, and suggesting, and debating, more loosely, crudely, and interminably, than a parcel of college youths in the first novitiate of disceptation."—(To me, 28th March, 1833.)

His speculation upon Parliament itself, on its rising for Easter, is in the same spirit. "The first act of the new parliamentary drama will probably end, for a short interval, on Wednesday; and I am afraid is not to be looked back to with much satisfaction. The friction in the working of the machine, and the consequent obstruction of its movements, has been much greater than was ever known; and though this may grow less when it has been longer in use, as is the case with all new machines, I am afraid part of it is owing to the increased number of independent movements, and part, perhaps, to the want of the *old oiling* which can no longer be afforded. It is pretty plain, too, that though on the great *political* questions there is a great majority against all extreme opinions, there is a very formidable and unruly mass of crude and perilous doctrines upon all the other great interests of society; and, above

all, such a determination on the part of the respective *doctrinaires* to have what they call a full and thorough discussion of merits, and to take no check from indications of dislike and disgust on the part of the House, that I foresee we shall have quite as long and nauseating debates on currency, church reform, East Indies, slavery, property-tax, poor-laws, and other economical topics, as we have had upon Ireland; and, as life and days do not admit of equivalent prolongations, that we shall make no substantial progress in most of them, or in any thing else, although we should sit till January; while the impatient and factious *movement* is hooting, and hissing, and abusing us for not regenerating all things before the middle of June! This is truly our position and practical prospect, which you will admit is sufficiently cheering. I often think seriously of cutting and running, (especially if I have a sick fit,) and the only thing that prevents me is the difficulty of deciding what to run to, and a sort of epicurean fatalism in my creed, which has long made me believe that as we must *do something*, and suffer something in this uncontrollable world, it is better to leave Providence to determine what it shall be, than to vex one's-self, and increase one's responsibility, by trying to alter it."—(To me, 28th March, 1833.)

There are few who have ever been engaged in getting even friends to co-operate in measures of practical wisdom, who will not sympathize with him when he says: "It is mortifying and marvellous to find *how difficult it is to do good*, even when one is good-natured, and has neither sanguine motives nor sinister views."—(23d March, 1833.)

The changes in the midst of which he lived, and the general action of new principles, exposed him somewhat more than usual, perhaps, to the torment of details, for which, as he could not control them, he should not have been held responsible, and which distract any Lord-Advocate more than the higher duties of his place. "The great

oppression to which my office is subjected is not so much in this business of legislature, as to which the Advocate should always be for something, as the endless *political references* and reports upon applications for places and offices, from a common exciseman up to a supreme judge, through all the variations of ministers, schoolmasters, professors, justices of the peace, lord-lieutenants, staff surgeons, colonies, consuls, king's confectioners, &c. &c. The time this occupies, and its infinite irksomeness, is the great drawback to the situation; and it must sooner or later be relieved of it."—(To me, 16th April, 1833.)

These vexations were not diminished by feeble health, made worse by the hay fever. "The weather is very hot and beautiful now. I wish I were lolling on one of my high shady seats at Craigerook, listening to the soothing wind among the branches. And it is shocking to think how much all that scene is disenchanted by its vicinity to my constituents. The fleshly presence of —, —, —,* by whom I am baited daily, helps, I doubt not, to enliven that impression."—(To me, 16th July, 1833.) He refreshed himself by substitute scenes. "I do take your advice, and fly at the end of the week to my wood nymphs. We came here last night, eight hours before the Lords had read our bill for the second time, and I have been all day wandering among the ancient Druidical oaks and gigantic limes at Moor Park, which is about four miles off, and full of grandeur and beauty. What a country this old England is! In a circle of twenty miles from this spot, (leaving out London and suburbs,) there is more old timber and superb residences than in all Scotland, and with so little ostentation."—(To me, from Watford, 20th July, 1833.)

"It is sweet weather, and I pine hourly for shades, and leisure, and the Doric sounds of my mother tongue! I

* All dead; and most intolerable, wherever any opinion of theirs was not instantly submitted to.

read through the Gentle Shepherd the other day at Malthus's, and cried plentifully over the recollections it brought back to my excited heart. I think I am decidedly better, having sat in the House till after one this morning, and walked home pleasantly at the breaking up. But I shall keep to my hermit diet, and shall make a poor figure at your symposia, if I do not mend my manners before I come among you. Both Houses are dropping their members like trees their leaves in autumn. Town is visibly thinning, and begins to have a deserted appearance. It is a mercy the prorogation is still thought inevitable once a year."—(To me, 6th August, 1833.)

The prorogation was now at hand. "The waters grow shallower, with rather more rapidity." I expressed my sorrow for this, as it would prevent my receiving more of his letters, which, in joke, I threatened to publish, to which he says: "You are very kind about my letters, but if I thought there was the least chance of their ever seeing the light, I fear all feelings of kindness would be cancelled. I sometimes laugh myself to think what a picture of contradictions and rash prophecy they must exhibit. The only thing I have not to blush for is, that I do not think they indicate any base regard to self-interest, or any personal malice or vindictiveness. I think we must make a bonfire of them the first time we dine quietly together at a winter fireside, if that is ever to be again."—(To me, 12th August, 1833.)

"Cobbett, and ———, and our worthy ——— grow more radical and outrageous as the session draws to a close; in order, I suppose, that they may go to their constituents with the sweet savour of these offences fresh upon them, to counteract any odour of reason or moderation that they may have contracted in other parts of their course." "In other respects we move rather steadily to our destined goal; and it seems universally thought that the curtain will be dropped and the audience dismissed about the 27th. Un-

less I have bad luck, therefore, I do not see why I should not get away on the 24th or 25th. I pant beyond expression for two days of absolute and unbroken leisure. If it were not for my love of beautiful nature and poetry, my heart would have died within me long ago. I never felt before what immeasurable benefactors these same poets are to their kind, and how large a measure, both of actual happiness and prevention of misery, they have imparted to the race. I would willingly give up half my fortune, and some little of the fragments of health and bodily enjoyment that remain to me, rather than that Shakspeare should not have lived before me. And so God bless you." (To me, 16th August, 1833.)

The Burgh Bill, in spite of all its perils, (some of them not from its open enemies,) was at last safe; and looking back upon it and the reform Parliament, he was well entitled to enjoy these reflections: "If things go right, I think I shall move on Sunday or Monday. It makes me start when I think of this as a reality, which I have been so long accustomed to cherish as a dream by night and a vision only in the day. It is something to have had even an official and accidental connection with two such measures as Parliamentary and Burgh Reform; and if I have not made, or had occasion to make, any great splash about them, I must say I think I have been diligent and prudent in my management, as I am sure I have been candid and open in every stage of their discussion. I shall never have any task of equal importance to perform, and should be well enough pleased if this should be the last that is required of me. Though I like London, and do not dislike Parliament by any means, I rather think I have had almost enough of them; and that it would be better for me to retreat to a calmer and less elevated region, and glide through the remaining course of my life in tranquillity. I shall not run at once into the embraces of my constituents."—(To me, 20th August, 1833.)

He left London on the 24th of August, and, after some English visits, reached Craigcrook about the middle of September. Within twenty-four hours the constituents found him out; but he "found them not only thoroughly amicable, but greatly more reasonable than I expected." The autumn and winter were passed as usual; and early in February he returned to London, "with something of a heavy heart and a shrinking spirit, and would rather have flown away on a dove's wings, and been at rest. But I suppose this will come sometime; and meanwhile I take it for granted that when I am once in the battle, I shall imbibe the spirit of the scene, and follow the multitude to do evil."—(To Mrs. Craig, 9th February, 1834.) He certainly did. These pensive aspirations after rest, though they occurred in his visionary moments, seldom obstructed his practical pursuits. During the three months of this residence in London, he was often in the House of Lords professionally, and a great deal in society, but was chiefly occupied in the House and its committees on various local matters, which need not be explained here, and had no result. Of these the most important related to the old, and vexed, and now useless subject of patronage in the Church of Scotland, on which a committee had been obtained by his friend Sir George Sinclair. While these things were going on, a vacancy occurred on the bench of the Court of Session, and he became a judge.

"I am no longer in Parliament after two hours, and no longer Lord-Advocate. A new writ will be moved for Edinburgh to-night, on my acceptance of office. I have just taken my last peep into that turbulent, potent, heart-stirring House of Commons, and finished an hour ago the last argument I shall ever deliver from any bar. There is something sad in these finalities, and my present feeling is of that character; but through this dimness I see a bright vision of leisure, reason, and happiness. God bless you,

ever yours. Remember I am, hereafter, only F. J., and no franks."—(To me, 15th May, 1833.)

"I am so much flattered and condoled with here, that I linger too fondly. But all that scene will soon pass away now, and I *shall* by and by forget it, as much as I ought to forget it."—(To me, 23d May, 1834.)

"And so here at last ends our metropolitan correspondence! and I really turn my back *finally* on London, and betake myself to the venerable functions of a judge. I wish I had more of the inward vocation to the holy office. But I suppose it will come, and I am quite sure I shall be delighted to find myself once more in the midst of my oldest and truest friends. In the mean time I cannot but wish that the parting were fairly over, nor help acknowledging that it has been, and is attended with pain. I have naturalized here perfectly, and have been more kindly received than is good for my modesty to remember, though I am sure it is not bad for my heart. I have stuck to my social career, too, as dutifully as I did to my parliamentary. On Saturday I dined with Rogers; on Sunday at Richmond; yesterday at Lady Park's; and to-day at Holland House, with Lady Cowper, Duncannon, Luttrell, and Sir A. Paget. Then I saw my bright ——— in the morning, and my dear ——— at night, and had such tender partings! And I had a long walk in the park yesterday with the Chancellor and Duncannon, both as merry as school-boys; and sat an hour with Joanna Baillie, and my poor, sick-spirited Mrs. Calcot. Well, there must be an end of all things, and the end of one thing is the beginning of another, and death of life, and so forth."—(To me, 27th May, 1834.)

To George Bell, the old and steady associate of his obscure and penniless days, he intimated his change of life thus: "You know I am out of Parliament, and about to be on the bench. I have had a pang on parting with so much interest, excitement, and kindness as have been shed over my life here. But I do not doubt that I have done

right on the whole, for myself at all events, and I hope not wrong for any other. I am not composed enough to write deliberately, but the greatest soother I can find, in my agitation, is the thought of coming back to end my days where they began, and among the few remaining friends from whom I have never been for a moment divided in affection." (To George Bell, Esq., London, 16th May, 1834.)

Before he came away he had the honour of receiving a farewell banquet from the Scotch members. About thirty-three attended, some of whom were his political opponents. One of the party, who, I believe, had a longer experience of parliamentary speaking than any one there, wrote to a friend here next day: "Jeffrey's speech at his dinner yesterday was exquisitely beautiful. It was perfect. I cannot say how much I was pleased and charmed with it." His own account of the party was this: "I had a jolly dinner with the Scotch members on Tuesday—about thirty-two present—two Tories, Cumming Bruce, and Pitfour. Apologies in very kind terms from Sir William Rae, and about a dozen of our friends. They stayed till one o'clock, and were not all sober."—(To me, 22d May, 1834.)

This testimony proceeded partly from personal liking; but it was also meant as an acknowledgment of his official conduct. And certainly the duties of the very trying situation he had just left had never been performed, in such circumstances, with greater industry, or fairness, or judgment; nor was Scotland ever under the protection of a purer or more enlightened public accuser. Some people used to doubt if he was a good manager of men. But these were generally persons who were urging him to do something he disapproved of. And, at any rate, some deficiency in the art of controlling discordant parties would be but a small deduction from the merit of any counsel raised suddenly into his position, even in peaceful times. But he was called into public action at a period teeming with projects, and he, nearly deserted by government, was

left to the mercies of every county, city, parish, public body, or person, who had an interest or a fancy to urge. Thus encouraged, few opponents were candid ; some friends obstinate ; no theorist timid ; no applicant slack ; no block-head modest. Having done all that patience, reason, and kindness could do to bring this chaos into order, the failure, when it occurred, was their fault—not his. Let him be tried by any one who has held his office. Had it not been for the steady aid of a few honest and sensible men, neither he, nor any one else, could have stood in the place he then occupied. Of these friends, to him and to Scotland, he always mentioned the Earl of Minto and Mr. Kennedy, as entitled to his gratitude, and to that of their country. Throughout the whole composition of the Reform Bill, down to the minutest criticisms, he had to receive the remarks of a committee of sheriffs, whose duty it was, they being the officers who were principally to carry it into effect, to anticipate and to fancy objections. But though there perhaps was not one of them who would not have rejoiced in the failure of the measure, their suggestions were made in a fair spirit, and were therefore always gratefully listened to, and to a great extent acted upon. Mr. Cay, the intelligent Sheriff of Linlithgowshire, who was their convener, informs me that throughout all their many and often rather teasing objections and proposals, pervading at least nine editions of the bill, they found the Lord-Advocate not merely open to explanation, but patient and reasonable. No fact could be more honourable to the candour of both parties.

It was also said that he had *failed* in Parliament ; and wonder was expressed how this could befall a person of his ability and character. But, unless it was as a speaker, he did not fail. He was a regular attender, a good voter, a wise adviser, and a popular gentleman. Few men's opinions were more valued. Can there not be a good silent member ? If all those are to be held to have failed who do

not speak well and often, there are at least five hundred members who have failed in every Parliament. As to speaking, though he practised it much more and much better than is commonly supposed, still, *for him*, he must be deemed not to have succeeded. But there is no difficulty in accounting for this. The true wonder would have arisen if it had been otherwise.

He was a lawyer; who had entered the House at fifty-seven, with a great reputation, a weakened voice, and the certainty that his parliamentary career could not extend beyond a very few years, and might end at any moment. Nothing beyond these facts could have been required to explain his want of success, though it had been complete and irrecoverable. But, in addition to these obstacles, he was a member of the government; and his public words, therefore, were not his own. There are some to whom this restraint is a comfort. It justifies their silence, and directs them what to say. But to Jeffrey's speculative head, and nimble tongue, it operated as water does upon fire.

Yet, beyond all question, he was an eloquent man. And, though his power was not displayed in the great national theatre, it was upon his eloquence that much of his usefulness and reputation depended. I have spoken of it partly already; and as it is scarcely worth while describing any thing so evanescent and so common as good speaking in this country, on its own account, I only add a few words in order to identify the individual style.

His voice was distinct and silvery; so clear and precise, that, when in good order, it was heard above a world of discordant sounds. The utterance was excessively rapid;*

* I believe the story is quite true, that a worthy man from Glasgow, on whom he poured out a long torrent of vituperation in an action for libel, after listening complacently till he was done, said: "Well! he has spoken the whole English language thrice over in two hours." He had been so much warned against this habit, in reference to Parliament, that sometimes he actually spoke too slowly there.

but without sputtering, slurring, or confusion; and regulated into deliberate emphasis, whenever this was proper. The velocity of the current was not more remarkable than its purity and richness. His command of language was unlimited. He used to say, that if he had to subdue the world by words, he would take his armour from Jeremy Taylor. And in copiousness and brilliancy, no living man came nearer the old divine. The mind by which these fine weapons were wielded was fully qualified to use them. Ridicule, sarcasm, argument, statement, pathos, or moral elevation—he could excel in them all. The only defect was one which earlier parliamentary practice must have corrected, and which it is not easy to reconcile with the ethereal nature of his general style. It was, that his magical facility led him into too much refinement, and consequently into occasional tediousness. He did not always rise to address an audience under the weight of deep preparation, or under the awe inspired by a large survey of his subject, but trusted to the immediate workings of his own mind. This withdrew him from the audience to himself; and, instead of maintaining that constant and instinctive sympathy with his hearers, which enables a plainer speaker to perceive his success or his failure at the moment in their eyes, he was apt to be looking inward, and to be enjoying the inventive process going on in his own breast. This was an enjoyment with which listeners could have no sympathy. The pleasure was his, the weariness theirs. And the exercise promoted the defect of too active refinement. So just, with reference to all his peculiarities, was Horner's saying, that if Jeffrey could only speak slow, and add a cubit to his stature, and be a little dull, nobody could oppose him.

When he was in a good state, and with any thing in the place, the occasion, or the subject, to repress his fertility, and to subdue him to a simpler style, his success was certain. His necessarily short addresses were almost always

perfect. His appeal to the jury in the case of Paterson, accused of poisoning his wife, when, not being able to dispute that the prisoner had, at one time, intended to murder her, he successfully turned the fact into a ground for urging that during the interval he must have for ever recoiled from the guilt he had escaped; his defence for Mrs. Mackinnon, accused of stabbing a young man to death, in a brawl in her disorderly house, where he described the horrible nature of public death to a female with some generous feelings, and how sweet life was even to a prostitute and a supposed murderess;* his noble reply in the General Assembly for the minister of Inchtute, in which his picture of the situation of a deposed clergyman, contrasted with that of his brethren, who, after pronouncing the sentence, were all to return to their comfortable homes, saved that client from conviction; his speech to the public meeting of the inhabitants of Edinburgh at the Pantheon; his graceful and affectionate address on his first installation as Lord Rector at Glasgow; his lofty and scornful reply to the jury for Sir James Craig, on the trial of that gentleman's prosecution of the printer of a party newspaper for libel,—these, and many others with which our Edinburgh ears still thrill, were matchless and unalloyed exhibitions—leaving impressions which no rival effort, by any competitor, could efface.

With a larger theatre than ours, and a more formidable training, his parliamentary success would have been sure and splendid. But he had no chance in the circumstances in which he first tried the House of Commons; partly because that, like every other assembly, has its own local tastes, and tolerates no other. Of these, the most extinguishing to an unpractised hand is the necessity of personalities—with which even instruction, to save it from

* It was from sitting all day under an open window, at this trial, that he was first affected by that infirmity in his throat, which recurred so distressingly throughout all the rest of his life.

being tiresome, must apparently be savoured. There is no denying the value of a weapon which is essential for the moral discipline of any assembly, and, as individually directed, may supply the most logical conclusions. But it is one from which a new member of any delicacy shrinks, and which nothing but long familiarity with the proceedings and the individualities of the place can enable any one to use with confidence and effect.* Moreover, the frequent failures in Parliament of speakers who shine elsewhere, are not always owing, as the regular House of Commons man is apt to suppose, merely to the essential superiority of the great scene; but to Parliament acquiring a very peculiar criterion of excellence, and having power to enforce submission to this, to the exclusion of every other style. There is every presumption that the best tone will be formed, and the best standard be set up, and the fairest play be given, in such a collection of such men; but there is no doubt that the distaste of every thing that is strange to their own habits and models does occasionally, and especially when dealing with the audacity of a provincial reputation, impair their perception of merit, which, wherever the field was open, would not be universally postponed to that of their own idols.

Jeffrey's reception in all his previous visits to London, where he had formed many valuable friendships, had always been kind. But during the three official years which he had mostly passed there, he was still more extensively known and courted; and this by various classes, including not only the literary and political, but, to a certain extent, even the fashionable. This popularity, by which he was

* Horner accounts for his own silence, after being above two years in Parliament, partly by this necessity. "There have been some discouragements of a different nature; the petty war of political personalities is exceedingly irksome to me, (being personally not implicated,) and I have witnessed but little else since I sat in the House."—*Memoirs* i. 445.

less elated than softened into gratitude, was the result of his character and of his conversation.

The last I have not skill to describe, except negatively. He was certainly a first-rate talker. But he was not an avowed sayer of good things; nor did he deal but very sparingly in anecdote, or in personalities, or in repartee; and he very seldom told a story, or quoted; and never lectured; and though perpetually discussing, almost never disputed; and though joyous, was no great laughier. What then did he do? He did this:—His mind was constantly full of excellent matter; his spirit was always lively; and his heart was never wrong; and the effusion of these produced the charm. He had no exclusive topics. All subjects were welcome; and all found him ready, if not in knowledge, at least in fancy. But literary and moral speculations were, perhaps, his favourite pastures. And in these, as in any region whatever, for nothing came amiss, he ranged freely, under the play of a gay and reasonable imagination; from no desire of applause, but because it gratified his mental activity. Speaking seemed necessary for his existence. The intellectual fountains were so full, that they were always bubbling over, and it would have been painful to restrain them. For a great talker, he was very little of an usurper. Everybody else had full scope, and indeed was encouraged; and he himself, though profuse, was never long at a time; except perhaps when giving an account of something of which he was the mere narrator, when his length depended on the thing to be told. Amid all his fluency of thought, and all his variety of matter, a great part of the delight of his conversation arose from its moral qualities. Though never assuming the office of a teacher, his goodness of feeling was constantly transpiring. No one could take a walk, or pass a day or an evening with him, without having all his rational and generous tastes confirmed, and a steadier conviction than before of the dependence of happiness on kindness and duty. Let

him be as bold, and as free, and as incautious, and hilarious as he might, no sentiment could escape him that tended to excuse inhumanity or meanness, or that failed to cherish high principles and generous affections. Then the language in which this talent and worth were disclosed! The very words were a delight. Copious and sparkling, they often imparted nearly as much pleasure as the merry or the tender wisdom they conveyed. Those who left him might easily retire without having any particular saying to report, but never without an admiration of mental richness and striking expression. His respect for conversational power made him like the presence of those who possessed it. But this was not at all necessary for his own excitement, for he never uttered a word for display, and was never in better flow than in the ordinary society of those he was attached to, however humble their powers, and although they could give him no aid but by affection and listening. There was so much in his own head and heart, that, in so far as he was concerned, pouring it out was enjoyment enough. It may appear an odd thing to say, but it is true, that the listener's pleasure was enhanced by the personal littleness of the speaker. A large man could scarcely have thrown off Jeffrey's conversational flowers without exposing himself to ridicule. But the liveliness of the deep thoughts, and the flow of the bright expressions that animated his talk, seemed so natural and appropriate to the figure that uttered them, that they were heard with something of the delight with which the slenderness of the trembling throat, and the quivering of the wings, make us enjoy the strength and clearness of the notes of a little bird.

But it is idle in any one to speak on this subject after what has been said by one of the greatest masters and best critics of conversation. Sir James Mackintosh says, (*Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 251:) "We saw, for the first time, Playfair and Jeffrey; the first, a person very remarkable for under-

standing, calmness, and simplicity ; the second more lively, fertile, and brilliant, than any Scotchman of letters ; with more imagery and illustration added to the knowledge and argumentative powers of his country ; and more sure than any native of this island whom I have seen, to have had splendid success in the literary societies of Paris." If this was true in 1812, when Sir James wrote it, it was much truer in 1834, when Jeffrey left London, and when he had had more experience of life, and had seen a greater variety of people, and had been more ripened by time.

He took his seat on the bench on the 7th of June, 1834. The Scotch Judges are styled *Lords* ; a title to which long usage has associated feelings of reverence in the minds of the people, who could not now be soon made to respect or understand *Mr. Justice*. During its strongly feudalized condition, the landholders of Scotland, who were almost the sole judges, were really known only by the names of their estates. It was an insult, and in some parts of the country it is so still, to call a laird by his personal, instead of his territorial title. While this custom was universal, a man who was raised to the bench naturally took his estate's name with him, because it was the only name that he was known by. Even lairds came, however, in time to be identified by their Christian and surnames. Yet, for a while, the fashion of sinking the individual appellation, and carrying the landed one to the judgment-seat, lingered ; not always from vanity, but because it was natural for landholders to dignify themselves by their estates, and their estates by their judicial office. But this assumption of two names, one official and one personal, and being addressed by the one and subscribing by the other, is wearing out, and will soon disappear entirely. Jeffrey had land enough to entitle him to sink his honoured name in that of his bit of earth ; but, like many others, he did not choose to do it, and became Lord Jeffrey.

He had to be in court at nine, which alarmed him more

than any thing else in his new situation. He tells Mr. James Craig, Edinburgh, one of his most cherished friends, (26th of December, 1834 :) "I have certainly had rather hard work, but I do not find it irksome. Even the early rising, which I dreaded the most, proves very bearable. Certainly in the whole of my past life, I never saw so many sun-rises as since the beginning of November, and they have been inexpressibly beautiful."

From the very first moment of his judicial appointment he cast all politics aside; not his interest in them, for this would have been to have relinquished his reason, but his practical interference with them as a party man. If the election of his best friend, and of the best member of parliament, had depended on his vote, that candidate would have lost the return. The most magnificent public dinner ever given in Edinburgh was that to the late Earl Grey, on the 15th of September, 1834, immediately after the first meeting here of the British Association. He sighed at not being there, fresh as he was from all his personal and official connection with the object of the festival. But he would not attend; and his only allusion to it in writing to Mrs. Craig, about the recent scenes, is so faint as scarcely to be visible: "You know we have had a stirring time of it for the last months in these latitudes; first with our *Savans*, and then with our politicians; and that our quiet home has been agitated by the residence of chancellors and other dignitaries, and our provincial dulness enlivened by the resort of vagrant metropolitans without number. But the tumult is now over. The comets have all swept beyond our orbit, and left us to the steadier influences of our old moon and stars; and here we are in our contented obscurity, and well enough pleased with our leisure and stupidity. It is the loveliest weather; so calm, and bright, and warm, that, but for the shortening days, it might still be mistaken for midsummer. And the early twilights only give a more solemn character to its sweetness, and make me think more

deeply and tenderly of the summers that are gone, and the eternal summer that is coming, never to pass away. Well, there is comfort in these thoughts, and *you* will not think them fantastical."—(5th October, 1834.)

The general course of his life, after becoming a judge, exclusive of that part of it which was passed in court, was, that he was in London or its neighbourhood almost every spring, at Craigcrook all autumn, and in Edinburgh all winter; and that the hospitalities of his town and his country residences went on nearly as they used to do. During the sitting of the court, the performance of his official duties exhausted nearly his whole day, the evenings especially; and his spare time, whether during his sittings or in vacation, was given to society, to correspondence, to walking, to lounging in his garden, and to the gratification of his appetite for reading. For the indulgence of this last passion, he was very little indebted to any thing that could be called a library of his own. For a lover of books, and for one who had picked up a few, his collection was most wretched; and so ill cared for that the want even of volumes never disturbed him. The science of binding he knew nothing about, and therefore despised, and most of his books were unbound. These slatternly habits all arose from his believing that books were only meant to be read; and that, therefore, so as their words were visible, nothing else was required. It must have been in a moment of infirmity that such a heretic allowed himself (30th January, 1826) to be made a member of the Bannatyne Club, the only book association of the kind with which he was ever connected.

In 1835 he completed the beauty and comfort of Craigcrook by making his last and greatest addition to the house. In doing so he took, and followed the advice of his friend William Playfair, Esq.—an architect of whom Edinburgh is justly proud, and who will leave many monuments of his taste in the edifices that adorn it. This operation forced

him to quit the place for this summer ; and he found a retreat at Skelmorlie, an old castle on the southern shore of the Clyde, (the most beautiful of all British friths,) with the sea at its feet, and glorious prospects of Arran and Argyllshire on the opposite side. "I have enjoyed my leisure exceedingly ; perhaps, I should say, my *solitude*, and certainly the entire *sobriety*, which (out of solitude) is so difficult for some people to maintain. I have done nothing ever since I came ; to my heart's content, and with a deep feeling of repose and tranquillity, which, except for hours and half-hours, I have scarcely known for the last five years. I do not rise early ; yet not late. Breakfast leisurely in a cool massive parlour, with deep-set windows on three sides, one looking through a loophole of the wood out on the silver sea ; study the newspapers as a man must do on a remote island ; lounge about in the woods ; read idle snatches of Shakspeare, and Fletcher, and Keats, and Shelley ; sit watching seals, and porpoises, and yachts, and steam-vessels, and clouds playing with the peaks of Arran, and the little waves that are splashing round my feet, and the wild thyme, and the bees, and the white houses gleaming round the shores of the mountains, bays, and promontories before me ; and the shells and pebbles that engaged the leisure of Scipio and Lælius, in a world in which nothing was like our world but the said shells and pebbles, and the minds of virtuous men resting from their labours. Well, will you not come and see ? only I will not go to Arran, or any other foreign port, on or beyond seas, on any consideration." "I have bathed twice, yet I have still dyspepsy. Herrings are scarce, and salmon plenty, though rather of a poor description. The whittings are not so fine as they used to be. Milk and eggs excellent, and (for those who dare eat them) the most beautiful cherries in the world."—(To me, 25th July, 1835.)

He wrote to me, (22d August, 1835,) that "The only want I feel is of some vigorous intellect to grapple with.

I do not know whether poor Sir Harry's idiocy of rustication is beginning with me ;* but I certainly feel that I read more passively than I used to do, and flatter myself that I am wisely taking in materials for after suggestion, when I am truly storing up food for oblivion only ; but I am very resigned any way, and, after three score, perhaps nothing better is to be desired."

Since he only wanted a vigorous intellect to grapple with, I again exhorted him, but not very seriously, for I knew it was in vain, to grapple with his own, by trying some work of original composition. To this he says : " I have been delighting myself with Mackintosh. I only got the book two days ago, and have done nothing but read it ever since. The richness of his mind intoxicates me. And yet do not you think he would have been a happier man, and quite as useful and respectable, if he had not fancied it a duty to write a great book. And is not this question an answer to your exhortation to me to write a little one ? I have no sense of duty that way, and feel that the only sure or even probable result of the attempt would be hours and days of anxiety, and unwholesome toil, and a closing scene of mortification."—(28th August, 1835.)

It would have been no such thing. It would have given him occupation, usefulness, and fame. The obstinate weakness of this feeling recurs to us, now that it is all over, with increased pain. No man could more certainly have charmed posterity by some great original work. We have lost it by his periodical writing.†

* Sir Harry Moncrieff used to say that no man long accustomed to the habits of an active city life of business, could retire and muse in the country for six months, without becoming an idiot.

† " You must some day or other bring your thoughts on the philosophy of poetry and poetic expression into the form of a systematic essay ; which I shall insist on your publishing with much care. That, and a little treatise on the ethics of common life, and the ways and means of ordinary happiness, are the works which I bespeak from you for after-times."— (Horner to Jeffrey, *Memoirs*, ii. 53.)

However, while at Skelmorlie, he wrote the excellent article published in the Review, in October, (No. 125, art. 11,) in which he records the grounds of his so loving and admiring Sir James.

He was gratified next year by an event which gave him the greatest satisfaction. He had become acquainted with Mr. Andrew Rutherford, soon after the latter had entered the Faculty of Advocates in 1812, and had very early marked and cherished him as a young man of great promise. Their acquaintance soon grew into friendship, and was followed by habits of the most intimate confidence. It was with the greatest delight, therefore, that in the spring of 1837, he witnessed his friend's first advance into public life by his promotion to the office of Solicitor-General. He knew that it opened the way to the higher station of Lord-Advocate, for which he held Mr. Rutherford to be pre-eminently qualified. He was not disappointed. In about two years the solicitor was raised to this situation which he held, with some political interruptions, till 1851, when he became a judge. He was not allowed to accomplish all that he intended; but he did enough to have his official history recorded in some of the wisest changes that have recently improved the legal and economical condition of this country. The statute (11 and 12 Victoria, chap. 36) which dissolves the iron fetters by which, for about 160 years, nearly three-fourths of the whole land in Scotland was made permanently unsaleable, and unattachable for debt, and every acre in the kingdom might be bound up, throughout all ages, in favour of any heirs, or any conditions that the caprice of each unfettered owner might be pleased to prescribe, was his great work. Prejudice prevented him from correcting the absurdities of our marriage law, and from introducing a humane system of police for destitute lunacy; but it may be predicted with absolute certainty that these measures will be passed one day; and on that day he will be remembered. Meanwhile, he did

enough to make his brethren of the bar take the rare step, on his recent elevation to the bench, of recording "the high satisfaction with which they have witnessed the promotion of another distinguished member of the bar—the late Lord-Advocate; to whom the country and the profession are deeply indebted for important public services; and expressing their hope that Lord Rutherford may long be enabled to devote the eminent talents which have adorned his professional and official career, to the administration of those laws which his legislative measures have so materially contributed to mature and improve."—(Faculty Resolution, 23d May, 1851.) Jeffrey did not live to bear a testimony, in the justice of which he would have cordially rejoiced. There was no one, in point of time in the secondary formation of his friendships, to whom, in public proceedings and in private life, he was more thoroughly united; and the nearness of their two beautiful country places gave them peculiar opportunities of discussion and enjoyment.

On the 9th of March, 1838, he joined a large party who dined together in honour of the late Sir William Allan, whose professional eminence had raised him to the second presidency of the Royal Scottish Academy. Sir William was the immediate object of the meeting; but it had an indirect and more important reference to that extraordinary rise in art, which, both in the native artists we have retained, and in those we have given England, has distinguished the modern progress of Scotland; and on account of which the Academy had been recently established. Jeffrey made a striking address; expressive of his belief, and its reasons, that, in spite of its northern sky, this country might attain as much eminence in art as it had already done in other intellectual pursuits. The thirteen years that have since passed have greatly tended to confirm the soundness of this opinion.

On the 27th of June, 1838, his daughter was married

to William Empson, Esq., Professor of Law at the East India College, Haileybury; a union from which, after the pang of parting with his only child was over, he derived the greatest delight. Besides deepening and extending his domestic affections, it multiplied his refreshing visits to England, and enlivened his autumns by the Empsons' returns to Craigcrook; and it gave him those nice little grandchildren, some of them living with him almost always, in whom his heart was wrapt.

In 1840 he tried his hand, for the first time, upon a monumental inscription. It was for the foundation stone of Scott's Monument. He was requested by the committee to furnish it, but refused at first, believing himself incapable. At last, as he was walking out one day to Craigcrook, it occurred to him as an odd thing to write what was meant never to be seen, and this led him on, and before he had reached home, he had composed the following rather striking statement:—

“THIS GRAVEN PLATE,
DEPOSITED IN THE BASE OF A VOTIVE BUILDING
ON THE FIFTEENTH DAY OF AUGUST IN THE YEAR OF CHRIST 1840,
AND DESTINED NEVER TO SEE THE LIGHT AGAIN
TILL THE SURROUNDING STRUCTURES ARE CRUMBLED TO DUST
BY THE DECAY OF TIME, OR BY HUMAN OR ELEMENTAL VIOLENCE,
MAY THEN TESTIFY TO A DISTANT POSTERITY THAT
THE CITIZENS OF EDINBURGH BEGAN ON THAT DAY
TO RAISE AN EFFIGY AND AN ARCHITECTURAL MONUMENT
TO THE MEMORY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT;
WHOSE ADMIRABLE WRITINGS WERE THEN ALLOWED
TO HAVE GIVEN MORE DELIGHT, AND SUGGESTED BETTER FEELINGS
TO A LARGER CLASS OF READERS IN EVERY RANK OF SOCIETY
THAN THOSE OF ANY OTHER AUTHOR,
WITH THE EXCEPTION OF SHAKSPEARE ALONE:
AND WHICH THEREFORE WERE THOUGHT LIKELY TO BE REMEMBERED
LONG AFTER THIS ACT OF GRATITUDE,
ON THE PART OF THE FIRST GENERATION OF HIS ADMIRERS,
SHOULD BE FORGOTTEN.

HE WAS BORN AT EDINBURGH 15TH AUGUST, 1771;
AND DIED AT ABBOTSFORD, 21ST SEPTEMBER, 1832.”

In the autumn of this year he wrote the article on Wilberforce's Correspondence, which was published in No. 145 of the Review.

On Saturday, the 5th of June, 1841, instead of receiving the engaged Craigcrook party, he gave his friends a dreadful fright by fainting in court. The attack was so severe and so sudden, that if his friend Mr. Thomas Maitland,* who happened to be pleading before him, had not made a spring and caught him, he must have fallen. He soon recovered from the direct attack, which, in itself, was found not to be material, though by no means insignificant as a symptom. In renewing the party for the Saturday following, he hopes that they will come, "to let me repair, in some degree, *the shabby trick* I played you last week."

But this trick, or its cause, affected him longer than he anticipated. He could not resume the performance of his duties in court, beyond a few feeble attempts, that session; and after lingering in Edinburgh, which was thought safer than Craigcrook, till August, he went to Haileybury. He was soon attacked there so severely by bronchitis, that his life was scarcely preserved. Foreseeing that he could not be in court when it met about the middle of November, he was inclined to resign instantly. Being exhorted to think well before taking such a step, as there might be opposite views even of its high-mindedness, he said, "I very much agree with you as to resignation. Nothing in this world shall induce me to retain office a single hour after I am *permanently* disabled from its duties. *That* I have always thought nothing less indeed than the meanest of *dishonesties*. But, on the other hand, when the strong probability is that the disability will prove *temporary* only, there would plainly be a similar dishonesty in snatching at idleness, and a retiring allowance, by representing it as permanent."—(To me, 30th October, 1841.)

* Since Solicitor-General, and afterward Lord Dundrennan, one of the judges.

Application was made to the Home Office for leave of absence, and this was at once granted in very handsome terms.

He went to London about the 17th of November for advice, and remained there for some months. A formal explanation of his exact state, though not justifying any despair, was enough to have alarmed most men, but was cheerfully received by him. "I had my grand consultation of *three* doctors on Sunday, having called in Chambers in aid of the other two; and the result was very much, as I think I told you, the council of two had intimated before, viz. that though there was no organic, or special progressive disease, I must not expect *ever* to be much better than I now am, and should lay my account with always suffering in a degree from weak and disordered circulation, and being liable to occasional bronchial irritation. Few people, they said, get to my time of life without finding some of the vital functions impaired or disordered, and I had used up my vitality, and tasked my powers, they believed, a great deal more prodigally than the common run of their patients. Still, however, as all the machinery seemed substantially sound, and energy enough left still to work it for ordinary purposes, they thought, by due care and caution, and sparing myself, both mind and body, for the future, they saw no cause why I should not merely live on in good comfort for many years to come, but even improve considerably on my present condition; and at all events to such an extent as to enable me to do all the work that ought ever to be required from a person of my standing. Now this, it must be owned, is not over and above encouraging, and amounts, I think, to a pretty distinct intimation that my *May* of life (though there is some impudence, I own, in my usurping the name of that month) is fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, and that I must hereafter live a regulated, careful, valetudinarian sort of life. No more dining out, or giving dinners, or appearing at the best like a death's

head at these festivals, and puling upon two slices of meat and two glasses of sherry ! No going out at night, or sitting up late to write or read, wearing trot cosies and comforters, taking no long fast walks, and shrinking from autumn showers and spring breezes. I do not pretend to like such an Avenir ; but as I suppose I cannot help myself, I try to make the best of it, and if I can only make sure of that ‘which should accompany old age,’ and escape the danger of ‘curses’ or ‘mouth honour,’ I dare say I shall get on very well ; only I am afraid I shall be impatient till I see some of my brothers lose their tails also.”—(To me, 22d February, 1842.)

He gave a similar account of his being fixed, “with regimen and restraints,” “on a lower level of vitality,” to Mr. Rutherford, and adds, “I hope I shall submit to them cheerfully, and even acquire a taste for the hermit and self-denying life which I am now entering. But just at present, I must honestly confess, I would have preferred sticking a little longer to my pleasant vices ; and cannot help feeling, too, like the voluptuaries in Juvenal, upon whom, while they are still calling for wine, women, and garlands, ‘obrepit *non intellecta* Senectus.’”

His letters and his conversations throughout this long illness, and throughout all his bodily weaknesses, were always so full of the details and the severities of his afflictions, that a stranger might conclude, either that his health was generally hopeless, or that he was a poor-spirited patient. But the truth is just the reverse. Though seized by one or two dangerous attacks, and peculiarly subject to the encroaching infirmities of age, his life was on the whole healthy, and when necessary, there could scarcely be a more resolute sufferer. But a restless fancy, and an unfortunate sprinkling of medical knowledge, were apt to set him a speculating on the structure and working of his own system ; and on this topic, so fertile and interesting to every invalid, he of course got easily eloquent, generally to the

diversion of others. One of the difficulties that all his doctors had to encounter was, to hear, and then to refute, or to evade, the theories of the patient. But when any thing had to be submitted to, passively or actively, he did it bravely. And the moment that the self-description or self-condolence was over, or even while it was going on, he was ready for his friends. For example, when he went from Haileybury to London, on the 17th of November, 1841, he writes that they were obliged to have in the carriage "such wrappings, and hot water, and wax candles." But in a day or two he was receiving visitors—in a few more he was driving out—and long before the month was over, "I continue to drive out every day, and think I am less exhausted by it than at first. I have seen several people for very short visits—Sydney Smith, Macaulay, Lady Theresa Lister, Miss Berry, Rogers, Hallam, Brougham, Lord Campbell, Carlyle, and a few more—all of whom behaved very well in going away soon, and allowing me to speak but little, except ———, who sat an hour, and made me talk so much, I coughed all the evening after. I am to see Dickens to-morrow, who is just returned from the country in perfect health, and luxuriating in the honeymoon of his year of idleness."—(To me, 30th November, 1842.)

He left London about the middle of March, (1842,) and went for about two months to Clifton, and then to Haileybury, previous to his return to Edinburgh. At Haileybury he received intelligence of the sudden death of Sir Charles Bell, which took place in England on the 29th of April. "This is a sad blow, the loss of good, kind-hearted, happy Charlie Bell. It met me here on my arrival. I do not know whether poor George or his wife is most to be pitied, but the loss will be terrible and *irreparable* to both. Except George himself, I have not so old and intimate a friend left, and it may be a kind of comfort to think that I cannot have many more such losses to bear. We were familiar from boyhood, and though much separated from

residence and occupation, never had a notion of alienation, or a cessation of that cordiality and reliance on each other's affection, which is also a comfort even now."—(To me, 8th May, 1842. *)

He resumed his place in court, (in May, 1842,) in a very good state, and continued in Scotland all the rest of this year, mostly at home, and in full judicial vigour.

In December he had to endure another severe affliction. Mr. Robert Morehead died on the 13th of that month. His feelings on this visitation were thus expressed in a letter to the widow: "My dear Margaret—I need not say that Phemie's communication gave us a sharp pang, and the event must have been longer and more clearly foreseen by you, I imagine, than even by us. But when the blow does at last fall, these anticipations do not save us from a shock; and in the case of those whose strength has been impaired by watching while their thoughts have been partly dis-

* Jeffrey afterward wrote the following Epitaph, which is now on a tablet in the parish church of Hallow, near Worcester, where Sir Charles was buried :—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

of

SIR CHARLES BELL,

Who, after unfolding

With unrivalled sagacity, patience, and success,

The wonderful structure of our mortal bodies,

Esteemed lightly of his greatest discoveries,

Except only

As they tended to impress himself and others

With a deeper sense

of

The infinite wisdom and ineffable goodness

of

The Almighty Creator.

He was born at Edinburgh in 1774,

And died in England, 29th of April, 1842.

tracted by constant occupation, I fear it is often felt more severely than they themselves are prepared for. I shall therefore be anxious to learn that you and dear Lockey and Phemie have not suffered, and that you are bearing this great affliction with courage and resignation. It must always be a great consolation to you to know that you not only soothed and cheered his closing days by your kind and devoted attention, but that to your constant and judicious care of him for many preceding years he was indebted, not only for the chief enjoyments of these years, but most probably for their being added to his existence. For myself, though unavoidably much separated from him of late years, I can truly say that my love and regard for him have never suffered a moment's abatement; and that though it is sad enough, God knows, to have to lament the loss of nearly the last of my friends of early life, it is still very gratifying to look back upon an intimacy of more than half a century with the feeling that there never was an hour of misunderstanding between us, nor a chill in the warmth, or a passing cloud on the brightness of our mutual affection. When you can recur to it without too much pain, I think I should like to have a more particular account of his last days, and to know how his patience and trust in the Great Being to whom he was returning, sustained him through the final struggle. I shall likewise be glad, by and by, to have a copy of the work which occupied so many of his parting hours; and, above all, to learn what changes, if any, in your plans of life and domestic arrangements this removal of the head of the house is likely to occasion. Poor little Mary was very greatly moved, I understand, when the melancholy news was broken to her. Charlotte and I have had long talks of you ever since, as well as good Martha Brown, who has this morning returned to Langfine."--- (16th December, 1842.)

On the 22d of November of this year, (1842,) a material change took place in his judicial position. According to

usage, he had hitherto been acting in a court by himself, where decisions are seldom given openly and verbally, but in the form of written judgments, with notes explanatory of their reasons, all prepared after debate and consideration of written papers at home, and every adjudication liable to the review of another branch of the court. Except for its comparative security, this situation was not in all respects unfavourable for Lord Jeffrey. It tended to repress his discursiveness, and enabled him to enrich the reports with many admirable opinions written deliberately by himself. But he was now removed into the first of the two divisions into which the Court of Session is separated, where he had three brother judges, and more publicity; where all causes were argued, and all judgments delivered, in open court; and there was no review except in the House of Lords. This was a more difficult and responsible position. He would have succeeded with any of his brethren, and they with him; but he was certainly happily placed beside the three with whom it was his lot to act. They were all men of talent and learning, fond of their work, and very friendly toward each other; men by whom even Jeffrey's intellect was sharpened, and before whom he could never be too ingenious without detection. Nothing higher can be said of any tribunal than that, in addition to the various powers of Lord Jeffrey, it contained the long experience and great practical sagacity of the Lord President Boyle; the acute and intelligent logic of Lord Fullerton,—combining, with rare felicity, the often separated qualities of great fineness with great soundness of understanding; and the curious talent of Lord Mackenzie—amiable amid the fiercest contention, and solving in playfulness the abstrusest difficulties; whose gentleness of disposition and awkward feebleness of manner contrasted amusingly with the riches of a very working mind; which, whether exercised in courts or in society, was always intrepid and original. That was as good a court as Scotland

ever saw ; and these four men would have elevated any judicial tribunal, in any country to the law of which they might have been trained. Jeffrey was much attached to them all. Fullerton, indeed, and Mackenzie, were his old personal friends.

Notwithstanding one questionable habit, the judicial duties have rarely been better performed than they were by him. His ability need not be mentioned—nor the sensitiveness of his candour—nor his general aptitude for the law. Surpassed, perhaps, by one or two in some of the more mystical depths of the law of real property, his general legal learning was more than sufficient to enable him, after ordinary argument, to form sound views, and to defend them, even on these subjects. The industry that had turned the vivacity of his youth to account, and had marked all his progress, followed him to the bench. His opinions were always given fully, and with great liveliness, and great felicity of illustration. His patience, for so quick a person, was nearly incredible. He literally never tired of argument, and therefore had rather a leaning against all devices for shortening proceedings not on matters of mere form. This was partly the result of a benevolent anxiety to make parties certain that they had at least been fully heard ; but it also proceeded from his own pleasure in the game. Though not exactly denying the necessity of rules for ending discussion, he scarcely liked them ; and half pitied a party whose desire to say still more on his own matter, which was every thing to him, was resisted for the convenience of other matters, for which he cared nothing ; and has been known to say, that if there was only one cause in the world it would never end ; and why should it ? What are other causes to a man who has not done with his own ? He who was inclined to hold this paradox must have been a very patient judge. It was his patient activity that reconciled him to it, even as a paradox.

The questionable thing in his judicial manner consisted

in an adherence to the same tendency that had sometimes impaired his force at the bar—speaking too often and too long. He had no idea of sitting, like an oracle, silent, and looking wise; and then, having got it all in, announcing the result in as many calm words as were necessary, and in no more. Delighted with the play, instead of waiting passively till the truth should emerge, he put himself, from the very first, into the position of an inquirer, whose duty it was to extract it by active processes. His error lay in not perceiving that it would be much better extracted for him by counsel than it generally can be by a judge. But disbelieving this, or disregarding it, his way was to carry on a running margin of questions, and suppositions, and comments, through the whole length of the argument. There are few judges in whom this habit would be tolerated. It is disagreeable to counsel, disturbs other members of the court, and exposes the individual to inaccurate explanation and to premature impression. But, as done by Jeffrey, it had every alleviation that such a practice admits of. It was done with great talent; with perfect gentleness and urbanity; solely from an anxiety to reach justice; with no danger to the ultimate formation of his opinion; and with such kindly liveliness, that the very counsel who was stranded by it liked the quarter from which the gale had blown. Accordingly, he was exceedingly popular with everybody, particularly with the bar; and the judicial character could not be more revered than it was in him by the public.

It was in the month of May, 1843, that the Established Church of Scotland was rent in twain, by the secession of those who formed themselves into the Free Church. However anxious to avoid polemical matter, it would be wrong not to state what Lord Jeffrey's opinion was, since he had a very decided one, on this the greatest event that has occurred in Scotland since the rebellion in 1745, if not since the Union.

The contest at first was merely about patronage. The owners or patrons of livings insisted that the practice of their presentees being inducted into parishes, if they were under no legal disqualification, however odious they might be to the parishioners, which practice had subsisted for a considerable period, should be continued ; while the people maintained that this practice was a mere abuse, and one so offensive that it had for 100 years been the source of all the dissent by which the church had been weakened, and that popular unacceptability was of itself a ground on which the church courts were entitled to reject. Each of these views had its party in the General Assembly. But this point was soon lost sight of, absorbed in the far more vital question, whether the church had any spiritual jurisdiction independent of the control of the civil power. This became the question on which the longer coherence of the elements of the church depended. The judicial determination was, in effect, that no such jurisdiction existed. This was not the adjudication of any abstract political or ecclesiastical nicety. It was the declaration, and as those who protested against it held, the introduction, of a principle which affected the whole practical being and management of the Establishment. On this decision being pronounced, those who had claimed this jurisdiction, which they deemed an essential and indispensable part of what they had always understood to be their church, felt they had no course except to leave a community to which, as it was now explained, they had never sworn allegiance. They accordingly seceded. And the result has been this :—

Out of an Established clergy of about 1000 or 1100 ministers, 453 left the Establishment, followed in general by almost their whole congregations and elders. Their adherents in that true Church of Scotland (as they deem it) which then arose, have been increasing ever since, and now form 739 sanctioned congregations, besides 98 preaching stations ; being 837 congregations in all. Deducting

charges that are vacant, preaching stations, and congregations that have not yet called ministers, which three classes are supplied by authorized probationers, there are 623 ministers on the public Sustentation Fund. About 690 churches have been built, between 400 and 500 manse, about 400 school-houses, and a college. For these and other purposes, the people have contributed about three millions of pounds sterling; of which £2,475,616 has been paid into the public account, and above £500,000 has been expended locally.

No public event had occurred in Lord Jeffrey's time, in which he took a deeper interest. He foresaw what was coming above a year before it happened, and then said: "I am grieved to the heart at the prospects of our church, but I think her doom is sealed; all which might have been prevented, had," &c. "And what a thing it is that the —— should have brought upon Scotland the infinite misery of her Established Church being that of a minority of her people, or at least of her religious people."—(To me, 2d February, 1842.) And within a few weeks of the event, referring to one of the unfortunate discussions by which it almost seemed as if the object had been to hide the approach of the catastrophe, instead of intelligently trying to avert it, he said: "Did you ever see a more tyrannical or short-sighted discussion than that on our poor church in the House of Lords. I am anxious to hear what her champions and martyrs are now doing, and what is understood to be their plan of operation at the Assembly. It will be a strange scene any way, and I suppose there will be a separation into two Assemblies," &c.—(To me, 4th April, 1843.)

He declared his opinion from the bench, to be hostile to what he held to be the novelty sanctioned by a majority of his brethren, and confirmed in the House of Lords; and, on the other aspects of the case, looking at them without ecclesiastical bigotry, ambition, or faction, of which he

never had the very slightest touch, and solely with a secular eye, his feelings were entirely with the people.

His view was, that in theory, and while matters are all open, every pretence of exclusive ecclesiastical jurisdiction is to be received with distrust and alarm; but that the Church of Scotland, which had owed its existence to its defiance of the civil supremacy that had been claimed by the Stuarts, had been revived when the Stuarts were put down, as it had been originally founded on the very principle of its independence in spiritual matters; that in the modern conflict it was demanding nothing but what had immemorially been assumed in practice, and even in judicial practice, to be its right; that instead of implying ecclesiastical tyranny, the system had worked so well that there never was a church better fitted for the people, or to which the people were more attached; that though, as usual in such collisions, there were faults and extravagances on all sides, the dispute might have been adjusted, if government had interfered under a due intelligence of the danger; but that deluded by the error that this was not a question with the people, but only with a few restless priests, and alarmed for English consequences, and smiling at the idea of clergymen renouncing livings, it virtually abdicated its authority, and never put itself into the state of mind necessary for averting a danger which it was assured did not exist; that the calamity might have been almost avoided by the mere concessions that were made to the people after it had occurred; that the church, as expounded, being a thing that they had never understood it to be, honest men who held this opinion could do nothing but leave it; that the heroism with which this was done made him "*proud of his country*;" and that the magnificent sacrifices by which, year after year, the secession had been followed, showed the strong sincerity and the genuine Scotticism of the principles on which the movement had depended.

He was painfully afflicted this autumn by the death of

George Joseph Bell, (2d September, 1843,) one of his earliest friends; an honest and ill-used man.

Though steadily resisting all exhortations to write a new book, he was this year induced to publish parts of his old ones in a new form. His selected and arranged "*Contributions to the Edinburgh Review*," were published in November; with an amiable and candid preface, becoming his age and position. Many articles of greater power are left buried in the mass of the original work, but those he has chosen to avow derive a charm from their freedom from all factious feelings and interests, and from their recording that enduring literature and philosophy, to which he delighted to recur in the calmness of advanced life, and which, in the midst of all his contentions, had been the prevailing enjoyments of his earlier years. •

He sent me a copy of the book with the following letter: "My dear C., Though I *give* scarcely any of these books, I must send one to you, *ex debito justitiæ*, since it was truly by your, not encouragement or advice, but command and objurgation, that I was induced to set about the republication. On this account I once thought of dedicating it to you; but considering the nature of the work, I ultimately thought it better to inscribe it to one who had so much more connection with the Review. But you must not imagine that I do not hold you equally responsible for all the blame it may draw on me, as if your name had figured on the front of it; as you know very well that he who *hounds on* any one, under his authority, to the commission of an improper act, is always regarded as the really guilty party. I hope you will think the preface long enough, and that as much is said in laud of the Review, as it was fitting for one of its founders to say. I trust, too, that you will not be scandalized at the *very moral* tone of my own individual professions. And so God bless you, my dear Cockburn. Ever very affectionately yours."—(25 Moray Place, 25th November, 1843.)

He was materially assisted in the preparation of these volumes by his friend Mr. Thomas Maitland, who helped him in many details with which he would otherwise have been perplexed. In sending him a copy of the work, he says: "You at all events are bound to judge of it with indulgence, since you cannot deny that you not only counselled the undertaking, but tempted me to engage in it by putting into my hands a sort of clue to the labyrinth, in which I do not know that I should otherwise have trusted myself. I must hope, too, that some little regard for the author, personally, will induce you to give him what countenance you can on this occasion."—(25th November, 1843.) Mr. Maitland had been Solicitor-General before this, and was so again in 1846. In February, 1850, he became Jeffrey's successor on the bench, with the title of Lord Dundrennan. But after too short a seat there, though long enough to enable him to give the highest promises of judicial excellence, he was unexpectedly, and to the deep sorrow of his friends and of the public, withdrawn from us on the 10th of June, 1851.

Though now above seventy, his intellect was as vigorous and his heart as sunny as ever. But he wisely began to think of himself as an old, or, at least, as a feeble man. Most of his letters, about this time and afterward, contain striking and pleasing accounts of his declining state. "My health," says he to Mrs. Fletcher, "after which you inquire so kindly, is weak enough certainly; but chiefly from a feeble circulation, and not attended with any worse suffering than a good deal of languor and weakness, unaccompanied, I am glad to say, either by any depression of spirits or abatement of mental alacrity. I have got through our summer term without being a day out of court, and as alert in it, I believe, as any of my brethren. But I have been obliged to observe a strict regimen, and to take a great deal more care of myself every way than is at all suitable to my genius or habits. However, I con-

tinue to hobble along the broken arches with as good a grace as most of my fellow travellers, and wait with tranquillity for the close, which cannot be very distant."— (Craigcrook, 24th July, 1844.)

This lady is the widow of his earliest patron, Mr. Archibald Fletcher, a person toward whom his regard, like that of all who have the happiness of knowing her, rose into affectionate veneration.

The grace with which he submitted to the inevitable doom was indeed very remarkable. His good affections were all retained and cherished; while the feelings connected with irritating passions and disquieting pursuits were as entirely quenched as they ever can be in this life. When not employed judicially, which to him was always an agreeable occupation, old friends, young friends, especially the dear grandchildren, books, and external nature, were what he lived in; and all his prospects of the gradual and now rapid closing of life were composed and reasonable. He mellowed so sweetly, that there was no period of his life when he attracted more respect and affection than during its last five years.

Time also changed his outward appearance. The bright manly eye remained, and the expressive energy of the lips, and the clear sweet voice, and the erect rapid gait. But the dark complexion had become pale, the black hair gray, the throat told too often of its weakness, the small person had become still smaller, and the whole figure evinced the necessity of great care.

Though preserving an undiminished relish of society, he could not indulge it as formerly; and, among other privations, was obliged to renounce dinners, either given or received. To compensate for this, he (Nov. 1844) made a sort of revival of the social cheerfulness of the old Edinburgh supper, without what would now be thought its convivial coarseness. His house was open to his friends, generally without invitations, every Tuesday and Friday

evening, from about nine to twelve, during the four winter months. The party usually consisted of from about ten to about twenty, or even thirty ladies and gentlemen; who, instead of being left to freeze in ceremony, or to evaporate in words, sat at round tables, multiplied according to the demand, to a moderate but not entirely a nominal refecton. It is needless to say, that such an arrangement at that hour produced excellent parties. He himself was always in great talk; especially with the two or three whom he detained after the rest were gone. These most agreeable meetings were kept up till the winter of 1848, when Mrs. Jeffrey's illness stopped them.

He asks in one of his letters—"Has anybody thought of taking up my Tuesday and Friday evenings? Which, upon looking back to them, seem to me like a faint, but not quite unsuccessful, revival of a style of society which was thought to have some attractions in the hands of Dugald Stewart and some others; though I fear we have now fallen in an age too late for such a revival, and that nothing but an amiable consideration for my infirmities could have given it the success it had."—(To me, Haileybury, 26th March, 1845.)

His critical reputation made him be very frequently applied to for advice by persons disposed but afraid to publish; and Sir Walter himself was scarcely readier to assist them. I was asked, about this period, to get his opinion of a MS. poem by Mr. James Ballantine, of Edinburgh. He gave it, with considerable praise, but with an advice, upon the whole, against publication, and decidedly against the adoption of verse as a profession. Referring to this admonition, he says, in another part of the preceding letter, "I hope you got (naming the poem) back in safety, and have softened my dehortative to the ingenious, and, I am persuaded, amiable author." Nobody could stand so kindly administered an admonition better than Mr. Ballantine, because his other publications, both in

verse and in prose, particularly his "*Gaberlunzie's Wallet*," a work which Burns would not have been anxious to disown, have given him a very high place among the writers of native Scotch. He is one of the sensible men who can combine business with literature; making the muses grace the business, and the business feed the muses.

He read a good deal; and present amusement being the only object, nothing rational came amiss. "In the mean time, you will be glad to hear that I am very tranquil, and, for the most part, very happy and comfortable. I sleep rather better than usual, have no actual pain, and very little oppression or discomfort, so urgent as to prevent me from interesting myself, quite as much as formerly, in reading and conversation. I read all the *Pilgrim's Progress* (for the first time for fifty years, I believe) yesterday and the day before; and I am now busy with the *Life of Wycliffe*, and the *Memoirs of Selina, Countess of Huntingdon*. So you see I am in a very godly course of study." (To me, 4th September, 1844.)

"And I have been reading *Eldon's Life and Correspondence*, in which there is much that is curious and instructive; and also *Burke's*, which is of a higher pitch, to be sure, and to me full of the deepest interest and delight. The greatest and most accomplished intellect which England has produced for centuries, and of a noble and lovable nature."—(Haileybury, 4th September, 1844.)

"I am generally able, however, to take several short walks every day, and read and converse, for the most part, as pleasantly as ever. I have read a good deal, and, if with little improvement, at least with much satisfaction, almost all *Arnold's* writings, and especially his *Introductory Letter on History*, which, though a hasty and rash production, and with great gaps, is full of good thoughts and masterly views; many French historical and philosophical works of *Thiers*, *Mignet*, *Barante*, and others; most of *Spenser's Fairy Queen*, *Vaughan's Life of Wycliffe*, and many bio-

ographies of missionaries, chancellors, and other worthies, together with some novels, English and French, and (translated) German, besides the saintly publications of which I made mention in my last. We have still summer here." (Haileybury, 18th September, 1844.)

The Reverend Sidney Smith died on the 22d of February, 1845. Jeffrey's feelings on this calamity are expressed in the following letter to Mr. Smith's daughter, Mrs. Holland, on his first seeing her father's "Fragment on the Irish Roman Catholic Church:" "E. I. College, Hertford, 2d April, 1845. My very dear Saba—I have felt several times, in the last six weeks, that I ought to have written to some of you. But, in truth, my dear child, I had not the courage; and to-day I do it, not so much because I have the courage, as because I cannot help it. That startling and matchless *fragment* was laid on my table this morning, and before I had read out the first sentence, the *real presence* of my beloved and incomparable friend was so brought before me, in all his brilliancy, benevolence, and flashing decision, that I seemed again to hear his voice, and read in his eye,—and burst into an agony of crying. I went through the whole in the same state of feeling,—my fancy kindled, and my intellect illumined, but my heart struck through with the sense of our loss, so suddenly and deeply impressed by this seeming restoration. I do not think he ever wrote any thing so good, and I feel, mournfully, that there is no one now alive who could have so written. The effect, I am persuaded, will be greater than from any of his other publications. It is a voice from the grave. It relieves me to say all this, and you must forgive it—God bless you all! I have been here ten days with my daughter and grandchildren, as well as I have been through the winter, and living an innocent, quiet, patriarchal life, in love, peace, and sobriety. I merely passed through London, and do not feel tempted to encounter its

perils or seductions. Yet I must run up for a day or two to have one more look of the friends I love there."

He was in the south of England, as usual, in 1846, and says of himself, while at Salterton: "Empson is back at his work. The rest wait for me; all very well, and very patient. Beautiful weather on the whole, though not warm; thermometer very steady, between fifty-two and fifty-eight, and much sunshine and calm, with a fine deep murmuring sea. I creep out twice a day, and lead a dreamy, pensive, patient, poetical sort of existence, without energy, and without ennui, *fallentis semita vitæ*. I think I could muse on here contentedly enough till the end. It would save trouble."—(Salterton, 30th April, 1846.)

And to Mrs. Smith, he says, from Derby, where he had been taken ill, on his way home: "I have indeed been very ill, and recover but very slowly; but I have little actual suffering, and hope to be a little less feeble and shaky yet before I die. Fortunately, I have no anxiety, no low spirits, though the animal vitality is at times low enough, God knows! My affections and my enjoyment of beautiful nature, I thank heaven, are as fresh and lively as in the first poetical days of my youth; and with these, there is nothing very miserable in the infirmities of age. We are taking two of our grandchildren down with us, and hope to have the whole household reunited at *Craigcrooke* in the first days of July. They are all (except the poor patriarch who tells you so) in the full flush of hope and gayety, and would make a brightness in a darker home than mine."

Notwithstanding all this, he arrived here in a very tolerable condition, and did his public duty effectually, and enjoyed his friends as much as ever, though in a quieter way.

His surviving sister, Mrs. Brown, died this autumn. No brother and sister could love each other more tenderly.

He went to the Isle of Wight in spring, 1847, from which he writes to Mrs. Craig: "It is a great delight to me to have still, at my age, so many whom I can call old

friends, and I have every day more reason to applaud myself for having, through life, been able to attach myself to young persons; since, if it were not so, I should now be without any cordial or secure affections, and fit only to enact the Methuselah of the family to my poor grandchildren.”—(16th April, 1847.) After leaving that place, and getting to London, he gives this account of his recent life:—“We are just back from three weeks’ very sweet, tranquil, and innocent seclusion in the Isle of Wight, which we have left with much affection, and some regret; having sauntered and mused away our hours in full sympathy with the beautiful nature around us, and in cordial affection, and entire independence of each other.” “We took a tender farewell of our Shanklin Oreads and Nereids yesterday, and after a rumbling drive across the island, and a tumbling voyage across the high swelling green waters, stopped with our whole patriarchal household of four children and four nurses, at the very best hotel in England, (the railway hotel at Gosport;) from which we came whizzing up about two hours ago by an express train, ninety miles in two hours and a quarter.”—(To me, London, 4th May, 1847.)

Before leaving Edinburgh, he had sent £50 in aid of the Edinburgh Ragged School, in the establishment of which the Reverend Dr. Guthrie, a man of unwearying benevolence, chiefly in the haunts of neglected destitution, and one of the most eloquent of living preachers, took so able and effective a lead. His hope was that the school was to be open, honestly and liberally, to children of all denominations; but being told, whether accurately or not, that there was some doubt about this, and being asked to interfere, he refused, saying, “I have resolved not to make my little donation to Guthrie’s schools a title to interfere and lecture about their management.” “The spirit you refer to is lamentable and unaccountable enough, but good will be done in spite of it; and we really must not

lose heart, or hope, or even temper, because crotchets with which we have no sympathy make other good men not quite comfortable coadjutors in our notions of benevolence."—(To me, 4th May, 1847.)

There was no one of the friends of his later acquisition for whom he had greater admiration or regard than Mr. Macaulay; and he testified the interest which he took in this great writer's fame by a proceeding, which, considering his age and position, is not unworthy of being told. This judge, of seventy-four, revised the proof-sheets of the first two volumes of the *History of England*, with the diligence and minute care of a corrector of the press toiling for bread;—not merely suggesting changes in the matter and the expression, but attending to the very commas and colons—a task which, though humble, could not be useless, because it was one at which long practice had made him very skilful. Indeed, he used to boast that it was one of his peculiar excellences. On returning a proof to an editor of the *Review*, he says, "I have myself rectified most of the errors, and made many valuable verbal improvements in a small way. But my great task has been with the punctuation—on which I have, as usual, acquitted myself to admiration. And indeed this is the department of literature on which I feel that I most excel, and on which I am therefore most willing now to stake my reputation!!"

During the autumn of this year he contributed his last article to the *Review*. It was the able and elaborate paper on the claims of Watt and Cavendish as the discoverers of the composition of water, which was published in January, 1848. It would have been better perhaps if his final effort had been on a subject more congenial to his favourite tastes. But whether he shall turn out to be right, or to be wrong, in assigning the palm to his friend Watt, there can be no question as to the ability with which the evidence is discussed. He was always skilful in the art

of arraying scientific proof. It is scarcely possible to resist the reasoning of his article in favour of Mr. Clerk being the inventor of the manœuvre of breaking the enemy's line in naval war, (No. 101, art. 1;) and yet there is an opposite and very reasonable view of this matter among good judges.

This year (1848) was clouded by several afflictions. Mrs. Jeffrey was taken dangerously ill at Haileybury in spring; and though she got better in the course of the year, she never made an entire recovery. His sufferings on this account were very severe. His brother John died on the 2d of July. And in a few weeks after this he had to submit to an operation for the extraction of a small wen in his leg. It was performed, with his usual skill, by Mr. Syme. Though slight in its own nature, it was severe on his nervous temperament, and compelled him to be cautious for a considerable time.

The year 1849, the last of his life, was passed wholly in Scotland.

His sister-in-law, Mrs. Robert Morehead, being very ill, he wrote a letter to her beginning thus:—"Edinburgh, 9th February, 1849.—My ever dear Margaret, I cannot tell you how much I have been grieved by the account of your cruel illness. You are almost the only friend of my early life left to me in the world, and it is sad, indeed, to think of suffering and dangers gathering round you in the evening of our day. Both Charlotte and I feel very deeply for your condition. But *I* have feelings and recollections in which she can have no share, and often find myself dwelling, in my sleepless nights, on the scenes of our youthful intimacy, and the dawns of that cordial affection which it is a great consolation to think has ever subsisted unbroken between us." "And so heaven bless and keep you ever, my very dear Margaret. I wish I could write to you with a lighter heart; but it is a true and a loving one, at any rate, and *that* is a soothing in all sorrows;

and I trust that the assurance of it may bring some lightening of affliction to you. With kindest remembrances to all your family."

She died on the 18th of that month.

The prize which he had founded when Rector of Glasgow, though regularly awarded, had never been finally arranged. On the 6th of November, 1849, he wrote a full business letter to Principal Macfarlane, putting it on a permanent footing. He directs the interest of the money to be laid out annually on a gold medal, on one side of which the name of the gainer shall be engraved, and on the other the words "Præmium Solenne in Academia Glasguensi, Francisci Jeffrey Alumni olim, non immemoris, Anno 1820 Rectoris, Donum." This medal is to be given, by the votes of his class fellows, to the most distinguished student in the Greek class. The letter ends thus,—“You, Sir, have long been the only member of your society who can remember me as a student within its walls, and it is with a mournful pleasure that I take this opportunity of bringing myself individually to your recollection, and soliciting, for old acquaintance' sake, some share of your indulgent regard. Since those days of our early youth, our ways of life have been widely apart; but I can say with truth, that I have always cherished a tender and grateful recollection of the scenes in which we first met, and never ceased to take an interest in the pleasing accounts that have reached me of the prosperity and distinction to which you have attained. With my best wishes for their long continuance and increase, and with every sentiment of respect and esteem, believe me always.”

Three days after this he left Craigcrook and came to Edinburgh for the winter. Before coming away he wrote to the Empsons. “Craigcrook, Friday, 9th November, 1849, two o'clock.—Bless you, my dears. *Novissima hoc in agro conscribenda!* I have made a last lustration of all my walks and haunts, and taken a long farewell of garden,

and terrace, and flowers, seas and shores, spiry towers, and autumnal fields. I always bethink me that I may never see them again. And one day that thought will be a fact; and every year the odds run up terribly for such a consummation. But it will not be the sooner for being anticipated, and the anticipation brings no real sorrow with it."

As Mrs. Jeffrey continued to improve, he lived happily and quietly, and did his official work with alacrity and success. Even when the scene was just about to close, there were some gratifying exhibitions of his inextinguishable kindness of spirit. On the 4th and on the 6th of January, 1850, he sent two letters of advice and encouragement, one to Mr. Alexander Maclagan of Edinburgh, and one to Mr. John Crawford of Alloa, each of whom had presented him with a volume of his poems. Instead of turning from them in silence, he made each an answer so warm with friendly sympathy, that they will cherish these letters to their latest hours. And on the 18th of January he wrote that delightful letter to Mrs. Smith, now in her husband's works, in which he retracts a previous dissuasive against the publication of his friend's lectures, and urges her, with great cordiality, not to be misled by his first error, but to give them to the world.*

On Tuesday, the 22d, he was in court for the last time. He was then under no apparent illness; insomuch that, before going home, he walked round the Calton Hill, with his usual quickness of step and alertness of gait. But he was taken ill that night of bronchitis and feverish cold; though seemingly not worse than he had often been. On the evening of Friday, the 25th, he dictated a letter to the Lord President, saying that there was no chance of his being in court that week, "nor, I fear, very much even for the next. I shall not write again to you, therefore, till I

* At the period of his discouraging opinion, he had read but a few of the lectures, and these only in manuscript.

can point out some prospect of again appearing in my place. But I do not think it improbable that my next communication to you will be to announce that I have resolved to resign my place on the bench." On the same evening he dictated the last letter he ever wrote to the Empsons. In reference to his old critical habits, parts of it are very curious. It was long, and gave a full and clear description of the whole course of his illness, from which he expected to recover, but had made up his mind not to continue longer on the bench. "I don't think I have had any proper sleep for the last three nights, and I employ portions of them in a way that seems to assume the existence of a sort of dreamy state, lying quite consciously in my bed with my eyes alternately shut and open," enjoying curious visions. He saw "part of a proof-sheet of a new edition of the Apocrypha, and all about Baruch and the Maccabees. I read a good deal in this with much interest," &c., and "a huge Californian newspaper, full of all manner of odd advertisements, some of which amused me much by their novelty. I had then prints of the vulgar old comedies before Shakspeare's time, which were very disgusting." "I could conjure up the spectrum of a close printed political paper filled with discussions on free trade, protection, and colonies, such as one sees in the Times, the Economist, and the Daily News. I read the ideal copies with a good deal of pain and difficulty, owing to the smallness of the type, but with great interest, and, I believe, often for more than an hour at a time; forming a judgment of their merits with great freedom and acuteness, and often saying to myself 'This is very cleverly put, but there is a fallacy in it, for so and so.'"

He died on the evening of the next day, Saturday, the 26th of January, 1850, in his seventy-seventh year.

This event struck the community with peculiar sadness. On the occasion of no death of any illustrious Edinburgh man in our day, was the public sorrow deeper or more

general. As soon as it was known that Jeffrey was gone, the eminence of his talents—the great objects to which they had ever been devoted—his elevation, by gradual triumphs, over many prejudices, to the highest stations—even the abundance of his virtues—were all forgotten, in the personal love of the man.

Some time, apparently in 1849, but the exact date cannot now be ascertained, he wrote a letter to the Empsons, with this passage,—“Edinburgh, Sunday, 7th—I had a long walk with granny (Mrs. Jeffrey) after evening church, a beautiful setting sun, and long rays of levelled light blazing upon tower and tree, and from the high field windows, and the sky, so crimson and yellow, between soft umbered clouds. We went into the Dean Cemetery,* which was resonant with blackbirds, and looked invitingly peaceful and cheerful. I rather think I must have a freehold there, though I have sometimes had a hankering after a *cubiculum* under those sweet weeping willows at Amwell, if one should be called away from the vicinage.”

He expressed the same feeling about the cemetery of the Dean being his resting-place, to his niece Miss Brown within about two months of his death; and even pointed out to her the very spot where he said it gave him pleasure to believe that he would be laid.

He was laid there on the 31st. Several proposals were made for a public funeral; but it was thought better, and certainly more conformable to his character, that it should be quite private.

A meeting of his friends was held on the 7th of February, 1850, to consider the propriety of taking measures for the erection of a public monument to his memory. Lord Dunfermline was called to the chair, and opened the business by a short, feeling, and sensible address. I had the honour of moving certain formal resolutions for putting

* Near Edinburgh, on the road to Craigmook.

matters into shape. These were seconded, in a few observations, by Professor Wilson, who said, "that a monument should be erected to such a man, was a demand from the heart of the nation, and would be gratifying in after ages to every lover of genius and virtue." A committee was appointed to carry the resolutions into effect. William Murray, Esquire, of Henderland, was chosen convener of this committee; a position to which his judgment and his long friendship with the deceased well entitled him, and which secured the object being attained quietly and effectually.

Mrs. Jeffrey never recovered the shock of her husband's death. She died at Haileybury on the 18th of May, and on the 29th her remains were laid beside his.

A majority of those present at a meeting of the committee on the 29th of November, 1850, decided that the monument should be a marble statue, to be placed in the Outer House. The minority (of whom I was one) thought, that as the peculiar merits and services of Francis Jeffrey were of a popular nature, and not connected with the law, and that, as the Outer House, though open to the people, is not habitually frequented by them, an architectural edifice would be more appropriate and useful. Mr. Steell has undertaken the execution of the statue, and every thing may be confidently expected from an artist who, besides having seen the original, has given so many admirable proofs of his skill and taste.

The best likeness of Jeffrey that exists is in the excellent portrait by Mr. Colvin Smith of Edinburgh, from which there has been a good engraving.

And so he passed away.

The preceding pages may enable those who did not know him to imagine what he was and what he did.

He was not so much distinguished by the predominance of any one great quality, as by the union of several of the finest. Rapidity of intellect, instead of misleading, as it often does, was combined in him with great soundness; and a high condition of the reasoning powers with an active and delightful fancy. Though not what is termed learned, his knowledge was various; and on literature, politics, and the philosophy of life, it was deep. A taste exquisitely delicate and largely exercised was one of the great sources of his enjoyment, and of his unmatched critical skill. But the peculiar charm of his character lay in the junction of intellectual power with moral worth. His honour was superior to every temptation by which the world could assail it. The pleasures of the heart were necessary for his existence, and were preferred by him to every other gratification, except the pleasures of conscience. Passing much of his time in literary and political contention, he was never once chilled by an unkind feeling, even toward those he was trying to overcome. An habitual gayety never allowed its thoughtlessness, nor an habitual prudence its caution, to interfere with any claim of charity or duty. Nor was this merely the passive amiableness of a gentle disposition. It was the positive humanity of a resolute man, glowing in the conflicts of the world.

He prepared himself for what he did by judicious early industry. He then chose the most difficult spheres in which talent can be exerted, and excelled in them all; rising from obscurity and dependence to affluence and renown. His splendour as an advocate was exceeded by his eminence as a judge. He was the founder of a new system of criticism, and this a higher one than had ever existed. As an editor, and as a writer, he did as much to improve his country and the world, as can almost ever be done, by discussion, by a single man. He was the last of

four pre-eminent Scotchmen, who, living in their own country, raised its character and extended its reputation, during the period of his career. The other three were Dugald Stewart, Walter Scott, and Thomas Chalmers; each of whom, in literature, philosophy, or policy, caused great changes; and each left upon his age the impression of the mind that produced them. Jeffrey, though surpassed in genius certainly by Scott, and perhaps by Chalmers, was inferior to none of them in public usefulness, or in the beauty of the means by which he achieved it, or in its probable duration. The elevation of the public mind was his peculiar glory. In one respect alone he was unfortunate. The assaults which he led against error were efforts in which the value of his personal services can never be duly seen. His position required him to dissipate, in detached and nameless exertions, as much philosophy and beautiful composition as would have sustained avowed and important original works. He has raised a great monument, but it is one on which his own name is too faintly engraved.

APPENDIX.



APPENDIX.

No. I.

AFTER the preceding pages had been printed, I received the three following letters, which I think too interesting to be omitted :

The *first*, from Lord Jeffrey, shows that Lord Glenlee's reconciliation to him took place a few years sooner than (page 99) I had supposed.

The *second*, from Lord Byron, shows how entirely his lordship had survived his hatred of the Review and its editor.

The *third*, from Scott to Jeffrey, attests the familiar affection which, in spite of some sharp criticism on the poetry of the writer, had ever subsisted between them.

Lord Jeffrey to Mrs. Jeffrey.

Ayr, 8th April, 1826.

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I have a pressing invitation from Lord Glenlee, this morning, to pass a few days with him at Barskimming—the first invitation, or act of common civility, that I have received from him since he chose to quarrel with me about politics, the year I came to the bar. If I can contrive it, I should like to go, both because it is infinitely delightful to me to see old friendships restored, and because I have a curiosity to learn what this new turn portends.

Lord Byron to Jeffrey.

Feb. 28, 1815.

My dear Sir—Mr. Hobhouse will not feel less gratified than I have felt in your approbation and acceptance of his article, which will be faithfully conveyed to him.

Whatever pride I may have felt in your praise of works which I will not affect to undervalue, since they have been sanctioned by your judgment, is, nevertheless, far inferior to the pleasure I should derive from the power of exciting, and the opportunity of cultivating, your personal friendship. My former letter, in 1812, was written under circumstances of embarrassment; for, although you had not allowed my rashness to operate upon your public sentence, I was by no means sure that your private feelings were equally unbiassed. Indeed, I felt that I did not deserve that they should be so, and was, besides, not a little apprehensive of the misconstruction which might be put upon my motives by others, though your own spirit and generosity would acquit me of such to yourself. I shall be now most happy to obtain and preserve whatever portion of your regard you may allot to me. The whole of your conduct to me has already secured mine, with many obligations which would be oppressive, were it not for my esteem of him who has conferred them. I hope we shall meet before a very long time has elapsed; and then, and now, I would willingly endeavour to sustain your good opinion.

I think Waverley can be none but Scott's. There are so many of his familiar phrases—"Balmawhapple was with difficulty *got to horse*;" "any gentleman *curious* in Christian burial;" "poor Rose here *lost heart*;" and a hundred other expressions are so like some of his in letters, that, though slight, I think them sure indications of his touches. Be it whose it may, it is the best novel, to my mind, of many years, and, I cannot help thinking,

will outlive Mrs. Radcliffe and all her ghostly graduates. We have not got "Guy" yet. I should be very happy to try my hand upon some of your humbler patients; but I must take some time and pains, and cannot hope, like Gil Blas, to acquire the whole art at once. Nothing has ever surprised me more than the uniform tone of good writing and original thinking which has been kept up amidst such variety, and even in the drier articles, of the E. R., and I would not adventure myself hastily into so much good company. Our friend Moore does as well as if he had done nothing else all his life; but the fact is, he has powers and versatility of talent for what he will. I have brought myself to the end of my sheet. I know you are very busy, professionally and literarily, (if there be such a word,) and will only beg you not to throw away your time in answering me till fully and leisurely disposed so far to oblige.—Ever yours most truly. BYRON.

P. S.—"Poetry!"—O Lord!—I have been married these two months.

Sir Walter Scott to Jeffrey.

Abbotsford, 5th August, 1817.

My dear Jeffrey—I flatter myself it will not require many protestations to assure you with what pleasure I would undertake any book that can give you pleasure. But, in the present case, I am hampered by two circumstances; one, that I promised Gifford a review of this very Kirkton for the Quarterly; the other, that I shall certainly be unable to keep my word with him. I am obliged to take exercise three or four hours in the forenoon and two after dinner, to keep off the infernal spasms which, since last winter, have attacked me with such violence as if all the imps that used to plague poor Caliban were washing, wringing, and ironing the unshapely but useful bag which Sir John Sinclair treats with such distinction—my sto-

mach, in short. Now, as I have much to do of my own, I fear I can hardly be of use to you in the present case, which I am very sorry for, as I like the subject, and would be pleased to give my own opinion respecting the Jacobitism of the editor, which, like my own, has a good spice of affectation in it, mingled with some not unnatural feelings of respect for a cause which, though indefensible in common sense and ordinary policy, had a great deal of high-spirited Quixotry about it. Can you not borrow from your briefs and criticism a couple of days to look about you here? I dare not ask Mrs. Jeffrey till next year, when my hand will be out of the mortar-tub; and, at present, my only spare bed was, till of late, but accessible by the feudal accommodation of a drawbridge made of two deals, and still requires the clue of Ariadne. Still, however, there it is, and there is an obliging stage-coach, called the Blucher, which sets down my guests within a mile of my mansion (at Melrose bridge-end) three times a week, and restores them to their families, in like manner, after five hours' travelling. I am like one of Miss Edgeworth's heroines, master of all things in miniature—a little hill and a little glen, and a little horse-pond of a loch, and a little river, I was going to call it—the Tweed; but I remember the minister was mobbed by his parishioners for terming it, in his statistical report, an inconsiderable stream. So pray do come and see me; and if I can stead you, or pleasure you, in the course of the winter, you shall command me. As I bethink me, I can contrive a bachelor bed for Thomson or Jo. Murray, if either of them will come with you; and if you ride, I have plenty of hay and corn, and a bed for your servant.—Ever yours affectionately,

WALTER SCOTT.

Our posts are not very regular, so I was late in receiving yours.

No. II.

LIST OF LORD JEFFREY'S ARTICLES IN THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

1. Mournier sur la Revolution de France.—No. 1, art. 1.
2. Southey's Thalaba.—No. 1, art. 8.
3. Herrenschwand, Adresse aux vrais hommes de bien, &c. &c.—No. 1, art. 13.
4. Bonnet sur l'Art de rendre Revolutions Utiles.—No. 1, art. 19.
5. Mackenzie's Voyages in North America.—No. 1, art. 22.
6. Playfair's Illustrations of the Huttonian Theory.—No. 1, art. 26.
7. Paley's Natural Theology.—No. 2, art. 3.
8. Denon's Travels in Egypt.—No. 2, art. 8.
9. Mrs. Hunter's Poems.—No. 2, art. 14.
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11. Hayley's Life of Cowper, vols. I. and II.—No. 3, art. 5.
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13. Miss Baillie's Plays on the Passions.—No. 4, art. 1.
14. Huttonian and Neptunian Geology.—No. 4, art. 5.
15. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's Works.—No. 4, art. 21.
16. De Lille, Malheur et Pitié, Poëme.—No. 5, art. 2.
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19. Stewart's Life of Dr. Reid.—No. 6, art. 1.
20. Pictet, Voyage en Angleterre.—No. 6, art. 2.
21. Dr. Cririe's Scottish Scenery; a Poem.—No. 6, art. 6.
22. Bentham, Principes de Legislation par Dumont.—No. 7, art. 1.

23. Holcroft's Travels from Hamburgh to Paris.—No. 7, art. 6.
24. Hayley's Life of Cowper, vol. III.—No. 8, art. 2.
25. Sotheby's Translation of the Georgics.—No. 8, art. 4.
26. Considerations on the Abolition of the Slave Trade.—No. 8, art. 17.
27. Richardson's Life and Correspondence.—No. 9, art. 2.
28. Barrow's Travels in China.—No. 10, art. 1.
29. Lord Teignmouth's Life of Sir W. Jones.—No. 10, art. 6.
30. Miss Baillie's Miscellaneous Plays.—No. 10, art. 12.
31. The Sabbath; a Poem.—No. 10, art. 14.
32. Correspondence and Life of John Wilkes.—No. 10, art. 18.
33. Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel.—No. 11, art. 1.
34. Memoires de Bailly.—No. 11, art. 12.
35. Southey's Madoc; a Poem.—No. 13, art. 1.
36. De Lille, Traduction de l'Eneide.—No. 13, art. 8.
37. Drummond's Academical Questions.—No. 13, art. 12.
38. Memoires de Marmontel.—No. 14, art. 5.
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40. The Frauds of the Neutral Flags.—No. 15, art. 1.
41. Cumberland's Memoirs.—No. 15, art. 8.
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43. Smyth's English Lyrics.—No. 15, art. 12.
44. Raymond's Life of Dermody.—No. 15, art. 13.
45. Miss Edgeworth's Leonora.—No. 15, art. 16.
46. Mawman's Tour through Scotland.—No. 16, art. 4.
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48. Bell on the Anatomy of Painting.—No. 16, art. 10.
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52. Willan and others on Vaccination.—No. 17, art. 3.
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88. Memoirs of Alfieri.—No. 30, art. 2.
89. Pamphlets on Vaccination.—No. 30, art. 5.
90. Correspondence de Madame Deffand et de Mademoiselle de Lespinass.—No. 30, art. 13.
91. The State of Parties.—No. 30, art. 15.
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97. Catholic Question.—No. 33, art. 1.
98. Stewart's Philosophical Essays.—No. 33, art. 9.
99. Parliamentary Reform.—No. 34, art. 1.
100. Letters of Madame De Deffand.—No. 34, art. 2.
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102. Alison on Taste.—No. 35, art. 1.
103. Ford's Dramatic Works.—No. 36, art. 1.
104. Scott's Vision of Don Roderick.—No. 36, art. 6.
105. Mrs. Grant on Highlanders.—No. 36, art. 12.
106. Hardy's Life of Lord Charlemont.—No. 37, art. 4.
107. Miss Baillie's Plays on the Passions, vol. III.—No. 38, art. 1.
108. Wilson's Isle of Palms.—No. 38, art. 6.
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133. Memoires de Madame de Larochejaquelin.—No. 51, art. 1.
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151. Prison Discipline.—No. 60, art. 9.
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153. Campbell's British Poetry.—No. 62, art. 11.
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156. State of the Country.—No. 64, art. 2.
157. Ivanhoe.—No. 65, art. 1.
158. Cornwall's Poems.—No. 65, art. 8.
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190. O'Driscoll's History of Ireland.—No. 92, art. 7.
191. Lord Collingwood's Correspondence.—No. 94, art. 5.
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193. Atherstone's Fall of Nineveh; a Poem.—No. 95,
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197. Naval Tactics. Breaking of the Enemy's Line.—
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199. Wilberforce's Correspondence.—No. 145, art. 2.
200. Watt or Cavendish?—No. 175, art. 3.

No. III.

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS TO LORD JEFFREY'S MONUMENT

And the places where Subscriptions were made.

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WITH A
Selection from his Correspondence.

BY
L O R D C O C K B U R N,
ONE OF THE JUDGES OF THE COURT OF SESSION IN SCOTLAND

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE
VOL. II.

PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.
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LIFE OF LORD JEFFREY.

SELECTION FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

1.—*To his sister Mary, afterward Mrs. Napier.*

Glasgow, 1789.

IN case I forget, I wish you would bring with you a copy of Virgil, such as that John reads at school,—the one I have being rather troublesome to carry with me when I go to walk. I don't know what account I shall give of myself to Papa, for I have attended all my classes very ill, and am this moment under a summons of the Principal to compear before him and receive condign punishment for non-appearance in the Common Hall above three times this session. Poor soul, how dost thou expect to escape? Art thou ignorant that the faculty have no moderation, or dost thou not know that tears avail not? Lightly as I talk of this matter, (general matter I mean,) I am somewhat uneasy with regard to the ideas my father may entertain of it. I hope, however, to show him that I know as much of the matter as those who have paid a *more regular* attention. It *looks* ill, however.

2.—*To his sister Mary.*

Oxford, October 25, 1791.

My dear Mary—

I would willingly apologize for my last letter; of the others I am not desirous of speaking. They only failed to give you pleasure. It may have given you pain. I am afraid it has, but this is all conjecture, for I have written so many letters since, that I cannot say I have any accurate recollection of its contents; only I am sure from the humour I was then in, it must have been very querulous and melancholy; and I am now to bid adieu to that humour; I have already re-assumed that merriment of soul, that airiness of disposition, which has hitherto elevated me above the atmosphere of sorrow. Not yet;—though the clouds of that atmosphere no longer oppress me with that intolerable load under which I panted at first. I feel that I shall never become attached to this place. There is nothing in it to interest me, and though I may cease to complain of my situation, it will only be through a dull and despairing resignation. I have succeeded too well in my attempts to form a local attachment to Edinburgh and its environs. My solitary walks, my afternoon wanderings by the Calton Hill and St. Bernard's, have imprinted those objects on my heart, and insured their recollection while I shall continue to know myself.

My appearance is much altered since I came here. Do not, however, be apprehensive; for, except some symptoms of the Swiss disease, I am in perfect health; and indeed, while I am in the house, my appearance retains its old peculiarities. But without, a great black gown and the portentous square cap conceal the elegance of my form, and overshadow the majesty of my brow. To you I need not describe those habiliments, for you have seen them.

Did I tell you the manner of our living here? We occupy, each of us, our separate apartments, and lock ourselves in at night. At seven o'clock we repair to prayers, and it would astonish you to witness the activity with which I spring up at that hour in this cold weather. That detains us half an hour, after which most of us choose to walk till nine o'clock, at which hour a George (that is to say a round penny roll) is served up, with a bit of butter, upon a pewter plate, into each of our chambers, where we provide our own tea and sugar. We do not often breakfast alone, but generally order our George up to some friend's apartment, and breakfast sociably. From this time till three we do what we please, unless there be any lectures to attend; but at three, the trumpet's martial voice proclaims the hour of dinner, to which we all repair in the Common Hall, after having ordered, in our way through the kitchen, whatever part of the bill of fare we may choose. Allow me to satisfy your curiosity by informing you that we have a clean tablecloth every day. After dinner, we either return each to his own apartment, or, what is more common, two or three together, who generally drink or laugh till the hour of five warns the bellman to call us again to prayers. Very few of us take any tea—I have never yet. Our supper is served in the same way as breakfast. I have usually chosen to sup alone, and have not yet been out of bed beyond eleven. Our practice upon the road has been of some service in preparing me for those hours of sleeping and waking. You have now some idea how I live. Stupidly enough, is it not? I would willingly change it. This would be tedious to any other body; but, judging of your feelings by my own, (and I hope you think that a compliment, as I meant it,) I am convinced you will read it with satisfaction.

I used to think a hermit's life a pleasant one, and have often said that solitude is infinitely preferable to any but the best society. And, to say the truth, I still prefer it to most of the society I meet with here. But I cannot help

regretting that which I have abandoned in Scotland ; even those for whom, when they were present, I felt no affection nor regard, have become dear to me now that I can no longer enjoy their society. I do not like my tutor ; I cannot bring him to be on that footing of intimacy to which I have brought all his predecessors. I long for some object to fill up the void which the abrupt dissolution of so many affections has left in my heart.

I feel I shall never be a great man, unless it be as a poet ; for, though I have a boundless ambition, I am too much the slave of my heart. If I were calmly reposed on the bosom of felicity, I would not leave my family to enjoy a triumph. Write instantly.—I am yours affectionately.

3.—*To his sister Mary.*

Oxford, Queen's College, Nov. 2, 1791.

Whence arises my affection for the moon ? I do not believe there is a being, of whatever denomination, upon whom she lifts the light of her countenance, who is so glad to see her as I am ! She is the companion of my melancholy, and the witness of my happiness. There are few people for the sake of whose society I should be glad to shut her out. I went half a mile yesterday to see her on the water, and to-night I have spent the most pleasant hour that I have known these six weeks in admiring her from my back window. This place should never be looked on but by moonlight, and then, indeed, what place does not look well ! But there is something striking here—you recollect it—the deep and romantic shades on the sculptured towers—the sparkle of their gilded vanes—their black and pointed shadows upon the smooth green turf of our courts—the strong shades of the statues over the library—the yellow and trembling heads of the trees beyond them ! Could I find anybody here who understood these

matters, or who thought them worth being understood, I should regain my native enthusiasm and my wonted enjoyment; but they are all drunkards, or pedants, or coxcombs.

How little does happiness depend upon ourselves! Moralists may preach as they please, but neither temperance, nor fortitude, nor justice, nor charity, nor conscious genius, nor fair prospects, have power to make anybody happy for two days together. For the little power they have they are indebted to their novelty. In short, all our enjoyment here seems to depend upon a certain energy and vigour of mind, which depend upon—we know not what. What has happened to me since the morning? that I am now as cheerful and gay as I was then discontented and unhappy! I believe I have written nonsense, for I have written wholly from myself.

I have almost put out my eyes, and can hardly see to tell you that I am your amiable brother.

4.—*To his sister Mary.*

Oxford, December 12, 1791.

Ah Sorella mia—

How do you employ your time? I often think the occupations of a lady—high as that title places the honoured bearer—are of a more servile nature than that of a man, and retain some traces of the genius of those days when all the drudgery of the household was the amusement of its mistress. The employments of all men, who are not mechanics, are chiefly exertions of the mind. Those of the ladies are, in general, displays of mechanical ingenuity; and the wife of a lawyer, of a divine, and a poet, resemble, in their occupation, the industry of a weaver or a tailor more than that of her husband. For my part, I am astonished how you can continue so long in a state of inaction; and it is the sole foundation of my dislike to a mechanical

profession, that it must stagnate and suspend those pleasing labours of the spirit, from which alone I can draw either pride or satisfaction.

To what a superior station of existence does not a taste for literature and a lively fancy elevate the mind! How much superior does it render a man to all wealth and power—to all fortune or fate. The source of the satisfaction I believe to be pride; but I love to feel it nevertheless. I shall not go to London this vacation. A little reflection and a little advice have determined me to keep where I am for another term. So, while you and all the world are laughing, and feasting, and rejoicing, I shall continue quietly and soberly, eating my commons, and reading my folios. I cannot say I feel either dejection or envy in the idea. May they be all as happy as they can, say I to myself, I shall be so much the more so. This is one advantage of the literary and philosophic turn—we scorn to owe our satisfaction to any thing else; and so, when the more ordinary means of enjoyment are withheld, Pshaw, we say, we can do without them, and then begin to despise the splendour of courts. The sky is heavy with weight of snow, and is easing itself as fast as possible. I suppose we shall be wading up to the arm-pits to chapel to-morrow.

I am yours affectionately.

5.—*To Miss Crockett, a cousin.*

Oxford, 9th March, 1792.

My dear Crocke—I fancy I have provoked you. I have entirely forgotten what I wrote in my last, but recollect that it was written immediately after a very hearty dinner, on a very cold and a very cloudy day. I conclude it was incredibly amusing. I beg your pardon—I excuse your silence—and I proceed. But I would excuse any thing at present, for I am mollified and melted to the very temper

of a lamb within these three weeks, and all owing to the reading of some very large and admirably elegant books; which have so stupefied and harassed my understanding, so exercised and confirmed my patience, and, withal, so petrified and deadened my sensibility, that I can no longer perceive or resent any injury or affront that might be offered me. I have just intellect enough remaining to suggest the impropriety of proclaiming this my unhappy state, so tempting to insult or malice; but I know to whom I confide the secret, and I know that I am safe; for benevolence and compassion, especially when allied to a genuine nobility of spirit, will never take advantage of infirmity or misfortune; and the assurance of impunity can only be a temptation to the ungenerous and unfeeling. Now I beg you would never think of copying such sentences as these—I mean when you write to me on any other occasion. I am sure your purer taste must render the caution superfluous. There is a charm in simplicity and naturality of expression, for which neither excellent sense, nor egregious sentiment, nor splendid diction can compensate. But this simplicity, in this vile, conceited, and puerile age, it is infinitely difficult to acquire; and all our best writers since Shakspeare, except the gentle Addison, and sometimes Sterne, have given up the attempt in despair, and trusted to gaudier vehicles for the conveyance of their respective reputations to the ears of posterity and the mansion of fame; which practice, you will allow, is greatly to the prejudice of those who are taught to consider them as the models of fine writing. However, I intend in a year or two to correct the depravity of taste, and to revive the simple and the sublime in all their purity and in all their majesty. This, you will perceive, is private and confidential. I wish you understood Latin, and particularly Greek, that you might understand what it is that I am talking about, in which wish I doubt nothing you join me most cordially. Now you conceive I am grown a pedant; that I

have done nothing but read law, and language, and science, since I came here. Shall I tell you the truth, though it would be a pity to undeceive you in an error so flattering to my diligence and industry? I never was so dissipated in my life; being out almost every day, and pestered with languor all the morning. But the vacation is coming on, and we shall have leisure enow, and there will be nothing but reading, and then we will get learning enow, &c.

Write me a letter as long as these two last of mine, and believe me, yours intensely, F. JEFFREY.

6.—*To Miss Crockett.*

Oxford, 10th June, 1792.

Dear Crocke—My memory is strangely confused. I am positive that I wrote to you, about the date of your last, but whether before or after receiving it, I vainly fatigue myself to remember. I am still in the same state of uncertainty with regard to my return to Scotland, which I endeavoured to relieve by the inquiries you satisfied so kindly—for you will allow that these responses form no authority; but my suspense must necessarily receive a speedy termination, as I have some time ago applied to my father for an absolute and categorical answer. If this answer be such as I desire and expect, I shall see you long before harvest, for in less than a fortnight the period of my academical residence expires, and I am inclined to bargain with them as strictly as possible, &c. &c. . . . I rejoice in the idea of returning among you, because I shall then recover leisure, tranquillity, and content—because I shall then once more behold the image of domestic peace, and experience that soft and soothing sort of satisfaction which the temperate affections of relationship, &c. contribute to form. You must not, therefore, expect any symptoms of complete happiness; but, on the contrary,

must be prepared to behold a countenance rather dismal, bearing traces of regret for time squandered and money misspent—showing visibly the vestiges of disappointment, and shaded by an expression of anxiety and thoughtfulness justified and introduced by my situation. This, however, is Sunday, and has been gladdened with no sun. So in the gloom I may have shaded rather too deeply. This is very shameful weather, but very favourable for study. I do my endeavour at times, but have neither memory nor perseverance. Oxford is no longer so deeply the object of my detestation as it was. I no longer feel the rigour of its exactions; I don't go to lecture more than thrice a week; and for morning prayers, I have not thought of them this half year. That deceitful fellow of a tutor took advantage of my ignorance, and told me nothing but lies. . . . Yours sincerely, &c. F. JEFFREY.

7.—*To Mr. John Jeffrey.*

Edinburgh, 30th March, 1793.

My dear John*—

There are no news here but public news, and these are too copious, too notorious, and too unpleasing, to be chronicled by my pen. I care very little in my own person about government or politics; but I cannot see without pain the destructive violence of both parties—a violence which, even in its triumph, can never be productive of peace; since opinion is endeared by contradiction—since force is insufficient to convince—and since affection is riveted to those principles in whose cause we have suffered. Such is the state of the public mind, that I get the name of a violent man for regretting the effusion of blood, and for wishing for universal concord!

* Who was in America.

Your worship has thought fit to keep me excluded from the circle of your new friends. But there is nothing in the world I detest so much as companions and acquaintances, as they are called. Where intimacy has gone so far as to banish reserve, to disclose character, and to communicate the reality of serious opinions, the connection may be the source of much pleasure—it may ripen into friendship, or subside into esteem. But to know half a hundred fellows just so far as to speak and walk and lounge with them; to be acquainted with a multitude of people, for all of whom together you do not care one farthing; in whose company you speak without any meaning, and laugh without any enjoyment; whom you leave without any regret, and rejoin without any satisfaction; from whom you learn nothing, and in whom you love nothing—to have such a set for your society, is worse than to live in absolute solitude; and is a thousand times more pernicious to the faculties of social enjoyment, by circulating in its channels a stream so insipid. Thus we form men of the world—the most unhappy and most unamiable of beings.

Dear Hiero, yours very affectionately.

8.—*To Mr. Robert Morehead.*

Edinburgh, 25th June, 1793.

My dear Robert*—I sit down to write to you at present, merely because I feel a conviction that I ought to do so, and an inclination to do so, without any hopes of amusing, or great probability of pleasing you. A certain load of sensations which possessed me all the time I was at Herbertshire, and which I had not the resolution to express, I have since endeavoured to overcome, and will not allow myself at present to indulge.

* Mr. Morehead, senior, had recently died.

Though I never experienced more sorrow and regret than during the period of my late visit, I am now well pleased that I have made it, since I have seen that reality which my imagination had so far outgone. I will not speak to you of what has happened, nor trust myself to offer you consolation on a subject where I am not sufficiently indifferent to be convincing. We cannot but remember such things were; nor would we wish, I think, to forget them. There is a sanctity in such recollections which elevates and refines; a tenderness which endears while it distresses; and from which it is not by indifference that we wish to be relieved. It is needless to say more. These impressions are to be preserved, and to be reserved; by them we are restored to those from whom we have parted, and enabled to converse with those who yet live in our affections. Yet it is not fit that this temper be indulged to the utmost. That unfortunate disposition of mind which, under the cover of an amiable tendency, is apt to establish itself in the breast; which leads us to lose the present in the remembrance of the past, and extends to the entire and varied scenes of felicity the gloom which may darken its immediate confines; which broods deeply over calamities which admit not of relief, and grows insensible to comfort by the habitual contemplation of distress—such a disposition is, of all others, the most to be repressed, and the most to be apprehended. We mourn not for the dead, but for the living; we weep for our misfortunes; and we ought to be ashamed of an excess in the indulgence of a feeling which borders pretty nearly upon selfishness. I do not say this because I think it applicable or necessary in your case, but because I feel it to be true, and because I can say nothing else upon a subject on which it is impossible for me to be silent.

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Yours very affectionately.

9.—*To Mr. John Jeffrey.*

Edinburgh, 2d March, 1794.

My dear John—I wrote you very lately, indeed in the beginning of last week; sending my letter in a box that was to go by Captain Scott, who, I daresay, will not leave Britain sooner than this. The easy consciences of our ladies are satisfied with the recollection of the recent discharge, and give no attention to the speeches in which I have been admonishing them of the hazard to which they expose their own regularity, and your tranquillity, by their neglect. But I, who possess, as you, an unwearied spirit in doing courtesies, have undertaken their task, and their apology, &c.

I have been so closely occupied in hearing and writing law lectures ever since November, that a short interval of leisure very much distresses me; for the habit I have acquired of doing nothing but my task, prevents me from laying it out to any advantage, and the shortness of its duration will not allow me to supplant that habit. If this be a specimen of the life which I am hereafter to lead, though the stupidity which accompanies it may prevent me from feeling much actual uneasiness, yet the remembrance of other days will always be attended with regret. That sort of resignation of spirit which was favoured by the depression and the confinement of winter, is beginning to fail on the approach of spring; and, raised by the rustling of the western gales, and the buds, and the sun, and the showers, my spirits have awakened once again, and are execrating the torpor in which they have been lost. This I write you merely because it is what is uppermost in my mind at present, and because I would have you accustomed in due time not to look for my success as a man of business. Every day I see greater reason for believing that this romantic temper will never depart from me now. Vanity indulged it at the first, but it has obtained the support of habit, and, as I think, of reason, &c.—I am, yours very truly.

10.—*To Mr. John Jeffrey.*

Edinburgh, 1st June, 1794.

My dear John—What shall I say to you now? or what will you say for yourself, when you come to know that we have received no letters from you for three months, &c.

We are in a strange situation enough here. I have often determined to send you a detailed account of the state of the public mind of this country, but have always wanted room, or time, or something, as indeed I do at present. However, I must say a few words. Every man, you know, who thinks at all, must think differently from every other; but there are three parties, I think, distinguishable enough. The first, which is the loudest, and I believe the most powerful, is that of the fierce aristocrats—men of war, with their swords and their rank—men of property, with their hands on their pockets, and their eyes staring wildly with alarm and detestation—men of indolence and morosity, and, withal, men of place and expectation. The desperate democrats are the second order—numerous enough too, and thriving like other sects under persecution. Most of them are led; so their character is to be taken from that of their leaders. These are, for the most part, men of broken fortunes, and of desperate ambition, and animated by views very different from their professions. To these are joined some, whom a generous and sincere enthusiasm has borne beyond their interest; irritated perhaps excessively at the indiscriminating intolerance of the alarmists, and zealous in the assertion of some truths, which those with whom they co-operate have used as a decoy. The third order is that of philosophers, and of course very small. These necessarily vary in their maxims and opinions, and only agree in blaming something more or less in both parties, and in endeavouring to reconcile their hostility. We have been disturbed by rumours of conspiracy and intended massacre;

certainly exaggerated by the organs of alarm, but probably not destitute of all foundation; and many precautions are taking to secure our peace upon the approaching birthday, &c.*

You will see the progress of the war. I wish you could see the end of it, and hope most fervently that it will not extend itself between your country and mine, though your fortifications and embargo are very ominous. Tell me what you think of the mad people of Europe. Such things should come near the minds of individuals, and they do occupy a large share in ordinary discourse. But in the detail of domestic life and spontaneous meditation, which has to distinguish the character of men and the objects of their genuine regard, I do not perceive that they enter very deeply. One speaks upon politics in general company with one's acquaintance; at home, and with one's friends, they are scarcely to be heard. Men jest, and laugh, and sleep, and love, and quarrel, without any regard to the state of the nation, or much thought of their political duties or rights. In this age I fancy it must be so everywhere. But according to these principles, it is treating you like a stranger to dwell so long upon these topics. Why do you not tell me more of the American women, and particularly of the fair Quakeress of Boston?—I am, dear John, yours, &c.

11.—*To Mr. Robert Morehead.*

Herbertshire, 22d December, 1795.

My dear Bob—I miss you more here than I did in Edinburgh; and, though I only came here yesterday, I can live no longer without talking to you in some way or other. While I was at home, I used to imagine that you were here as usual, and did not feel myself more separated than I was during the whole of last winter. But here, where I am so

* The birthday of George the Third, on 4th June.

much accustomed to be with you, I am made sensible of wanting you morning, noon, and night, &c.

Have you ever observed that the letters of friends are filled with egotism? For my part, I think very suspiciously of every letter that is not, and propose my own as a model to you in this respect. Indeed, when a man writes, as I do now, merely from the loquacity of friendship, and the recollection of personal intimacy, what subject can he have but himself, or the person to whom he writes? His letter, therefore, will be a succession of egotisms and inquiries, which will fall to be answered by egotisms and retaliated inquiries. Such letters are to me always the most interesting, and indeed the only interesting; for surely whatever you tell me, or whatever reflection you make, might have been conveyed to me by any other channel, and is only interesting by its distant relation to you. I believe this is true with every other composition as well as letters, and all the pathetic passages in an author will be found to be egotistical to the feelings of the speaker. For as no other can feel as strongly a man's situation as himself, his own account of it must always be the most animated and more engaging, for the most part, than his account of any thing else. I don't know why I have been led so far from myself as to tell you all this, but I return immediately upon recollection. I want to know what you are studying, and what distribution you make of your time. I have been doing little but vexing myself with law. However, I have set to a new history of the American war, and read Mrs. Woolstoncroft's French Revolution and other democratical books with great zeal and satisfaction. I wish you would tell me about your Balliol political clubs. I have also written 600 lines in a translation of the *Argos* of old Apollonius, which I am attempting in the style of Cowper's *Homer*; and it is not much further below him, than my original is under his. We have had no sunshine nor frost here for three weeks, and are almost melted with rain. The

Carron is bellowing with a most dreadful violence at this moment, &c.

12.—*To Mr. Robert Morehead.*

Edinburgh, 7th May, 1796.

Bobby, man—What are you doing? If I have written you three letters, why do you not write me three? Are we to relapse again into our obsolete style of apologies and reproaches? &c. I almost forgot to tell you that I attended at the commemoration of the first of May,* in spite of your absence, and wearied almost as much as I used to do when you were there. The elocution was rather worse than that of last year, nor was any thing very different or remarkable, but the abilities of young Watt,† who obtained by far the greatest number of prizes, and degraded the prize readers most inhumanly by reading a short composition of his own, a translation of the chorus in the *Medea*, with so much energy and grace, that the verses seemed to me better perhaps than they were in reality. He is a young man of very eminent capacity, and seems to have all the genius of his father, with a great deal of animation and ardour which is all his own. I expected at one time to have had an opportunity of making myself more intimately acquainted with him, as he engaged to walk with me from Glasgow to Edinburgh, but was prevented by some orders from his father, so I came alone. I shall be constantly here, I suppose, till after your arrival in Scotland—an event to which we can now look forward with some distinctness and certainty. You will not find me, I believe, very much of a lawyer, either in employment or conversation, nor indeed much altered, I fancy, from what I was when you saw me last.—I am, dear Bob, most truly yours.

* The annual prize distribution at Glasgow College.

† Gregory Watt, a son of James Watt, who, after giving evidence of talents worthy of his illustrious father, died in his twenty-seventh year, in 1805

13.—*To Mr. John Jeffrey.*

Edinburgh, 20th May, 1796

My dear John—I wrote you in the beginning of this month, and promised, and meant to have written you again within a shorter time than I have already permitted to pass. I have been ever since, indeed, most abominably idle, and neglected every kind of duty and engagement. I have a way, too, of replying to my conscience, when it importunes me on your behalf, that I have already done a great deal more than I was bound to do, and that if I do neglect you for a little while, it is but a fair and slight return for the many omissions of which you have already been guilty. If you were to make it an excuse that you have nothing to say, it would not be true; for I have asked you a hundred questions which you have never yet answered, and it would besides be an excuse which I have never allowed to seduce me, though it be continually present to me, and does very well to palliate the stupidity of my letters, though I will not let it prevent me from writing them.

It is now just about a year since you visited us here, though it seems to me, upon recollection, the shortest year that I ever spent. If they go on shortening as they multiply upon us, we shall grow old in such a hurry that our schemes of life will be left unfinished, and we shall scarcely know how we have lived when we are summoned to die. For my part, I have such a deal of business upon my hands, that I must be allowed a good long day to finish it in. I have to visit one-half at least of the nations of the earth, and gather together one-half of its learning. Then I have to seek me out some angelic partner, and engender a dozen or two of children, and educate them after our own image. And, above all, and what should have come first, I have to acquire a comfortable fortune, and a pretty independence of all men and all events. Of this I have not yet seen the

beginning, and am better pleased, indeed, to imagine the end than to investigate how I am likely to get at it.

But not to wander any further, which, in my American correspondence, I feel myself much tempted to do, I have to satisfy you in a few words as to all your friends here, by informing you that they remain so much in the condition in which you left them, that it is impossible for me, who have been continually with them, to discover any change. My father, I think, is rather better if any thing, although almost as desperate an aristocrat as before, &c.

Our friend Dr. Spence protests that he will be on your continent in a month or two. His affairs in Carolina are not yet managed to his satisfaction, and the opportunity of Pinkney's retreat tempts him with the prospect of good accommodation. I do not think he will go, and wish he would send me ;—for to come to myself, I am doing very little here, and see the competition of interest and relationship grow so extensive every day in our profession, that, with all the sanguine spirits in the world, I cannot believe that my share of its profits will ever be worth very much. I spend my time, however, in gratitude to Providence I must say it, more pleasantly at present than if I were more employed in the law. I read Don Quixote and Lopez de Vega in Spanish, and work away in my Greek translations with a fine poetical-fury. Within these ten days I have also begun a course of medical reading, and expect to deserve a degree before the end of summer. It is the finest weather in the world. The whole country is covered with green and blossoms. And the sun shines perpetually through a light east wind, which would have brought you here from Boston since it began to blow. Write me a long account of your situation, your prospects, metamorphoses, and meditations ; and, above all, if you must become weary in the cause of writing to me, do not at least let me see it so plainly, nor lengthen out a languid page with laborious sentences, &c.

14.—*To George J. Bell, Esq.*

Herbertshire, 7th October, 1796.

Dear Bell—You take your turn, I see, to rage and revile. I like to see that. It gives me courage, and excuses for going on in my favourite style when my turn comes round again. You have taken a long time, however, to reply to the letter which put you into such a passion. Now, my furies are a great deal more natural, for they assault immediately upon provocation. However, we shall make some allowance for your prodigious business and natural proneness to anger, and say no more about it, &c.

I pass my time here much more to my own satisfaction. When my friend Bob is absent I am rarely visible till dinner-time, and read and write in so great a variety of acts and interludes, that there is almost as little fatigue as instruction in it. As I have given myself no task, I think myself privileged to be idle. So I exult and compliment myself whenever I do any thing, and feel no remorse when I do nothing, and I never do worse. I have had a little experiment of solitude for two days past—the whole household having been engaged one day to a formal visitation, and the next to the county ball; and I having obstinately refused to accompany them to either, I have been left to the absolute and uncontrolled possession of the house; and have spent two such tranquil, romantic days, that I am determined to get a cottage, or a tub, or some such convenience, for myself in a wilderness next summer, and purify and exalt myself by my own conversation for some months. I think I must make the experiment of eating grass, or some other kind of provender, for it would quite destroy the elegance of my seclusion to have a baker's boy and a butcher and an old woman continually intruding upon me. Nothing can be more ridiculous than the way in which men live together in society, and the patience

with which they submit to the needless and perpetual restraint that they occasion to one another; and the worst of it is, that it spoils them for any thing better, and makes a gregarious animal of a rational being. I wish I had learned some mechanical trade, and would apply to it yet, were it not for a silly apprehension of silly observation. At present I am absolutely unfit for any thing; and, with middling capacities, and an inclination to be industrious, have as reasonable a prospect of starving as most people I know. I do not think our profession will do for me, for, except through the patronage of my friends, I have yet found no employment in it; and I do not at present recollect any other kind of occupation, except, indeed, the old ones of digging or begging, for which I am at all qualified. This is lamentable enough, particularly in this age of politics, and to a man who has such a disposition toward marriage, and beneficence, and reformation, as I have.

I am so perfectly undecided as to my future motions during this vacation, that I cannot give you the least intimation of the time when I shall visit Cults. I like to reserve for every moment of my time the privilege of choosing its own occupation, and see no necessity for tying myself down by promises to do what I may afterward dislike, or even for perplexing myself with inquiries into my own intentions, and the probability of my future inclinations. However, if my friend Bob sets out for Oxford from Glasgow, I shall probably go there with him in the end of next week; and then there is a good chance for my passing by Cults to Edinburgh, though I may be disposed, perhaps, rather to go into the Highlands a little way, and return to Edinburgh by Dunkeld and St. Andrews. However, I shall take care to let you know before I come upon you. We have a blue sky here, and white clouds, very prettily fancied; clear northern gales from the shady ridges above us, and a very good allowance of sunshine for the fading woods and the foamy streams. The banks of the Carron

are extremely beautiful here, and have all varieties at large, in the course of five miles; cultivated plains, with corn, trees, villages, manufactures, and *policies*;* rocky and woody glens of all shapes and sizes; and desolate valleys, between stony mountains, and breezy sloping pastures. It would be worth your while to come and see them before the leaves fall. I can assure you an hospitable reception. If you should not like it, you will return to Cults and Lord Stair with increased relish. I am glad to hear you are studying anatomy. It is better than law. But the heart and the blood-vessels, I am afraid, would be too much for my nerves. I wish you would explain them to me, without making me think of my own.—I am always most truly yours.

15.—*To Mr. Robert Morehead.*

Edinburgh, 26th November, 1796.

My dear Bob—I have been pestered with a great deal of insignificant and unprofitable business; till I have got into such a habit of complaining, that I can scarcely help murmuring even when I get a fee. In these moments I envy you exceedingly, and think that I should be almost quite happy if I had nothing to do but read and amuse myself from one week to another. It would not be the case, however. A man must have something to do in order to prevent him from wearying of his own existence; and something it must be, imposed upon him to do, under more precise and specific penalties than that of the mere weariness that he would feel by neglecting it. So that if he be not in such a situation as will sometimes oblige him to complain of the drudgery to which he is tasked, he will generally find himself in a situation much more to be complained of. This is a very comfortable philosophy, and very convenient for the cure of discontent, though it is

* The Scotch term for pleasure-grounds.

often rejected when the fit is on, and can only be forced down by great vigour and perseverance on the part of the prescriber. Taken, however, along with a due proportion of experience, it has been found very efficacious as a preventative. Though I have so much business as to need the application of these profound reflections, I begin to weary of myself too, I think, sometimes, and take up a very contemptible notion of the value of my solitary employments. I find that I can order my own thoughts, and pursue to a clear conclusion any speculation that occurs, with infinitely greater ease in the course of conversation, than by thinking or writing in my study; and that, independently of the information I may derive by observing the course of thought in my companions. I have determined to extend my acquaintance a little wider this season than I have hitherto done, and to accustom myself to that extemporary exertion which the purposes of society require. One is apt, I know, to conceive an undue contempt for the world by living too much apart from it; and to acquire a kind of dictatorial and confident manner by pursuing all one's speculations without the interference of anybody, or the apprehension of any corrector. My situation is not very favourable to any scheme of making new acquaintances; but this will only lead me to make them more select, as it will limit them to a few. I read nothing but the most idle kind of books, and write nothing but what I am paid for, except these letters to you, and one or two more, who are contented to take them as they are. Of my reading, and the profit I am likely to derive from it, you may judge from the pile of books that were brought up to me half an hour ago from the library. There are letters from Scandinavia, a collection of curious observations upon Africa, Asia, and America, a book of old travels, and an absurd French folio romance, and I don't know what besides. I ought to mention, though, that I have begun to read Plato's Republic, though I advance

with a most cautious slowness in it. I have resolved too, as I believe I told you before, to read a regular course of chemistry this season, and am just wavering and deciding whether I should enter into a class for the winter that will be formed in a week hereafter. Pray, Bob, are you a democrat? or what? You need not be afraid of my exposing you. I shall keep any thing secret that you please; but I do not wish you to have these things quite a secret from me, and am especially unwilling to let you still keep your sentiments of them a secret from yourself. You need have no apprehensions either lest I should fill my letters with political discussions. They are too laborious to suit the temper in which I usually write to you, and too large to take their place within the limits of a letter. I forgot in my last to take any notice of your plan of study. I am glad that the view you have taken of it gave you pleasure and humiliation. These are exactly the emotions which will secure your improvement, and are symptoms as favourable as could have appeared. You are quite right, I think, in the distribution you have made of your time, except that to prescribe a certain occupation, even to days, is perhaps still too minute. You can have no better regulator than your own successive opinions. Let me hear from you, dear Bobby, very soon, and inform me of any thing I used to ask. Believe me always, my dear Bob, most truly yours.

16.—*To Mr. John Jeffrey.*

Glasgow, 12th November, 1797.

My dear Citizen—I received your last letter two or three days ago, and should have been very angry, I believe, notwithstanding your compliments and contrition, for not receiving it sooner, had I not heard a great deal about you, a week before from your friend Bobby Sinclair. I am really growing a very bad correspondent myself, and am so much humiliated at the perception of this degeneracy,

that I have not the heart to blame any other body for resembling me, &c.

I took a fit of impatience about three days ago; and, considering that in less than a week I would be chained up for the whole winter, I left all my papers in the middle, and scampered away to Herbertshire, from which I came here yesterday with my friend Bob, who has changed his resolution once more, and has determined to attend Millar's lectures in this place through the winter. He has evidently a hankering after the Scotch bar, though he says he has decided upon nothing, and merely attends this course as the most improving that offers itself while he is uncertain. I return again to Edinburgh to-morrow, and begin the labours of the session on the day following.

I am glad you talk so confidently about coming here in the course of the winter. You will find us all, I think, in the same situation you left us in, with the exception of some capital improvements in my person and dispositions, which it would be of more importance for you to see and imitate, than to run round all Europe in the way you have been doing. One singular grace I flatter myself I have improved very much since I saw you, and that is political moderation. You talk to me about my democracy. I am the most moderate of all people. I have no hopes scarcely to be disappointed in, and put no confidence in any party or any professions. I shall talk to you like an oracle on these subjects, and make your hair stand on end with astonishment at the liberality and wisdom of a man who has never been out of Scotland. But I write very tediously upon them; at least, I weary myself even before I have begun. My hands are quite frozen, and I have a great number of things to do before dinner yet. I am always, dear Cit., very affectionately yours.

17.—*To Mr. John Jeffrey.*

Edinburgh, 21st November, 1797.

My dear Citizen—

I am at this moment exceedingly busy, and have no leisure even to send you that scold, which does not come so readily to me as it once did. I am not only in the beginning of the session, when (in consequence of the *vis inertiae* which I have been cherishing in the vacation) it always requires a great deal more labour to do less work; but as the President has been very sick for these two days, and I am determined to make a hard push for the chair, in case of a vacancy, you will easily understand that I am very much engaged with my canvass, and have very little time to spare from the fatigue of bribing, and promising, and corrupting. Indeed I could not have offered to write to you at all at this busy time, if I could have afforded to go on without you; but my funds are almost exhausted, and I am under the necessity of applying to you for a remittance, &c.

Tell me some more of your way of life, and the emigrants, with whom you are corrupting. The greater part of them are fools, I fancy; not exactly for leaving France, but for having been bred in it like noblemen and courtiers. The women, I suppose, are the best. What is their character in poverty and humiliation? I really pity these people. But so much of their unhappiness arises from the loss of what was truly of no value, and it would take so much, not merely of money, but of liberty and common sense, to satisfy them entirely, that it is wrong even to wish for it, and better, upon the whole, to let these things remain with their present possessors. I am not much afraid of your growing too much of an aristocrat. There never will be another race of these fanatics. The thing (in its madness and abuse) is quite at an end. Do not write me any more politics, unless it be anecdotes or news.—Very affectionately yours.

18.—*To Mr. Robert Morehead.*

Edinburgh, 6th August, 1798.

Well, I owe you a letter, I suppose, Bobby. And what then? That may be many an honest man's case as well as mine; and there may be apologies, I suppose, and whys and wherefores, of which you know nothing, nor I neither. I will make you no apology. I have forgiven you ten letters in my time, and wrote on without calculating the amount of my debt, &c. Why do I write you this, Bobby? or why, in my present humour, do I write you at all? Principally, I believe, to tell you that I expect very soon to see you, and to tell you that there is no person whom I think of seeing with greater pleasure, or toward whom it would be more unjust to suspect me of forgetfulness or unkindness. I have said very soon, but I do not mean immediately—two lines will tell you the whole. Dr. Thomas Brown and I (your brother John will join us, I believe) propose to set out about the end of this month, and to travel in your track (only reversedly) through Cumberland and Wales, till we fall in with you at Oxford, or somewhere else, on our way to London. What, my dear Bobby, are we turning into? I grow, it appears to myself, dismally stupid and inactive. I lose all my originalities, and ecstasies, and romance, and am far advanced already upon that dirty highway called the way of the world. I have a kind of unmeaning gayety that is fatiguing and unsatisfactory, even to myself; and though, in the brilliancy of this sarcastic humour, I can ridicule my former dispositions with admirable success, yet I regret the loss of them much more feelingly, and really begin to suspect that the reason and gross common sense by which I now profess to estimate every thing, is just as much a vanity and delusion as any of the fantasies it judges of. This at least I am sure of, that these poetic visions bestowed a much purer and more tranquil happiness than can be

found in any of the tumultuous and pedantic triumphs that seem now within my reach; and that I was more amiable, and quite as respectable, before this change took place in my character. I shall never arrive at any eminence either in this new character; and have glimpses and retrospective snatches of my former self, so frequent and so lively, that I shall never be wholly estranged from it, nor more than half the thing I seem to be driving at. Within these few days I have been more perfectly restored to my poesies and sentimentalities than I had been for many months before. I walk out every day alone, and as I wander by the sunny sea, or over the green and solitary rocks of Arthur's Seat, I feel as if I had escaped from the scenes of impertinence on which I had been compelled to act, and recollect, with some degree of my old enthusiasm, the wild walks and eager conversation we used to take together at Herbertshire about four years ago. I am still capable, I feel, of going back to these feelings, and would seek my happiness, I think, in their indulgence, if my circumstances would let me. As it is I believe I shall go on sophisticating and perverting myself till I become absolutely good for nothing, &c.—Truly and affectionately yours.

19.—*To Mr. John Jeffrey.*

Edinburgh, 4th March, 1799.

My dear John—I wrote you a dull letter of news yesterday, for the packet, and have tasked myself to make a kind of duplicate of it, to go by some ship or other from London, &c.

My first article of intelligence relates to our poor grandmother's death. She died on the 22d of last month; and as literally and truly of old age, I believe, as any of the old patriarchs did. She had been wasting away, by sensible degrees, for several months, and died at last without pain or struggle. It was an event so long expected that it occasioned little emotion to anybody. Miss Crockett,

who was naturally most affected by it, very soon recovered her ordinary spirits and tranquillity. I declare to you, I do not know anybody so worthy of admiration and esteem as this cousin of ours. She has sacrificed, not only her youth and her comfort, to the discharge of an uninteresting duty, but has voluntarily given up the improvement of her manners and her understanding for the sake of it. Yet it requires reflection to find out all the merit; and there was something so unostentatious, and unaffected, in the whole course of her attention, that it never struck us as a thing to be wondered at, &c.

Mary is domesticating with her husband, her child, and her cat. Indeed, she scarcely ever stirs from the fireside, and having got another child to bring into existence by and by, is so full of anxieties and apprehensions, that I believe she scarcely thinks of any thing that is not within her own gates. Examples of this kind really give me a horror of matrimony; at least, they persuade me more and more of the necessity there is for completing one's stores of information, and sources of reflection and entertainment, before they enter into it. There is no possibility of improvement afterward; that is, if one is really to live a matrimonial life.

Now, for myself and my system of nerves; I believe they are much better, I thank you, than they were when you saw me in London. I have not given them fair play either, since my return to this country, and have not had the virtue to fulfil every part of the moral regimen which my doctors concurred in recommending to me. However, as I have survived the winter, I make no question of getting quite well before midsummer, and have no fear of ever falling into the same state again. So much for goods of the body. As to the goods of fortune, I can say but little for myself. I have got no legacies, and discovered no treasure, since you went away; and for the law and its honours and emoluments, I do not seem to be any nearer

them than I was the first year I called myself a practitioner. One is quite buried here, among a great crowd of men of decent abilities and moderate expectation, and it is almost necessary that some great man, or some great accident, should pull you out of it, before you can come into any kind of desirable notice. Geo. Bell, honest man, is writing a great book, upon which he means to raise himself (as a pedestal) above the heads of all his contemporaries. I have not patience for that; at least, I should like to see how the experiment answers before I think of repeating it. John Wylde* dashed his brains out, by a fall from an elevation of that kind, &c.

I want to hear, too, whether you intend to marry immediately, or take another survey of our European beauties before you attach yourself irrevocably. For my part, I think I should marry in the course of this century, if I had only money enough to subsist upon. For the woman, I have no doubt I should find one to my mind in a fortnight; and, indeed, I know more than half a dozen as it is, with whom, upon a shorter notice, I am positive, I could become as much in love as it is at all necessary for an affair of that nature.*

I begin to despair now of the fortunes of Europe, and scarcely know what to advise the princes and potentates to do for themselves. Something, however, must be done for them speedily, and a hint from you would, I doubt not, be of the greatest service to them, &c.—Most affectionately yours.

20.—*To George J. Bell, Esq.*

Montrose, 26th August, 1799

Dear Bell—Here we are, only at Montrose yet, you see; and it is only by wondrous exertions that we have

* "John Wylde, afterward Professor of Civil Law, and who has now, alas! survived his own fertile and richly-endowed mind."—MACKINTOSH.

got so far. We stopped for two days at Perth, hoping for places in the mail, and then set forward on foot in despair. We have trudged it now for fifty miles, and came here this morning very weary, sweaty, and filthy. Our baggage, which was to have left Perth the same day that we did, has not yet made its appearance, and we have received the comfortable information that it is often a week before there is room in the mail to bring such a parcel forward. In this forlorn situation we have done what we could. We have made clean the outside of the platter, shaved and washed our faces, turned our neck-cloths, brushed our pantaloons, and anointed our hair with honey water; and so we have been perambulating the city, and have accepted an invitation from Mr. William Baillie, writer in Edinburgh, to whom John Taylor had fortunately given us a letter. Is this account enough of our proceedings, do you think? or must I describe Scone and Glamis Castle to you, and give you a picture of Forfar, Brechin, and the Grampians? You shall have all that when I come home; for down goes every thing into my journal; though, to confess the truth, I have been obliged to write Bob's ever since we left Perth, having packed up my own by mistake in my trunk.

The weather has been delightful ever since we set out, (a special providence no doubt,) and we have been quite well, (all except my nose, which is still in a perilous way, and threatens a new eruption very soon again,) and in excellent humour. Bob lugs along with him, in his bosom, and his breeches, and one way or another, a volume of Petrarch, a Northern Tour, and a volume of Cicero; so we have occupation enough when we do not choose to talk, and have succeeded wonderfully in making sonnets and sapphics upon all the oddities we have met with. Montrose is a good, gay-looking place. It was furiously gay indeed yesterday, being the last day of the races, and a mercy it was we did not come, weary and way-worn, (as

we once intended,) into it in the evening, for there was not a corner into which they could have stowed us. We shall be in Aberdeen to-morrow, I think, or Monday at the latest, and shall go out of it, if possible, on Thursday. One day's races, (and they begin upon Wednesday) being, I take it, quite enough for us. I am not sure if we shall diverge at all to Peterhead, our money and our time both running away faster than we expected. At Fort George we shall sorn upon Morehead,* and borrow money from him too, if very much exhausted.

I got your letter the morning before I left Edinburgh; it prevented me from calling upon you. Your friend Keay† does not live within twelve miles from Perth, so we have not been near him. It is very near Dunkeld, however, through which we mean to return, and then your recommendation (if it have not fallen under the negative prescription) may be of some use to us. Is not Snego, or some such word, the name of his estate? You have given me but a very loose direction to him. You must write to me to Aberdeen, (which you may do well enough by Tuesday's post,) and let me know how Edinburgh has borne my departure. Call for my sister, too, if you be idle enough, and inform her of my survivance. I shall write to her to-morrow from whatsoever place I may be in. Tell me, too, what you are doing yourself, and how the book comes on. You have a little propensity to despondency and impatience, in which my philosophy cannot indulge you. A pretty fellow to be discontented, to be sure! Would you more than live? But you must not marry, forsooth! So much the better, for a while yet. In short, a man should always hope and project for the future; and then, you know, when he does die, it is only want of time that prevented his prosperity. If Kinnaird

* John Morehead, a militia officer.

† The father of Jeffrey's future friend, James Keay, Esq., of Snaigo.

had died of this fever, what advantage would he have had over me during his life? and if I die in a year or two, what disadvantage shall I have sustained from my want of fortune and provision for fifty years, which will either provide for themselves or never exist for me? This is Montrose formality, I fancy; for I feel as if it were inspired into me against my will. At any rate, I am determined not to be answerable for it, and hope I shall hear no more of it. Farewell, my dear Bell, and believe that I think of you always with the respect and affection you deserve. That is an equivoque, I believe, though I think not, as there is nothing equivocal in the distinction with which you have always treated me. I mean to meditate a great work during the leisure of this journey; but should like to have a hint or suggestion or two to set me going. I do not think I should ever have had the grace to be ashamed of my indolence, of my own accord; but my friends have wellnigh persuaded me into a state of horrible remorse, and now I can neither be busy nor idle with any comfort. A very delectable dilemma, out of which you must help me. I do not care very much at which side.—Believe me, dear Bell, very sincerely yours.

Saturday.—P. S. If you are lazy, or busy, and do not choose to write to Aberdeen, at the post-office, do at the post-office, Inverness, where I shall be in ten days.

21.—*To Robert Morehead.*

Edinburgh, 20th September, 1799.

My dear Bobby—I am happy to tell you that I found Mainie* almost entirely recovered from her late illness, and in every respect a great deal better than I had expected. This is the first chapter, and now I come to myself; and a whole chapter of accidents I have to indite upon that subject, though I am not sure if I shall have the patience

* His sister Mary.

to present you with the whole of it. I was roused carefully half an hour before four yesterday morning, and passed two delightful hours in the kitchen waiting for the mail. There was an enormous fire, and a whole houseful of smoke. The waiter was snoring with great vehemency upon one of the dressers, and the deep regular intonation had a very solemn effect, I can assure you, in the obscurity of that Tartarean region, and the melancholy silence of the morning. An innumerable number of rats were trotting and gibbering in one end of the place, and the rain clattered freshly on the windows. The dawn heavily in clouds brought on the day, but not, alas! the mail; and it was long past five when the guard came galloping into the yard, upon a smoking horse with all the wet bags lumbering beside him, (like Scylla's water dogs,) roaring out that the coach was broken down somewhere near Dundee, and commanding another steed to be got ready for his transportation. The noise he made brought out the other two sleepy wretches that had been waiting like myself for places, and we at length persuaded the heroic champion to order a post-chaise instead of a horse; into which we crammed ourselves all four with a whole mountain of leather bags, that clung about our legs like the entrails of a fat cow, all the rest of the journey. At Kinross, as the morning was very fine, we prevailed with the guard to go on the outside to dry himself, and got on to the ferry about eleven, after encountering various perils and vexations, in the loss of horse-shoes and wheel pins, and in a great gap in the road, over which we had to lead the horses and haul the carriage separately. At this place we supplicated our agitator for leave to eat a little breakfast; but he would not stop an instant, and we were obliged to snatch up a roll or two apiece to gnaw the dry crusts during our passage to keep soul and body together. We got in soon after one, and I have spent my time in eating, drinking, sleeping, and other recreations, down to the present hour. This

is the conclusion of my journal you see. Yours is not in such forwardness. But I hope the part of it that has been performed out of my guidance has been prosperous and agreeable. I rather think my return must have been a riddance to you, for I was both dull and ill-tempered during the last days of our travelling, &c.

And now farewell to you, my trusty travelling companion. We shall make another trip together again, I hope, very soon; and, in the mean time, try to make as few trips as possible asunder. I am persuaded that they are good things both for the mind and the body, and are very amusing, both past, present, and future; which is more than you can say of any other kind of gratification.

Remember me very kindly to Mrs. Morehead, and her children twain, Mrs. B. and all the other members of that illustrious family, to all my friends and acquaintances, and lastly, to the whole human race, rich and poor, friends and foes. Amen.—I am, dear Bob, always most affectionately yours.

22.—*To Robert Morehead.*

Edinburgh, 6th July, 1800.

My dear Bob—I am au désespoir at your silence. I beg you would give me some satisfaction, &c.

I have been idle and rather dissipated all this summer. Of late I have had fits of discontent and self-condemnation pretty severely, but I doubt if this will produce any thing for a long time to come. The thing, however, will certainly draw to a crisis in a year or two. My ambition and my prudence and indolence will have a pitched battle, and I shall either devote myself to ambition and toil, or lay myself quietly down in obscurity and mediocrity of attainment. I am not sure which of these will promote my happiness the most. I shall regret what I have forfeited, be my decision what it may. The unaspiring life, I believe, has the least positive wretchedness. I have often thought of going

to India, but I do not know for what station I should be qualified, or could qualify myself, and I have almost as little talent for solicitation as you have.

I have been reading Malcolm Laing's new Scotch history. It is of a miserable period, and not the author's fault that it contains little but the disgusting and contemptible quarrels of prelates and presbyteries, and the mean tyrannies of privy councils and commissions. It is written with some spirit, and in a style more precise and forcible, than elegant or correct. There is an elaborate dissertation against your friend Ossian, which will not appear so satisfactory to the reader as it seems to have done to the author. However, my faith (or infidelity rather) has been long inclining to that side. Burns's complete Works are also come out; the life I have not read. It is, I believe, by Currie and Roscoe. Some of the songs are enchantingly beautiful, and affect one more than any other species of poetry whatsoever. The facility and rapidity with which he appears to have composed them amaze me. Indeed, his whole correspondence (although infected now and then with a silly affectation of sentiment, and some commonplaces of adulation) gives me a higher opinion both of his refinement and real *modesty* of character than any thing he had formerly published.

I am become a zealous chemist, and could make experiments, if I could afford it, and was not afraid of my eyes. I shall join a society in winter that conducts these things in a very respectable style. I am afraid it will swallow up our *academy*, for which I am sorry. It was the most select and the least burdensome thing of the kind I was ever concerned with. But amiable licentiousness and want of discipline have extinguished it, or nearly.—Believe me always, dear Bob, most affectionately yours.

23.—*To Mr. John Jeffrey.*

Edinburgh, 1st October, 1800.

My dear John—I am vexed to think that the packet for this month will be gone before this reach it; but I only returned to town last night, and, in the hurry of travelling, forgot that the irrevocable day was going by, &c.

It is not a very wise thing, I believe, to talk to a man of his own situation, or to amuse him with conjectures about it, founded on his own information three months before. You will learn more, I believe, from what I may tell you of myself. First, then, we are all well. Secondly, Marion was married in June last, (which I have now announced to you four several times.) Thirdly, Mary has another daughter. Fourthly, so has Mrs. Murray; that is to say, she has a child, but it is a son, and its name is Thomas. She was almost dead in the bringing forth of it, but is now so well as to have been returning thanks in church, and to have eaten up all the christening-cake, to my great disappointment. Fifthly, I am not married, but desperately in love, and they say engaged; but that you need not believe. Sixthly, I have been making a tour in the north, and have spent all my money. I cannot count any further, and have not much more to inform you of. Our tour this year was not very extensive; but it was very agreeable. I went with my old travelling companion Bob Morehead, and picked up my friends Horner and Murray on the way. We set out by going to the top of Benlomon, and to the bottom of the Loch; and then passed along Loch Katterine and Loch Vanacher and Loch Lubnaig, and twenty other lochs, I believe, with names as unutterable, and borders as savage, as any you have in America. We came down the Tay to Dundee, and then I scrambled over the sand-hills to St. Andrews, where I have been purifying my mind and body by bathing and the society of innocent girls, for this last fortnight. You

are not acquainted, I believe, with our cousins, the Wilsons of that ancient city. The most learned and corpulent doctor, I believe, you have seen. He has three daughters, in whom I delighted extremely. The place is swarming with beauties indeed; and what with the idleness and the innocence of my occupations there, I do not think that a more enchanting fortnight has been passed by man since the fall, &c.

I have been so long exhorted by all my friends to write a book, that I have a great notion that I shall attempt something of that kind in the course of the winter. I have not been able to fix upon any subject yet though; and I am afraid a man is not likely to make a good figure who writes, not because he has something to say, but who casts about for something to say because he has determined to write. A law book would, probably, be of the greatest service to me; but I have neither science nor patience enough, I suspect, to acquire it.—Believe me always, my dear John, very affectionately yours.

24.—*To Mr. John Jeffrey.*

Edinburgh, 29th November, 1800.

My dear John—I have, at last, a letter of yours to acknowledge, &c.

The first weeks of the session have passed over very heavily. I spent the vacation, though, very delightfully; and this is one reason, I daresay, for the discontent I have felt since. However, I am, upon the whole, a happy animal, and have more reason to be happy than I have the conscience to confess. It is the want of money and the want of any security for the future, that plagues me the most. I am beginning almost to grow old now. It is time, at least, that I should bid farewell to the mere levities and carelessness of youth, and enter myself, somehow or other, upon the *valued file* of men. I have strong propensities to matrimony, too, and temptations that I scarcely

know how to resist. Yet it is a sad thing to take an amiable girl to starve her, or to sink below that level to which one has been accustomed, and to the manners to which all one's relishes have been formed. You see how full of reflection I have become. I do, indeed, feel a certain change within me, and look upon the world and my concern with it in a very new light, within these last six months. You need not trouble yourself, however, to sympathize very painfully with my anxieties. I am, on the whole, extremely happy, and live in a state of hope that is nearly as good as a state of enjoyment, &c.

Bob Morehead has been in Scotland all this summer, but returns, for the last time, to Oxford, soon after Christmas. He still keeps terms in the Temple, but neither reads nor thinks of law. I do not imagine that he will take the trouble to pass, and am sure he will never practise. He has been very poetical of late, and really has a talent and a taste that way that might bring him into notice; but he is as indolent as either you or me, and wants confidence more than either. He will not starve, however, though he should be idle. He has rather a turn for marriage, and is in the mean time one of the happiest persons I know, &c.

Your United States, I am afraid, will not deserve that title long; and that wonderful America, which all the discontented patriots of Europe have been holding out to our envy and admiration, will fall a victim, I think, to the constitutional malady of republics. What with your yellow fever and your party violence, I cannot think your situation very enviable. Jefferson, however, I take to be a very able man, and I imagine the best thing that could happen to you would be his election. The true way to abate political violence is to give it power. It is opposition and disappointment that exasperates to all dangerous excesses; and (except in the single case of a popular revolution, and a mob that is not under the control of any leaders) the most outrageous patriot will generally become

practicable and moderate when he is himself intrusted with the government of the country. I beg you to write to me very soon.—Believe me, my dear John, most affectionately yours.

25.—*To Mr. John Jeffrey.*

Edinburgh, 3d January, 1801.

My dear John—It is only two or three days since I received your letter of the 15th November. I am quite delighted to find that you are not dead, and that there is still a possibility of our meeting again in this world. Your congratulations upon Mainie's marriage appear to me as much out of date, as my wishing you a good new-year would do when you receive this letter. It is an event now of obscure antiquity with us, and no more thought of than the day of their death. One part of your letter, however, is still in good season—that, I mean, which relates to the dullness and stupidity of our house since that separation, &c.

I feel this the more, because when I am from home I live in a very good society, and find the contrast the greater. I make but little progress—I believe I may say none at all—at the bar; but my reputation, I think, is increasing, and may produce something in time, &c. . . .

. . . To have gone out to practise law in India, would have suited my inclination and my talents, I believe, extremely well; but the courts there are only open to those who have been called to the bar in England; and it would take me four or five years' study, or attendance at least, to obtain that qualification. There is the same objection to my exchanging the Scotch bar for the English. I have every reason to believe that I should be much more successful at the latter; but it is now too late, I am afraid, to think of it. I have talked occasionally with some West India and Demerara men, who give me a tempting idea of the facility with which money may be made in trade in these countries. I know nothing about trade, to be sure,

but they say that is of no consequence, and that a clever man cannot fail of success. I rather conceive myself, that all the craft of a merchant might be learned in the course of a year, so as to enable a man to bring all the mind he had to bear in that direction. I have thought too, of engaging myself in the study of Oriental literature, and making myself considerable in that way, and of fifty different schemes of literary eminence at home.

Within this little while, however, I will confess to you, these ambitious fancies have lost a good deal of their power over my imagination; and I have accustomed myself to the contemplation of an humbler and more serene sort of felicity. To tell you all in two words, I have serious purposes of marriage, which I should be forced, you see, to abandon, if I were to adopt almost any of the plans I have hinted at. The poor girl, however, has no more fortune than me; and it would be madness nearly to exchange our empty hands under the present aspect of the constellations. We have agreed to wait for a year at least, to see how things may turn out; and in the mean time I am to be industrious and aspiring in my profession, and she is to study economy and sober-mindedness at home. What do you say to that, my dear John? &c.

Farewell, my dear John, let me hear from you very soon, and always believe me most affectionately yours.

26.—*To Thomas Campbell, Esq.*

Glasgow, 17th March, 1801.

Dear Campbell—When I say that I am tempted to write you by this opportunity of Richardson's emigration, I am sensible that I give a reason for it that would have served better as an apology for my silence. He can tell you now in person all that I might otherwise have interested you by writing; and will probably bring you despatches from all the friends of whom you might at another time have been glad to have heard more indirectly from me. At the same

time, the idea of his meeting with you so soon has brought you and your adventures more impressively to my mind; and there seems to be less presumption in the address of an uninvited correspondent, when he makes use of the introduction of a friend. These lines, I think, will be less unwelcome to you, when they are presented by Richardson's hand, than if they had been delivered to you at the post-office.

I have no news for you, and am not much disposed to trouble you with egotisms or dissertations. When I have said that I take a constant interest in your fame and your happiness, and that I am one of those who do not think that esteem is much impaired either by distance or silence, I have said almost all I have to say, and should finish my letter if I were much afraid of the bad consequences of repetition. As I do not trouble you often, however, I shall venture to talk on, as if I were assured of your indulgence, and not quite removed from your familiarity. In the first place, I must tell you that I have been envying you all this winter, and that I am afraid the same malignant feeling will be associated with the remembrance of you during the whole summer. I have heard something of your sickness, fatigues, and perplexities, but all that makes no difference in my opinion. The review even of these things is pleasant. They are the deep shades of an animated picture, and make a most brilliant contrast with the stupid and tame uniformity of the life that is lived about me, &c.

I hear something and see something now and then, that satisfies me you are not idle, but I have no distinct knowledge of what you have done or projected. I cannot promise you either assistance or return, but should be flattered with the confidence that some authentic intelligence upon these subjects would show you could place in me.

Richardson has promised to write to me now and then in the course of your pilgrimage. May I not expect to see a

postscript from you now and then, or a whole letter when he makes you his penman for the occasion?

I wish you a pleasant and safe journey, and have no doubt, indeed, that your expedition will be both instructive and delightful. You will be quite naturalized in Germany by the time it is finished; but you run no risk of being *alienated* here. By what I can judge and feel, I think you would be in no danger of being forgotten, either by your friends or the public, though you should be absent and silent for a much longer time than you speak of. Poor Miss Graham, you will have heard, is gone at last. Her sister has just had another child, and is quite well again. Her brother, I suppose, will write to you by this opportunity. I should be extremely gratified if this should prove the beginning of a correspondence in which I can engage for nothing but regularity; but I make no proposals, and indulge no expectations. You will allow me always to admire your abilities, and to rejoice in your happiness and reputation; and believe that I am, dear Campbell, very sincerely yours.

27.—*To George J. Bell, Esq.*

St. Andrews, 19th April, 1801.

Dear Bell—I called for you the night before I left Edinburgh, and you called for me; yet I should not have believed that our meeting was prevented by any *express fatality*, if the same thing had not happened a few evenings before, and if I had not gone four times to my room since I came here with the determination of writing you, &c.

It is as well to tell you in the beginning that I have nothing to tell you, and that you need not waste your patience in reading this letter, if you have as many serious uses for it as you used to have. I am very happy here, and very idle. You are very happy, *I hope, too*; but I am afraid you are very busy. It makes me a little ashamed of my own idleness, and I daresay makes you

despise it. That is unchristian, however, and perhaps not very wise ; for you labour only in order to be idle, and if I can reap without sowing, I consider it a great gain. You will say that I neglect the seed-time ; but if I have reasonable doubts both of the climate and of the soil, do I not rather avoid an unprofitable waste ? In the mean time I am not so *blameably* happy as I was the last time I was here. You acquitted me then rather more easily than I could prevail on my conscience to do. At present I defy you both, and look fierce and erect upon fortune.

It is fine airy weather, with calm evenings, and buds and flowers in abundance. We cannot boast of our groves indeed ; but we have rocks and level roads at their feet, and yellow sunshine upon sails, and girls upon the links, and skate, cod, and mussels in great profusion. Will not this tempt you for a week from your bankrupts ? There is a great lack of men, and you will be of more consequence here than the Lord Justice Clerk at any of his circuit dinners. They talk of balls next week too, and they have concerts already, and there are some learned men, and a good assortment of quizzes, and not one being to put you in mind of the Parliament House, except Walter Cook,* and the black robes of the professors. James Reddie and you gave each half a promise to come and see the beauties while I was here to point them out to you. That is a whole promise between you, so that one of you must come at any rate. I want to know what you are doing, and how Edinburgh subsisteth in my absence.

You are one of the people that put me out of humour with myself, and make me think ill of my industry, and my fitness to live. Yet I do not hate you. There is still some hope of my redemption ; and I am always, dear Bell, most sincerely yours.

* A very respectable Writer to the Signet, and through life a friend of Jeffrey's.

28.—*To Mr. John Jeffrey.*

St. Andrews, 1st August, 1801.

My dear John,—If you have got any of my last letters you will not be surprised to see me here. I am not going to be married yet, however, and shall write you another letter or two from Edinburgh, I am afraid, before I have that news to communicate. Before the month of November, however, I hope to have renounced all the iniquities and unhappinesses of a bachelor, and to be deeply skilled in all the comforts of matrimony before the end of the year. I enter upon the new life with a great deal of faith, love, and fortitude; and not without a reasonable proportion of apprehension and anxiety. I never feared any thing for myself, and the excessive carelessness with which I used to look forward when my way was lonely has increased, I believe, this solicitude for my companion. I am not *very* much afraid of our quarrelling or wearying of each other, but I am not sure how we shall bear poverty; and I am sensible we shall be very poor. I do not make a £100 a year, I have told you, by my profession. You would not marry in this situation? and neither would I if I saw any likelihood of its growing better before I was too old to marry at all; or did not feel the desolation of being in solitude as something worse than any of the inconveniences of poverty. Besides, we trust to Providence, and have hopes of dying before we get into prison, &c.

I wrote my uncle by the packet in June, and communicated to him in a dutiful manner, the change I propose to make in my condition. My father says he will probably do something for me on this occasion; but I do not allow myself to entertain any very sanguine expectation. He knows very little about me, and I can easily understand that it may be inconvenient to make any advance at present, which I have no right to receive. I shall certainly never submit to ask, and endeavour to persuade myself that

I am above hoping or wishing very anxiously. Catherine has her love to you. She says I flirt so extravagantly with her sisters, that she is determined to make me jealous of you, if you give her any encouragement. She is a very good girl, but nothing prodigious, and quite enough given to flirtation without any assistance from you.

Farewell, then, my good citizen. I hope we shall see you soon, and see you as we used to do, with all your strength and *beauty* about you. As you are now the only unmarried animal in the genealogy, we propose to treat you with great scorn and indignity as soon as you arrive among us; to put you into a narrow bed, and place you at the lower end of the table, never to wait dinner for you, and to feed you with cold meat and sour wine. Moreover, we mean to lay grievous taxes on you, and make you stand godfather to all our children. If you give any symptoms of reformation, we may probably relent. If you want a wife, (or know anybody who wants one,) you must come to this ancient city. There are more beauties than you ever saw anywhere else, among the same number of women; and not more than five or six men to prevent you from choosing among them.

I bathe, and walk, and sleep, and dream away my time, in the most voluptuous manner; but must rouse myself in a week or two, and go to provide a mansion for myself, before the wintry days come back on us again.

Remember me very affectionately to my uncle. Take care of yourself, and believe me always most affectionately yours.

29.—*To Mr. John Jeffrey.*

Edinburgh, 2d October, 1801.

My dear John—

I have told you I am to be married in a month; but the latter days of my courtship have been dismally overclouded.

Poor Dr. Wilson* died in the beginning of September, and his family are still in very great affliction. I was fortunately with them at the time, for the scene was really very distressing, and a great deal too much for young gay girls, quite new to affliction, and accustomed to indulge every emotion without any idea of control. Before I arrived, they had been for two days constantly in the sick-room, and would *all* of them sit up every night till they were carried away in a state of insensibility. It is in these ordinary and vulgar calamities of private life, I think, that the most exquisite misery is endured. Campaigns and revolutions are nothing to them. *Their* horrors are covered up, even from the eyes of the sufferer, with smoke and glory; and the greatness of the events help to disguise their wretchedness.

They are all quite well again; and as it was her father's particular request that his death should not put off our marriage beyond the time that had been originally fixed for it, Catherine has readily agreed that it should take place in the beginning of November. I have taken a house in Buccleugh Place for the winter, and mean to set a great example of economy and industry. I have still some fears, however, of dying the death of other great geniuses—by hunger. Catherine is not any richer by her father's death.—My dear John, I am always most affectionately yours.

30.—*To Robert Morehead.*

St. Andrews, 7th October, 1801.

My dear Bob—I got your letter yesterday, which was very entertaining; though I could have wished that you had not just kept up the folly to the last, but reformed, and been rational for a few minutes before you bade us farewell. My dear fellow, do you not rejoice at this peace? It is the only public event in my recollection that has given me any lively sensation of pleasure, and I have rejoiced at

* His intended father-in-law.

it as heartily as it is possible for a private man, and one whose own condition is not immediately affected by it, to do. How many parents and children, and sisters and brothers, would that news make happy! How many pairs of bright eyes would weep over that gazette, and wet its brown pages with tears of gratitude and rapture! How many weary wretches will it deliver from camps and hospitals, and restore once more to the comforts of a peaceful and industrious life! What are victories to rejoice at, compared with an event like this? Your bonfires and illuminations are dimmed with blood and with tears, and battle is in itself a great evil, and a subject of general grief and lamentation. The victors are only the least unfortunate, and suffering and death have in general brought us no nearer to tranquillity and happiness. I have really been extremely interested on this occasion, and for four-and-twenty hours thought more, I really believe, of the country than of myself. Catherine is very well, however, and I had no cause of any great anxiety or disturbance on my own account. In such a situation a man finds it easy to be philanthropical, and worships the general good without the expense of sacrifice.—Believe me, dear Bob, most affectionately yours.

31.—*To Robert Morehead.*

Edinburgh, 24th May, 1802.

My dear Bob—Worse and worse, you see, in the way of regularity. This marriage, you think, will interfere with our correspondence; but I cannot think that yet, and would rather have you lay the blame upon circuits and sessions, and above all, upon new houses and furniture for rooms. We came here, to Queen Street I mean, about ten days ago, and have ever since been in such an uproar with painters, and chimney-sweeps, and packages of old books, and broken china, that I have scarcely had time to eat my dinner, or to find out where my pens and paper were laid till

yesterday. Then, you know, this is the beginning of our session; and, moreover, it is the time of the General Assembly of the Scotch National Church; (you apostate dog! where will you find any thing so high sounding as that in your new religion?) And we have parsons and elders by the dozen, with their families, from St. Andrews, to entertain; and I have a cause to plead in the said venerable Assembly, and am to declaim, in the name of a Presbytery, against a poor sinner whom they have accused of profane swearing, and a habit of scoffing at religion, and great levity of behaviour; but I declare to you that I will plead it fairly.

But you are as great a delinquent as I am nearly,—not only to me, (for I deserve nothing,) but to all your other friends, as I understand, and you cannot have half my apologies. I hope you are quite well, however, and can only suppose that you are busy making your entrée into the Church. Are you reverend yet, or not? or is there any chance of your being rejected, or of your changing your mind and drawing back? I do not much like the threat in your last, about not coming to Scotland for this summer, and hope the election will force you for a while among us whether you will or not. If you do not get a curacy immediately, I do not see what you can debate; for I am afraid, after you are once beneficed, you will practise the virtue of residence in a very exemplary manner; and that we shall see each other no oftener than you visit your metropolitan. There is something dolorous in the breaking up of long intimacies, and the permanent separation of those who have spent so much of their life together. We have spent too much of it together though, I am persuaded, ever to fall off from an intimacy, and shall speak to each other with familiarity, although we should not meet for twenty years to come. I can answer for myself at least, in spite of all the change that marriage is to make upon me. What the Church may work on you, I cannot so positively de-

termine. I met with an old sonnet of yours this morning, on the first fall of snow in December, 1794, which brought back to my mind many very pleasing recollections. Indeed, there is no part of my life that I look back upon with so much delight as the summer days we loitered at Hertshire, in the first year of our acquaintance. I date the beginning of it from the time of your father's death, and often call to mind the serene and innocent seclusion in which we then lived from the world. I should be sorry if I could not live so again, and am sure that I could be as pure, and as careless, and as romantic, if I had only as much leisure, and as pliant a companion.

I have nothing new to tell you of. Our Review has been postponed till September, and I am afraid will not go on with much spirit even then. Perhaps we have omitted the tide that was in our favour. We are bound for a year to the booksellers, and shall drag through that, I suppose, for our own indemnification; but I foresee the likelihood of our being all scattered before another year shall be over, and, of course, the impossibility of going on on the footing upon which we have begun. Indeed, few things have given me more vexation of late than the prospect of the dissolution of that very pleasant and animated society in which I have spent so much of my time for these last four years, and I am really inclined to be very sad when I look forward to the time when I shall be deserted by all the friends and companions who possessed much of my confidence and esteem. You are translated into England already. Horner goes to the English bar in a year. S. Smith leaves this country for ever about the same time. Hamilton spends his life abroad as soon as his father's death sets him at liberty. Brougham will most probably push into public life, even before a similar event gives him a favourable opportunity. Reddie is lost, and absolutely swallowed up in law. Lord Webb leaves us before winter. Jo. Allen goes abroad with Lord Holland immediately. Adam is

gone already, and, except Brown and Jo. Murray, I do not think that one of the associates with whom I have speculated and amused myself, will be left with me in the course of eighteen months. It is not easy to form new intimacies, and I know enough of the people among whom I must look for them, to be positive that they will never be worthy of their predecessors. Comfort me, then, my dear Bobby, in this real affliction, and prove to me, by your example, that separation is not always followed by forgetfulness, and that we may still improve and gladden each other at a distance. My Kitty is quite well, and very rational and amiable. If it were not for her I should run after my friends, and indulge my inherent spirit of adventure by a new course of exertion. But she is my brother and sister, my father and mother, my Sanscrit, my Sydney, and my right venerable cousin, as old Homer says in *Andromache*.

I dined at Murrayfield the other day. Write me very soon and tell me what you are doing and meditating, and especially when I am to see you again, and how. It is the sweetest weather in the world, and all are in ecstasy with our prospect, and our evening walks. Remember our number is 62. I see no new books of any consequence, and am sadly behind with my task for the Review. I have been more impeded by the law than I had reckoned upon. Cath. sends her love to you, and hopes you will bring her a pair of gloves when you come down. She is going to *Herbertshire*, she says, some time this autumn. Believe me always, my dear Bob, yours most affectionately.

32.—*To Mr. John Jeffrey.*

Edinburgh, 1st August, 1802.

My dear John—I am sorry to fall back into the old style; but it is necessary to tell you that your letter of the 11th May is still the latest we have received from you, &c.

We are all here in our usual way. How often shall I

repeat that apology for all intelligence? and how infallibly does it come to be less true, upon every repetition! The little changes, which do not seem to impair its inaccuracy accumulate so fast in a few years of absence, that *our usual way* comes to be something very different from our old one. Marriage itself implies a great number of little changes; and it is probable you may think me a good deal altered, while I am unconscious of any other alteration, &c.

It has been a cold wet summer with us, and we predict another scarcity. Speculate upon that, Mr. Merchant, and come over with your cargo. I am going to write a book upon law next year—though, upon my honour, I do not know upon what subject. Everybody exhorts me to do it, and I am too polite to resist the entreaties of my friends, and too modest to set my own conviction of my inability against their unanimous opinion. I must have more money, that is the truth of it, and this will be an experiment to catch some.—Believe me always, dear John, most affectionately yours.

33.—*To Robert Morehead.*

Edinburgh, 25th October, 1802.

My dear Bob—You may imagine with what anguish I sit down to tell you that our sweet little boy died this morning about five o'clock. He was seized in the evening with a sort of convulsion and fainting fits, and expired at the time I have mentioned.

Mrs. J. is better than I could have expected, considering the weak state of her health, the suddenness of this calamity, and the affection with which she doted on the baby that had cost her so dearly.

We are still distracted with a thousand agonizing recollections, but I hope by and by to be more composed.—Believe me always, dear Bob, most affectionately yours

34.—*To Francis Horner, Esq.*

Edinburgh, 1st April, 1803.

My dear Horner—I daresay the sight of my handwriting is as terrible to you as that on the wall was to Belshazzar; and it is just as well to tell you in the beginning that I do write principally for the purpose of dunning you. I have some right to dun too; not merely because I am the master, to whom your service is due, but because I have myself sent *fifty* pages to the press before I ask you for one. Hear now our state, and consider:—Brown has been dying with *influenza*, and is forbidden to write for his chest's sake. De Puis* is dying with asthma, and is forbidden to write for his life's sake. Brougham is roaming the streets with the sons of Belial, or correcting his colonial proofs, and trusting every thing to the exertions of the last week, and the contributions of the unfledged goslings who gabble under his wings. Elmsley—even the sage and staid Elmsley—has solicited to be set free from his engagements. And Timothy† refuses to come under any engagements with the greatest candour and good nature in the world. Now, if you two fail utterly, I shall be tempted to despair of the republic. I would not have you comfort your indolence, however, with this despair. If you will send us thirty pages between you, I shall undertake for its salvation, at least for this campaign. And even if you do not, I am afraid we shall not die nobly, but live pitifully, which will be much worse. Trash will be collected, and I shall have the pleasure of marching in the van of Mr. —, and Mr. —, and Dr. —, and Mr. —, and I do not know who, that are ready to take your places beside me. Now, my good Horner, let me conjure you “by the consonancy of our studies,” and all other serious considerations, to deliver me from this evil; and refuse one dinner, or shorten two nights' sleep, or encounter some other petty

* A nickname for Dr. John Thomson.

† Mr. Thomas Thomson.

evil, to save us from this perplexity. You have many fair days before you to shine and sport in, and may be glad some time to remember the exertions I ask of you, &c.

I hear of your talking about dung,* and of your making a great deal of money. Good. I wish you would let me into the secret. Remember me to Murray, whom I miss very much, and to Brougham. This place is in a state of terrible depopulation, quoad me at least. Do you hear any thing of Hamilton? I daresay these alarms will send him home, or at least the Sanscrit books, which are still more precious to him than his own person.

God bless you, Horner. When I am out of humour with my own lot, I generally wish to be you. Do not forget me, however; and we shall continue very good friends and rivals no doubt, though you have the vantage ground.—I am, always very faithfully yours.

P. S.—The *wig* arrived in great order, and I am resolved to mount it boldly next session.

35.—*To Francis Horner.*

Edinburgh, 11th May, 1803.

My dear Horner—You will think it but an ill omen of our correspondence that I have left your first letter so long unanswered, but it came when I was doubly from home, for I was not in Glasgow when it arrived, and I have been in a constant state of hurry and agitation ever since I received it. I had reviews to write, and felons to defend, visits to pay, and journeys to perform, directions to give, and quarrels to make up—and all this without one interval of domestic tranquillity, but under strange roofs, where paper and pens were often as hard to be met with as leisure and solitude were always. I only came home last night, and as the session begins to-morrow, I think I do your epistle great honour in taking notice of it so soon. By

* In an appeal in the House of Lords.

this time I suppose the third number of the Review will have reached you, and I begin already to feel some impatience for your own opinion of its merits, and your account of its reception in London. If you are disposed to be very severe, I shall probably remind you that it is your own fault that it is no better, and that you are more responsible for our blunders than those substitutes of yours by whom they were committed. Do not imagine, however, that I was not very much moved with your contrition and conscientious qualms. I would grant you a fuller remission, if I were not afraid that the easiness of your penance might tempt you to a second transgression. To say the truth, I had not much expectation from the very eloquent and urgent expostulation I addressed to you, and had made up my mind to go on without you before it was sent away. This time, however, we really depend upon you; and, after your engagements and blushes, I shall be obliged to suspect that you are not to be depended upon at all if you disappoint us. That you may have an opportunity of exercising your sagacity, I shall let you guess at the authors of the different articles before I disclose them; and that you may give the London opinion without bias or prepossession, I shall not tell you till I hear it, what that is which preponderates in Edinburgh. There is much judgment, I beg leave to assure you, in this specimen of *reticence*, whatever you may think of its eloquence.

There is one thing, however, that I will tell you. In consequence of a negotiation conducted by Smith during my absence, Constable and Longman have agreed to give £50 a number to the editor, and to pay £10 a sheet for all the contributions which the said editor shall think worth the money. The terms are, as Mr. Longman says, "without precedent;" but the success of the work is not less so, and I am persuaded that if the money be well applied, it will be no difficult matter to insure its continuance. Now, my sage councillor, this editorship will be offered to me in

the course of a few days, and though I shall not give any definite answer till I hear from you, and consult with some of my other friends, I will confess that I am disposed to accept of it. There are *pros* and *cons* in the case, no doubt. What the *pros* are I need not tell you. £300 a year is a monstrous bribe to a man in my situation. The *cons* are—vexation and trouble, interference with professional employment and character, and risk of general degradation. The first I have had some little experience of, and am not afraid for. The second, upon a fair consideration, I am persuaded I ought to risk. It will be long before I make £300 more than I now do by my profession, and by far the greater part of the employment I have will remain with me, I know, in spite of any thing of this sort. The character and success of the work, and the liberality of the allowance, are not to be disregarded. But what influences me the most is, that I engaged in it at first gratuitously, along with a set of men whose character and situation in life must command the respect of the multitude, and that I hope to go on with it as a matter of emolument along with the same associates. All the men here will take their ten guineas, I find, and, under the sanction of that example, I think I may take my editor's salary also without being supposed to have suffered any degradation. It would be easy to say a great deal on this subject, but the sum of it, I believe, is here, and you will understand me as well as if I had been more eloquent. I would undoubtedly prefer making the same sum by my profession; but I really want the money, and think that I may take it this way, without compromising either my honour or my future interest. Tell me fairly what you think of it. Murray thinks a little too much like a man at his ease. I should probably think like him if I were in his situation; but my poverty is greater than either of you imagine, and my prospects a great deal more uncertain than your partiality will believe. I have weighed this deliberately.

Whatever you think of this matter, there is one service you can do us, I daresay. Inquire and look about among the literary men and professed writers of the metropolis, and send us down a list of a few that you think worth ten guineas a sheet, and that will work conscientiously for the money. Take what measures you can also, to let it be generally known among that race of beings, that for superior articles we give such a price. A classical man of taste in particular is much wanted, fit for a reviewer of Gifford's Journal for instance, and such things. When these weighty matters are settled, I shall write you a letter of anecdotes more at my ease. Let me hear from you very soon; and believe me always, my dear Horner, very faithfully yours.

P. S.—Tell me what books you are to do for No. 4, and what you think ought to be done; and begin to your task, let me entreat you, in good time. You shall have twelve guineas if you please.

P. S.—Thomson hesitates about *Dumont*. Say positively whether you will do it yourself or not.

36.—*To Mr. John Jeffrey.*

Edinburgh, 2d July, 1803.

My dear John—It will be a sad thing if your reformation be the cause of my falling off; yet it is certain that since you have begun to write oftener, my letters have begun to be more irregular, &c.

I am glad you have got our Review, and that you like it. Your partiality to my articles is a singular proof of your judgment. In No. 3, I do Gentz, Hayley's Cowper, Sir J. Sinclair, and Thelwall. In No. 4, which is now printing, I have Miss Baillie's Plays, Comparative View of Geology, Lady Mary Wortley, and some little ones. I do not think you know any of my associates. There is the sage Horner, however, whom you have seen, and who has gone to the English bar with the resolution of being

Lord Chancellor ; Brougham, a great mathematician, who has just published a book upon the Colonial Policy of Europe, which all you Americans should read ; Rev. Sidney Smith, and P. Elmsley, two learned Oxonian priests, full of jokes and erudition ; my excellent little Sanscrit Hamilton, who is also in the hands of Bonaparte at Fontainebleau ; Thomas Thomson and John Murray, two ingenious advocates ; and some dozen of occasional contributors, among whom, the most illustrious, I think, are young Watt of Birmingham, and Davy of the Royal Institution. We sell 2500 copies already, and hope to do double that in six months, if we are puffed enough. I wish you could try if you can *répandre* us upon your continent, and use what interest you can with the literati, or rather with the booksellers of New York and Philadelphia. I believe I have not told you that the concern has now become to be of some emolument. After the fourth number the publishers are to pay the writers no less than *ten guineas* a sheet, which is three times what was ever paid before for such a work, and to allow £50 a number to an editor. I shall have the offer of that first, I believe, and I think I shall take it, with the full power of laying it down whenever I think proper. The publication is in the highest degree respectable as yet, as there are none but gentlemen connected with it. If it ever sink into the state of an ordinary bookseller's journal, I have done with it.

We are all in great horror about the war here, though not half so much afraid as we ought to be. For my part, I am often in absolute despair, and wish I were fairly piked, and done with it. It is most clearly and unequivocally a war of our own seeking, and an offensive war upon our part, though we have no means of offending. The consular proceedings are certainly very outrageous and provoking, and, if we had power to humble him, I rather think we have had provocation enough to do it. But with

our means, and in the present state and temper of Europe, I own it appears to me like insanity. There is but one ground upon which our conduct can be justified. If we are perfectly certain that France is to go to war with us, and will infallibly take some opportunity to do it with greater advantage in a year or two, there may be some prudence in being beforehand with her, and open the unequal contest in our own way. While men are mortal, and the fortunes of nations variable, however, it seems ridiculous to talk of absolute certainty for the future; and we insure a present evil, with the magnitude of which we are only beginning to be acquainted. In the mean time we must all turn out, I fancy, and do our best. There is a corps of riflemen raising, in which I shall probably have a company. I hate the business of war, and despise the parade of it; but we must submit to both for a while. I am happy to observe that there is little of that boyish prating about uniforms, and strutting in helmets, that distinguished our former arming. We look sulky now, and manful, I think, &c.—Always, dear John, very affectionately yours.

37.—*To George J. Bell, Esq.*

St. Andrews, 7th August, 1803.

My dear Bell—I wish you were here to learn how to be idle, or to teach me how to be busy. We are in the middle of eating and drinking, and are so much engrossed with it, that, with the most virtuous disposition in the world, I have barely been able to write a few lines to my father (at three sittings) and to read a half of the Tale of a Tub, &c.

In spite of all this, and in spite of the rainy weather, which has annoyed us ever since we set foot upon this kingdom, we are all in good health. Kate, I think, really stouter, and more uniformly alert than she has been for a very long time. This she desires you to tell Charles, for

whose conversation she has a much higher esteem than for his bottles.

For my own part, I am perfectly well, and succeed very tolerably in my endeavours to forget that I have reviews to write, and Frenchmen to conquer, in the course of a few weeks. The last evil, indeed, seems to enter but little into the imagination of anybody I meet with. It is a fashion here to laugh at the notion of an invasion, and I am ridiculed as a visionary for hinting something as to its possibility. They are so much in earnest in this notion, however, that there is not a volunteer or a musket from the Tay to the Forth; and a corporal's guard, I verily believe, might march triumphantly from one end of the country to the other. A privateer, with thirty men, I am quite certain, might land here and carry off all the cattle and women without the smallest danger. I am not quite so well assured, however, by all this confidence, but that I have some anxiety to know what you are doing in Edinburgh as to your armaments and preparations. What has become of our corps? and have you entered into any other? Have any steps been taken as to the formation of the army of reserve? or any thing been done about the general levy? We hear nothing in this corner any more than if we were at St. Kilda. There is but one Scotch newspaper comes to the whole town, and they read it so slow, that its contents are not generally known till four days after its arrival. Tell me too what you hear of our Review. The College takes one copy of it too, but they do not commonly cut up the *learned* articles, and content themselves with our politics and poetry, &c.

Farewell, dear Bell; I hope you never suspect me of forgetting all that I have long owed to your unwearied and disinterested friendship. You think, I can perceive, that I am apt to be led away by idle and profligate associates; but, if I do not overrate my own steadiness, I am in no great danger from that kind of seduction. I will go

a certain length, out of curiosity and by way of experiment, but I hope I can stop where I have determined to stop, and am sure that I recur always with more satisfaction to the tried and substantial merits of my oldest friends. This sentence must be inspired, I suppose; at least, I do not know how else it got in.

Write me very soon, my dear Bell, and believe me always very faithfully yours.

38.—*To Francis Horner, Esq.*

St. Andrews, 8th August, 1803.

My dear Horner—From this place of leisure, you will expect a long, collected letter; but my wits are so besotted with the epidemic eating and drinking of the place, and my hand so disused to writing, that I feel as if it were impossible for me to get over the leaf with you.

I came here a week ago with the resolution to study very hard; and yet, in spite of many vigorous and reiterated endeavours, I have been able to do nothing but read the Tale of a Tub, and answer six cards of invitation. My conscientious qualms, too, are daily becoming less importunate, and unless you will flap me up to something like exertion, I think it is very likely that in another week I shall have forgotten that I have reviews to write, and Frenchmen to slaughter. It is impossible, indeed, to be in a situation more favourable for that last act of oblivion. There is not an armed man in the whole county; and a single privateer might carry off all the fat cattle and fair women in the district. To me, who make it a point of conscience to believe in an invasion, this negligence is perfectly shocking. Our Review came out, though, after a very hard labour, on the regular day; and is by this time, I have no doubt, in your hands. It is my business to receive opinions, you know, and not to offer any. I am much afraid, however, that your "Lord King" is the best

article in the number; and you will think some of the most laborious very bad. I am impatient to hear what you think, and also what you hear. If we begin to sink in general estimation at this crisis, we shall speedily go to the bottom, &c.

I am quite inconsolable at the departure of the Smiths. They leave Edinburgh, I believe, this day, and they leave nobody in it whom I could not have spared more easily. There has been a sad breaking up of the society in which we used to live so pleasantly; Hamilton, Allen, and Horner, and now the Smiths. I hope we shall meet somewhere again, though I despair of seeing those careless and cordial hours that we have formerly spent together. In heaven, it will be quite another sort of thing, I am told. However, let us write to each other, and keep away the approaches of strangeness as long as possible. Brougham talks of emigrating also; and then I shall have nobody but Murray, whom I admire and esteem more every day. I see nobody who has such good manners and good dispositions, &c.

Let me know, my dear Horner, how you proceed; and how soon you will be able to patronize me. As soon as you are chancellor, I am resolved to cringe to you for a place. Tell me something about your society, and give me some more of those sage advices as to my conduct, from which I used to receive so much benefit and delight. It was announced last night in the club that Lord Webb was to pass next winter in Edinburgh; I hope you will confirm this, and send him down fully convinced that, without being a member of the said club, it is impossible to have any tolerable existence in Edinburgh. Do not forget your promise of recruiting for us. We shall want journey-men for a third, and sometimes for a half of each number, and I suspect they may be got better in town than anywhere else. I wish we could get a rational classic, and get that part of the journal done in a superior style. I long for the sheet of politics you promised me, and am beginning

to have some curiosity to know what is to become of the world.—Believe me, &c.

39.—*To Francis Horner, Esq.*

Edinburgh, 2d September, 1808.

My dear Horner—My last letter crossed yours on the road, and, of course, made it a delicate question which of us was in duty bound to write again. While I was at St. Andrews, the genius loci confined me to eating and drinking; but now I have awakened from my dream, and the cares and anxieties of my editorial functions begin to come thick upon me again. I have, unfortunately, two or three law papers to write, and am so miserably provided with books for reviewing, that I am afraid my quota will be smaller this time than ever. Now that we are paid for our work, I feel a greater delicacy in laying hold of any long article for myself, and should be perfectly satisfied if those who do lay hold of them would execute them according to engagement. Thomson has done nothing yet to Dumont, &c.

You see, then, how destitute I am, and you see the meaning of all this. It is, that you must do a great deal yourself, and do it quickly. You have some very good books, and you will never have so good a time for working. Now, my dear Horner, do not take these for verba solemnia of my official dunning. I am in profound earnest, and most serious perplexity. You must not only work yourself for us, but you must set on the rest. Tell Smith we cannot do without him. We shall have no light articles at all, if he deserts us. Do stir up Peter Elmsley, moreover, and tell him that he promised to let me have something. Both of these culprits have concealed their addresses from me. Let me know where to find them, and I shall persecute them in person. You are sick of reviewing, I daresay. So am I; but I have very little else to say to you. I heard and saw so little at St. Andrews,

that I feel now like one of the seven sleepers on his return to the world. The world of Edinburgh is very empty at present, and Smith and Elmsley will have told you, at any rate, all those parts of its history which could give you any pleasure. I am quite inconsolable for the loss of Smith, and cannot pass by his door without murmuring. I hope you see him often. Tell him to write me soon, and often. If I knew his address, I should have been complaining to him already. Murray is still unwell, &c.

My dear Horner—This doctor* will never do. I wish you would explain to me how he is endured in London, and what his friends say of his late doings, &c. Tell me what is said and expected among your wise people, if there be ten left in your absurd city.

40.—*To Francis Horner, Esq.*

Edinburgh, 8th September, 1803.

My dear Horner—Your letter is one degree too dignified, and the expostulation a little too harsh. I care very little about the Review, and, though I am not going to give it up in a pet, I would much rather give it up altogether than give any one person a pretext for saying that I selected the most important or the easiest articles for myself. Perhaps the editor should not have been a writer at all. However, I hasten to appease you by saying that I have got back Millar, and shall try what can be done with him, though it is a subject I do not very much like. I may now mention to you that Thomson and I agreed to propose it to Cranstoun,† of whose writing powers all his friends speak very highly, but he declines for the present taking any concern in our business. Was this very weak and unreasonable, O most relentless Censor? or a reason for threatening to desert us, thou iron-hearted man?

Wednesday, 14th—I had written this length on the

* Addington, Prime Minister.

† George Cranstoun, afterward Lord Corehouse—a judge.

morning I received your letter, when I was suddenly called to the country by Mrs. J.'s illness. She is now almost entirely recovered, and came here with me last night. I proceed now with my answer. May I *entreat* you now to do Malthus, if possible, for this number? You seem to treat me a little too much like a common dun, and to fancy that there is something very unreasonable in my proposing any thing that is to give you trouble, or cost you a little exertion. I know that writing reviews is not very pleasant to either of us; but if I feel the burden pressing very heavy on myself, is it not natural for me to ask some assistance from one who is so willing to bear his share of it? I hope you do not imagine that I have made a *trade* of this editorship, or that I have, upon the whole, any interest in the publication that is essentially different from yours, or Smith's, or that of any of our original associates. The main object of every one of us, I understand to be, our own amusement and improvement—joined with the gratification of some personal, and some national vanity. The pecuniary interest I take to be a very subordinate consideration to us all, and beg leave, for myself, to say that it shall never bind for me an hour to this undertaking after it comes to be, as you express it, altogether on a different footing from what it was in the beginning. When I am deserted by my old associates, I give up the concern; and while they are willing to support it, I shall feel myself entitled to pester them with the story of our perplexities, and to make them bear, if possible, their full share of my anxieties.

I do not know, my dear Horner, why I should write all this, or why I should feel myself growing angry and indignant as I advance farther into this subject. I have a right, I hope, to ask you to write for us; and you have a right, no doubt, to excuse yourself, and to make your own apologies; but do not, if you please, announce to me so formally what "you wish to be understood" on the subject of your contributions, nor fancy that I am to take your

orders as if I were a shopman of Constable's. Forgive me for this want of temper. Brougham and I shall write our full proportion for this number; Murray, I hope, more than he has yet done, and T. Thomson also. If you fall off, therefore, it will not be by our example, but in spite of it. We shall be much at a loss for light sheet articles, unless Smith consents to exert himself. I shall write to him to-morrow or next day; but am at this moment so much engaged with law papers that I have scarcely a moment to spare for any thing else. I beg you to give me some notice of Elmsley if you will not submit to dun him yourself by my deputation.

My dear Horner, you have no need to be anxious about your professional destiny, and before you are called to the bar you will have time enough to lay in your law, even though you should steal a day or two in the quarter to write reviews. I have no news for you. I have not seen Brougham since my return here. Murray is well again, and goes to the country to-morrow for a week, to recruit. I am in daily expectation of the letter you promise me in your last, and of much illumination on the state of affairs and parties in your city. De Puis goes to London to-morrow, I believe. He is a good creature. Are there no tidings yet of Allen?

41.—*To Francis Horner, Esq.*

Edinburgh, 19th October, 1803.

My dear Horner—I have got your letter, but not the packet. It will come to-morrow, I suppose, as it is a fast day, on which no work can be done. Why do you only give me one article? and that only fifteen pages! You might at least have added Sir John Sinclair's. But, as you have one scolding epistle of mine on hand already, and as another will do neither of us any good, I intermit my wrath. You are right about the catalogue. It shall be a mere list; but then it will not fill a sheet, and I must

scribble to fill up the deficiency, for there is not another soul that will make any exertion. After all, I believe we shall get out within a day after our proper time, though what sort of figure we are to make, I really have not leisure to conjecture. P. Elmsley has sent a sheetful of Greek upon Athenæus. We have no mathematics at all. I write chiefly to tell you about —. He has no objection to Wishaw undertaking his book, and I, of course, am extremely pleased to get rid of so delicate an engagement. Is it intended to be done in the manner of an analysis? If not, take care and do not let your friend laud too much. The author's connection with us of course must be avoided. But a reviewer, who is not one of us, may require to be reminded of the sternness and severity that this requires. I beg you would spare no urgency, and lose no time, in endeavouring to engage so respectable an associate. If we could once dip him in our ink, I think we should have something like a hold on him. I hope we shall never again get into such a scrape as we are just coming out of, (and that not without damage, I fear.) But we shall never get on comfortably unless we enlarge our phalanx by the association of two or three new recruits. For next number I have not much apprehension; you must do a great deal, (after that I shall never urge you beyond your convenience), and Smith, I daresay, will not be idle. I scarcely know, however, what we shall have to put in it. Walter Scott has, in a manner, offered to do Godwin's Life of Chaucer; and as he understands the subject, and hates the author, I have a notion he will make a good article of it. We must abate something of our general asperity; but I think we should make one or two examples of great delinquents in every number, &c.

There is no news, and I have no leisure to prattle to you. All we reviewers are getting our heads modelled by Henning, and propose to send him to London to complete the series, by the addition of your vast eyebrows. I am

still in despair for the country, and mean to fast and pray to-morrow as powerfully as possible.

Brougham and Murray and I are rather awkwardly situated as to our military functions. We have two offers now at avizandum, to officer a battalion of pioneers, or one of the additional companies of the county volunteers; neither of which corps, however, are yet raised, &c.—God bless you, dear Horner, ever very truly yours.

42.—*To Francis Horner, Esq.*

Edinburgh, 19th February, 1804.

My dear Horner—

I think your sensibilities about Stewart somewhat too nice.* I have only joined his name with Condorcet's in reference to a subject on which he himself quotes that author; but I will alter much more than that to give you satisfaction. I readily agree with you that the article might have been made better; but I cannot think that the subject afforded an opportunity for a *very* good one. I am very nearly in earnest in all I have said, and admit only a certain degree of inaccuracy, which could not have been well avoided, without making the doctrine less popular and comprehensible. I cannot help thinking that there is some value in my view of the limitation of metaphysical discoveries, and I will take any wager you please, that when we are both eighty, you will be very much of my opinion.

I am afraid I shall disappoint you in another article. I mean Dumont. Thomson has at last positively declined doing him, and sent him back to me only three days ago. I have read a volume, and I am sorry to say that I have already a very decided opinion as to the merits of the system. The book is written with great acuteness, and the doctrine is for the most part substantially good; but for novelty or discovery, I can see nothing that in the

* An article by Jeffrey on one of Dugald Stewart's Works.

least resembles it. A great deal of labour is bestowed in making useless distinctions, and imperfect catalogues of things that never were either overlooked or mistaken by reasonable men. However, you need not be afraid of my rashness, I shall read the book twice over, and treat the man with all imaginable respect, &c.—Believe me always, di vostra vecchiezza devotissimo servitore.

43.—*To Francis Horner, Esq.*

Edinburgh, 6th May, 1804.

My dear Horner—I do not know whether the few lines I sent you from York will be allowed to give me a legal dispensation from the promise of writing, immediately after my arrival in Scotland. I got here, however, on Friday morning, and slept all that forenoon. On Saturday morning I thought it my duty to go to the drill; and to-day I am afraid I have put off so much of the morning in idleness, that there is but little chance of this being ready for the post till to-morrow.

I have nothing to tell you of my journey, which was prosperous and sleepy. Mrs. J., I am happy to say, I found in much better health than when I left her; and my table not so much encumbered with papers as to make me despair of clearing it before the beginning of the session, &c.

So much for the *res familiares*. The *res publicæ*, I am afraid, will not be discussed so easily. Happening to be long in bed yesterday, I found myself under the necessity of giving audience in that dignified posture to Constable & Co., who came dutifully to offer their congratulation, and to receive their orders, on my return. The cry is still for copy. We must publish, it seems, by the 15th of July, to attain the object for which we went back to the 18th; and they wish, if possible, to set the press agoing in the course of ten days from this time. Now, my most trusted and perfidious Horner, I earnestly conjure you to

think how necessary it is for you to set instantly about Malthus. Shut yourself up within your double doors; commit the doctor for one eight days to his destiny; and cease to perplex yourself "with what the Dutch intend, and what the French;" let the blue stockings of Miss —— be gartered by some idler hand; resist, if possible, the seductions of Mrs. Smith, and the tender prattlings of Saba; think only of the task which you have undertaken, and endeavour to work out your liberation in as short a time as possible. I do think it of consequence that we should begin, if possible, with this article, both because it is more important and more impatiently expected than any other, and because I really do not know of any other that I have a right to demand, or the power of getting ready so soon, &c.

The bibliopoles confided to me another great plan, in which I since find that most of our friends have been embarked with great eagerness. It is no less than writing and publishing an entire new Encyclopædia, upon an improved plan. Stewart, I understand, is to lend his name, and to write the preliminary discourse, besides other articles. Playfair is to superintend the mathematical department, and Robison the natural philosophy. Thomas Thomson is extremely zealous in the cause. W. Scott has embraced it with great affection; and W. Clerk, Cranstoun, and Erskine, have all agreed to contribute every thing that they possibly can do to its success. Coventry, Leslie, and that excellent drudge Stevenson, are also to be employed in the redaction; and English assistance is to be solicited as soon as the scheme can be brought to any maturity. We hope to have your assistance also. The authors are to be paid at least as well as the reviewers, and are to be allowed to retain the copyright of their articles for separate publication, if they think proper. You will understand that all this is only talked of as yet; but from the way in which it is talked of, I rather think it will be attempted.

I should have given you more particulars, if I had been able to meet with Thomson, but he is still in the country, and I have only gathered these cuttings from Constable and W. Scott.

44.—*To Francis Horner, Esq.*

Edinburgh, 8d September, 1804.

Dear Horner—I have intended to answer your letter every day this week, and I am sure that you will believe that I am in earnest when I inform you that I have risen at seven o'clock this morning to make myself sure of an opportunity. I have nothing to say to you, however, except just to dun and press as usual. I am amused with your audacity in imputing fastidiousness to me. I am almost as great an admirer as Sharpe. The only difference is, that I have a sort of consciousness that admirers are ridiculous, and therefore I laugh at almost every thing I admire, or at least let people laugh at it without contradiction. You must be in earnest when you approve, and have yet to learn that every thing has a respectable, and a detestable, aspect. I meant no contempt to Wordsworth by putting him at the head of the poetical firm. I classed him with Southey and Coleridge who were partners once, and have never advertised their secession. We shall be overwhelmed with poetry. Scott's Lay is in the press too, and will be out by November. There is a set here as much infatuated about it as you were with Mackintosh. W. Erskine recited me half a canto last night, which he says is inimitable; and I acquiesced with a much better grace, I am sure, than you did to Sharpe's raptures upon Wordsworth. I am only afraid that they have persuaded Scott into the same opinion, and that the voice of impartiality will sound to him like malignity or envy. There is no help—justice must be done, and I, like the executioner, shall kiss him, and whirl him off, if the sentence be against him. I rather think though that he will be acquitted.

Talking of poets, I have a desponding epistle from poor Campbell, in which he says that his health is bad, and that his spirits are worn down by staring all day in a newspaper office. This is lamentable. I wish you would walk to Pimlico, and comfort him. Is it not possible to get something done for him? Wilna was better than a newspaper office. A race-horse is better at grass than in a plough. He has promised some reviews, but I am skeptical as to London promises; and, besides, I doubt very much if his performance will be laudable. I wish you would think though if any thing could be done for him in India, Ireland, or anywhere, &c.

Lord Lauderdale is out,* delightfully angry and pert; but I have scarcely read him through. Sir James Hall read a paper two days ago to the Royal Society, and showed the result of several curious Huttonian experiments. He melted chalk, pounded limestone, spar, and other carbonates, into substances very much resembling native limestone and marble, by a heat not exceeding 22° of Wedgewood. He has also attempted to regenerate coal, and to manufacture coal from saw-dust and horn. He has sent his paper, I understand, to Nicholson; so you will see it by-and-by. I think it very curious. He means to read and publish a more detailed account of the transactions in winter. Poor Alison is very ill. He has been confined to bed for these two months, and Gregory shakes his head about him, though they say he is rather better. Stewart is still in the country, busy I hope with his second volume. Playfair, I fancy, is with you.

The Review comes on very ill, or rather it does not come on at all. I have the mortification to see myself almost deserted, and to feel myself extremely stupid and incapable of any meritorious exertion. I have done Richardson's

* Out—in a pamphlet in answer to the Review, (No. 8, art 8,) on his book on Public Wealth.

letters—tediously, I am afraid, and coarsely, and nothing else. I have read Barrow, but scarcely made up my mind about him. I think he is nearly right, but I had always a profound contempt for the Chinese. I suspect I shall fall foul of them. Sir W. Jones I find is very dull and dry. We must be short, &c.

My dear Horner—Will you take compassion upon me, and rise five mornings at seven o'clock, and let me have Malthus to begin with? Upon my honour, I would do that for you, horribly as I detest rising, if it would relieve you half as much as you can do me. These perplexities really take away from my happiness. It would be a very extraordinary, and somewhat of a ridiculous thing, if the work were to be dropped, while it flourishes as it does in sale; and yet, if I do not get more assistance, it must drop, or become not worth keeping up. I did not mean to tease you with this, since it only teases you; but I cannot help begging when I am actually starving, beggar-like as you use me. I missed Davy as he passed here. Indeed, I do not find that he saw anybody but the coterie at Dr. Hope's, though he did me the honour, I find, to call, &c.

Tell me how your politics come on. We never speak of such things here. Indeed, I think we are every day getting more into the style of a secondary provincial town, and losing both our literature and our good breeding. That is the consequence of having so smooth a road to London, &c. I never pass through York Place without a little pang.*—Ever, dear Horner, most sincerely yours.

45.—*To Francis Horner, Esq.*

Edinburgh, 4th September, 1804.

My dear Horner—This hot weather makes me bilious, I suppose; for I cannot get fairly to the end of three pages without getting into bad humour—even though I rise in the very cool and blue of the morning to give my blood a fair

* Horner lived there.

chance of coolness. But here has been James Brougham, with his placid honest countenance, saying so many flattering and apologetic things of you, that I once more feel myself amiably disposed, and sit down to write to you in a most Christian temper of charity and long-suffering.

The most acceptable thing that fell from his persuasive lips was, that you would have no objection to answer Lauderdale's pamphlet, provided it appeared unfit for reviewing. Now, it is clearly quite unfit for reviewing. In the first place, it is rude and impertinent in many places; and in the second, the review ought never to be made a vehicle of controversy, as it would soon be a vehicle for nothing else. We speak, of course, as judges, and of course must leave the bench when we are compelled to appear as parties. . We could not consistently, or even with due regard to our reputation, affect to measure impartially the relative merits of Lord Lauderdale and of the Edinburgh Review, &c. With regard to answering the pamphlet, however, I urgently entreat you to do it, both for Brougham's sake, and also in some degree for your own sake, and the sake of the doctrines contained in that Review, for some of which I own I feel a sort of paternal anxiety. I have had time only to run over the said observations very slightly, but from what I have seen, I think them all very answerable. I am not quite clear about the pensionary and the sinking fund sections, but I have always shivered on the brink of those subjects, without venturing myself into their depths. However, if you will undertake to write an answer, I will engage to send you a few notes on the whole work, of which you shall be welcome to make as little use as you think proper. The pamphlet makes no great fame here, and seems scarcely to be read except by the political auxiliaries of his lordship. However, that is no presumption against it. For if my Lord Lauderdale were to write as prettily as Ezekiel, the Dundassites would affect to scoff at it, &c. —Ever, my dear Horner, most sincerely yours.

46.—*To Francis Horner, Esq.*

Edinburgh, 20th January, 1805.

My dear Horner—Your letters are always delightful, and afford me more pleasure than any thing else that I read. I wish I deserved them better. But I really have had no time to write, and as you are yourself the chief and most criminal cause of my hurry, I do not think you have any right to impeach me. If you will not write reviews, I cannot write any thing else. This number is out, thank heaven, without any assistance from Horner, Brougham, Smith, Brown, Allen, Thomson, or any other of those gallant supporters who voted their blood and treasure for its assistance. Will you, or will you not, do Malthus for April? Is it fair to the Review, or kind to me, or well for yourself, to keep up an article of this kind for so enormous a time? &c.

This fit is over, however, and I go on.

The Edinburgh world does not improve, I think. But it does not grow worse. I have great consolation in the club, and a thousand resources in Murray. By the bye, he has been under terrible apprehension of *gout* for this last fortnight. I tell him that his career is at an end, that he shall dance no more, but ought to make up his mind to flannel and thick ankles for the sad residue of his life. I do not think he has any thing worse than a slight rheumatism in his knee; but he is very anxious and full of precautions. Tease him, if you are idle enough, with a long epistle of condolence, &c. I increase daily in affection for Johnny Playfair. He has given me liberal and friendly assistance in this last number, and with so much cheerfulness and punctuality, that if you have any proper conception of my fury against you, you may have some notion of my gratitude to him.

Murray and I have a plan to make all the respectable part of the bar, who are young enough to be accessible, ac-

quainted with each other, that the good spirit which is in them, and which runs some risk of being corrupted, or quelled, and overawed, when it is single, may be strengthened by communication and union, and give to the body hereafter something of a higher and more independent character than it has lately borne, &c.

My dear Horner—I am still very painfully busy, and having got a bad habit of dining out, I do not see when I am likely to be at leisure again. But I will write to you by-and-by, when I am out of debt to the agents. In the mean time, let me hear from you frequently, and believe me always, most sincerely yours.

47.—*To Mr. John Jeffrey.*

Edinburgh, 6th February, 1805.

My dear John—

I was applied to a few weeks ago for a letter of introduction to you, which I granted with great unwillingness and much sorrow. It was for a Mr. — and his wife, who have been unfortunate in Glasgow, and are going to try what fortune will do for them in America. I know very little about the man, and it is chiefly for the sake of the wife that I wish you to do them all the good you can. I daresay you remember her as one of the beauties of Glasgow. Her name was — — ; and her story is something romantic. She was desperately in love with a youth of the name of —, who went to India, and died. Her father insisted on her marrying —, who was then in the way of getting very rich. After the death of her true love she complied, and has been a most exemplary wife, even in this land of domestic virtue. Her husband speculated, and was ruined. For the last year they have been penniless; and the poor girl has subsisted the whole family, in a great measure, by the labour of her own innocent hands; has maintained an heroic cheerfulness and equality of temper; and agreed,

without murmuring, to accompany her imprudent husband to a strange country, at a distance from all her friends. There is more magnanimity in this than in speaking blank verse and swallowing laudanum. I have seen very little of her for two years. You will not find her very clever or very accomplished, but she is a generous and noble-hearted woman, and one who deserves every sort of assistance. I beg you would not neglect them, &c.—Ever, my dear John, most affectionately yours.

48.—*To Mrs. Morehead.*

(Soon after his Wife's death.)

Glasgow, 23d August, 1805.

My dearest Margaret—I left you chiefly because I could not bear to burden your spirits with the sight of my continual misery. But I hope the movement will do some good to my own also. As yet, however, I cannot say that I feel any relief. The sight of this place naturally reminds me of the last visit I paid to it; when my darling was exulting in the idea of improving health; when I saw her dressed and smiling, and contrasted her innocent raptures on the journey to Inverary; and folded her to my breast with transport, when she told me of the pleasure she received from the praises of her husband's speeches. And this is about three months ago. It is not so much since I saw her sitting affectionately with Mainie* in this very room, and led her across the street; which I cannot look back upon without shuddering. It is impossible for me to tell you how eagerly I seek after these recollections, and how strongly they move me. We had a distant peep of Bothwell Castle from the road yesterday, and it brought to my mind so forcibly the delightful visit we paid there, you remember, more than a year ago, that I could scarcely persuade myself I was not actually looking down on the river,

* His sister, Mrs. Brown.

with you on one hand and my Kitty on the other, with nothing but spring, and life, and joy around us. It was the same when we walked out to Langside last night. You remember when we dined there first, before setting out on the expedition, and I saw my lamb walking stately on the lawn, and sitting in the garden, and looking from every window in the house. You cannot conceive what a relief it was to me, after being in sight of people all day, to lie down on that lawn, and weep my fill for her.

I have nothing to tell you of our adventures. We got here about three o'clock, a good deal jostled, but quite well; dined alone, and walked out after dinner to see the children at the cottage. They are both quite well too, and much improved in beauty and understanding. Returned in the dusk; went to bed early; slept a good deal, and rose rather late. I start half the night, as I generally do, in calling to Kitty to appear to me, to let me hear one note of her voice, or to give me some token of her existence and continuing care for me. Sometimes I feel unaccountably calmer after this, and sometimes quite oppressed and desponding. I have seen nobody to-day but Margaret Lowdon, whose gentleness and unaffected sorrow has soothed me more than any thing since I left you, by drawing social tears from me. I think my beloved would have been gratified with the sensibility with which she received her hair, and the little memorials we set aside for her. I hope I have distributed these as she could have wished. The only pleasure I have now upon earth is in doing what I think she would have praised me for. Almost the only pleasure, indeed, I had before, was in receiving or anticipating her praises. We are to dine at the College to-day. The exercise of walking to it is of use to me, I think, and there is something soothing in the solitude and quiet of the country. I shall be back with you very soon, my dear Margaret. Mainie is very kind, but, except Margaret Lowdon and herself, there is

not a creature here to whom I could bear to name her. You are good and gentle, and indulgent and sincere, both in your sympathy, and in your own sorrow and affection. You always soothe me whenever you speak of her, and by-and-by, perhaps, I shall not oppress you so much with my regrets. There is one thing, though, which I have been thinking about, Margaret; I will not live with you during your confinement. I perceive that I must crowd and disturb you; and though your kindness overlooks that, I must not. There is really not room for your mother and nurses, &c.; and, by that time, I am afraid that people might be coming about me that would make the scene still more tumultuous. Besides, my dear love, I am not sure that this might not be too much for me. I have scarcely been able to look on young children with composure for these three years, and in your case the remembrance would be too painful. I have almost determined then to go to my own house, &c.—Ever, my best Margaret, most gratefully and affectionately yours.

49.—*To Charles Bell, Esq.*

Edinburgh, 21st January, 1806.

My dear Charles—

George tells me you began to lecture last Saturday, and I believe I am nearly as impatient as he is to learn the success of your debut. But in a place where there is so much jealousy, and intrigue, and association, there is undoubtedly some risk at the beginning. If you are once fairly launched, you will go on smoothly. I wish you may be simple and plain enough in your lectures. I think I have observed in your writings a certain degree of constraint and finery, which would be much better away, &c.

George is improving in industry, and rising daily in reputation. I know no man whose character is so completely respectable, whose heart is so kind, and whose

principles so honourable and steady. A certain degree of constraint in his manners, and a kind of irritability arising from an excessive intolerance for any thing mean or unhandsome, have hitherto kept his full value from being generally understood. These, however, are daily diminishing, and as his increasing notoriety brings him more and more into varied and polished society, they will disappear altogether, and make him as great a favourite with his new acquaintances as he has long been with his intimate friends. It is a kind of ill-breeding, I believe, to talk to you so much of so near a relative; but I am as proud of his friendship as you are of your relationship, and cannot refuse myself this gratification.

I am sorry to lose Richardson; he is gentle and kind-hearted, as those from whom you would not hide your weaknesses, nor think it necessary to disguise your affections. I think you will have considerable comfort in his society. There is something domestic and almost feminine in his manners that must be very soothing to one who lives alone in the hardness of male society.

I have heard nothing more from you about the drawing you were kind enough to promise you would again attempt for me, and am afraid you could make nothing of the remarks I sent you in the former. Do not put yourself to any inconvenience, but do not forget, my dear friend, a promise upon which I think hourly. I am very much as I was. My home is terrible to me; and I am a great deal in company. I am gay there, and even extravagant as usual; but I pass sad nights, and have never tasted of *sweet* sleep since my angel slept away in my arms. I did not mean to distress you with this; do not think it necessary to answer it. Your book is coming on, I see, but slowly. It is not perfectly well written, and wants simplicity and precision. There is an art in this which you have not had leisure to study, but I will answer for its success, and its deserving it, &c.

50.—*To Francis Horner, Esq.*

Edinburgh, 9th March, 1806.

My dear Horner—Though I believe you have still a foolish letter of mine unanswered, I feel ungrateful till I have thanked you for your last long and exemplary one. You must not wonder at my friendship though; for wonder, in your philosophic head, stands pretty near to incredulity; and, besides, if there is to be any wondering in the matter, I suspect it would become me better than you. I have never done you any service, nor, am I afraid, been the occasion of much gratification to you. In my happier days I ran some risk of your contempt, by my levity and unconcern about the great objects of your attention; and lately I have appeared weak and querulous, and have repaid your kind and generous sympathy with something of misanthropy and ingratitude. Yet I do not doubt the least of your friendship, nor does it come into my head to wonder at it. On the contrary, I should wonder very much if it were now to be withdrawn. Your scheme of life is admirable; but when I read it over to Murray, I said you were in more danger of being assailed by competition than you seemed to be aware of. In three days after, I heard that you had been tempted, and had yielded. I congratulate you heartily on your nomination,* and rejoice at it as an earnest of greater honour, and a pledge to yourself and your friends of the estimation you have already obtained with the most discerning and severe judges of merit. In some other points of view, I am not so sure that it is to be rejoiced at. It will interfere, I am afraid, both with your professional advancement, and with your literary and private pursuits; and it has not the splendour, nor the opportunity for display and great public service, which belongs to offices more purely political. If you were not so conscientious, so scru-

* As one of the Commissioners for the liquidation of the Nabob of Arcot's debts.

pulous, and so prone to laborious investigation, I should not have so much apprehension. But these unhappy propensities will involve you in infinite labours, and, I am afraid, will enable your new duties to engross an alarming proportion of your time and your exertions. But perhaps I mistake the nature of the office. Tell me more about it when you have leisure to write. I am afraid here is the end of your reviewing, &c.

This leads me to say something of myself. I thank you, my dear Horner, a thousand times, for your unwearied and affectionate solicitude, and for the counsels and expostulations which soothe and gratify me, at least, by their kindness, though I may not be able to comply with them. I can never endure a solitary home, even if it were not a desolated one; nor can I perceive any motive for my encountering all these agonies, that I may come to stupify in dreamy repose, instead of agitating myself with fretful and frivolous occupations. Till my affections can take root again and flourish, I can taste no substantial happiness; and whatever cheats me of time and recollection most effectually, is now the most eligible course of life I can follow. Do not imagine, however, from any thing I may have said to you or Murray, that I spend the whole of my idle hours in turbulent and heartless society, for the mere purpose of distraction. I do that, certainly, rather than spend them alone. But there are several families in which I have a more suitable consolation; simple women, with whom I am intimate, and sweet children, by whom I am beloved, are the great instruments of my dissipation; and you will not easily persuade me that this is not a more wholesome and rational discipline for a mind distempered like mine, than studies without interest, and solitude which exertion could teach me only to endure. Tell me, however, what you would have me to do? and why? I grow every day more familiar with these impressions as to the insignificance of life, and the absurdity of being much concerned about any

thing that it presents, which have more than once excited your indignation already, so that I am afraid we should not agree very well in our premises. Labour and exertion do infinitely less for our happiness and our virtue than you stern philosophers will allow yourselves to believe; and half the pains and suffering to which we are exposed arise from the mortification of this ridiculous self-importance which is implied in all your heroic toils. This you think spleen and paradox; but it was my creed before I was splenetic, and a creed that conducted me to happiness. And what, my dear Horner, are all your labours for reputation, and distinction, and the esteem of celebrated persons, but fatiguing pastimes, and expensive preparatives for the indulgence of those affections that are already within your own reach. I do think ambition a folly and a vice, except in a schoolboy, and conceive it to be evident that it leads to unhappiness, whether it be gratified or disappointed:—Believe me ever, most affectionately yours.

51.—*To Mrs. Morehead.*

Southampton, 1st September, 1806.

My dear Margaret—I got your kind letter at Portsmouth, on Thursday, and wrote next day to Bob a pretty full account of our journeyings and adventures up to that date. We have been ever since in the Islé of Wight, which we only left this morning, and I must now give you some further account of our proceedings. The said isle is very well worth visiting; and I have some hope of leading you over its beauties one day when I am rich and idle and happy. On the side next the mainland, it is finely wooded and swelled into smooth hills, and divided by broad friths and inlets of various and fantastical appearance. But the chief beauty, I think, lies on the south, where it opens to the wide ocean, and meets a warmer sun than shines upon any other spot of our kingdom. On this side, it is, for the most part, bounded by lofty chalk cliffs,

which rise, in the most dazzling whiteness, out of the blue sea into the blue sky, and make a composition something like Wedgewood's enamel. The cliffs are in some places enormously high; from 600 to 700 feet. The beautiful places are either where they sink deep into bays and valleys, opening like a theatre to the sun and the sea, or where there has been a terrace of low land formed at their feet, which stretches under the shelter of that enormous wall, like a rich garden-plot, all roughened over with masses of rock, fallen in distant ages, and overshadowed with thickets of myrtle, and roses, and geraniums, which all grow wild here in great luxuriance and profusion. These spots are occupied, for the most part, by beautiful, ornamented cottages, designed and executed, for the most part, in the most correct taste. Indeed, it could not be easy to make any thing ugly in a climate so delicious, where all sorts of flowers, and shrubs, and foliage multiply and maintain themselves with such vigour and rapidity. The myrtles fill all the hedges, and grapes grow in festoons from tree to tree, without the assistance of a wall. To the west, the land rises into lofty and breezy downs, and at the extreme point the land has been worn down, by the violence of the sea, into strange detached fragments of white rock, which people call needles, and come a long laborious way to see. They are the only ugly things upon the island. We walked a great deal here, and saw every thing at our leisure, by sunlight and moonlight, alone and in a body. I had many delightful reveries, which I shall one day dilate to you; but at present I am scribbling with all possible rapidity in order to save the post, which goes out almost immediately. We crossed, this morning, to Lymington, and came here through the New Forest. This is a fine scene, too, and the last of the fine scenes I believe I shall see in England; fine oak wood, spread over rough, uneven country for thirty miles, opening, every now and then, into fine, open, pastoral villages, and broken by

heathy mountains and the windings of a broad arm of the sea ;—the day hot and still, mostly cloudy, but with spots and streams of yellow sunshine falling upon the remote and prominent parts of the deep woody circle, and contrasting with the blue vapoury appearance of that distance which remained in shade. I am going, after the vicar rises, to see Netley Abbey, which is said to be the finest view in England. To-morrow we proceed to Windsor, and on Wednesday to London. I set out for Scotland, I think, positively on Monday the 8th ; and as I propose to come in the mail, I shall be in Edinburgh on Thursday or Friday morning. A thousand thanks for your kind and compassionate offer of coming to receive me ; but I think I shall arrive early in the morning, before you are out of bed. However, I shall write to you again, when I have finally fixed on my movements. You must not write to me in answer to this, as I shall not stay to receive it ; but I hope you have already written to me. Heaven bless you, and reward you for your kindness to me, &c.—Believe me always most affectionately yours.

52.—*To Francis Horner, Esq.*

Edinburgh, 18th September, 1806.

My dear Horner—I wish I had something to say worth your listening to. But my views coincide entirely with yours as to general points, and they are quite as little matured with reference to immediate action. I can assure you, however, that I am not indifferent or inattentive to what is now going on, and that it requires a very frequent recurrence to the principles of my philosophy, and many recollections of my own utter impotence, to prevent me from surprising you with my ardour. It is easy to see what ought to be done, and not difficult to inflame one's self with the contemplation of it. But when we come to the ways and means of carrying it into effect, I own I have never yet been able to discover the slightest ground for

confidence or hope, and conclude, therefore, that my affections might be more wisely placed on objects that are more attainable at least, if they are less exalted. I agree with you entirely in thinking that there is in the opulence, intelligence, and morality of our middling people a sufficient quarry of materials to make or to repair a free constitution; but the difficulty is in raising them to the surface. The best of them meddle least with politics; and, except as jurymen or justices of peace, they exercise scarcely any influence upon the public proceedings of the society. The actual government of the country is carried on by something less, I take it, than 200 individuals, who are rather inclined to believe that they may do any thing they please, so long as the more stirring part of the community can be seduced by patronage, and the more contemplative by their love of ease and their dread of violence and innovation. You must falsify the premises of this reasoning by a great moral reform before you can challenge the conclusion. You must make our adventurers and daring spirits more honest, and our honest and intelligent men more daring and ambitious; or, rather, you must find out some channel through which the talent and principle of the latter may be brought to bear upon the actual management of affairs, and may exert its force in controlling or directing the measures of government in some more efficient way than in discoursing in private companies, or lamenting in epistles. This is the problem. There is a great partition set up between the energy that is to save the country and the energy that is to destroy it; the latter alone is in action, and the other cannot get through to stop it. I scarcely see any thing but a revolution, or some other form of violence, that can beat down the ancient and ponderous barrier. Show me how this great work is to be accomplished, and you will find me as zealous, and more active than any of you. You fine wits of London are not the people, nor are you the persons to stir them. You have too much personal am-

bition, too much refined philosophy, too much habitual dissipation, and a great deal too much charity and indulgence for idleness, profligacy, and profusion, to project or execute such a project if it were practicable. I speak of you in the mass. You are not one of them. You try to persuade yourself that you are Londonized, and that it is right to be so. But you are mistaken. It will take you six idle winters to bring you down to that level. But, in truth, I do not think the scheme practicable by any set of persons. The antiquity of our government, to which we are indebted for so many advantages, brings this great compensating evil along with it; there is an oligarchy of great families—borough-mongers and intriguing adventurers—that monopolizes all public activity, and excludes the mass of ordinary men nearly as much as the formal institutions of other countries. How can you hope to bring the virtues of the people to bear on the vices of the government, when the only way in which a patriot can approach to the scene of action is by purchasing a seat in Parliament? A correct view of our actual constitution, I have often thought, would be a curious thing, and a careful examination of it ought, at all events, to precede any attempt at reform.

These are some of my general views, and you see they lead naturally to that apathy and apparent indifference in which other circumstances have led me to indulge. You must not sneer any more, however, at my philosophy. I could give you a key to it that would move your pity rather than your derision. My mind is diseased, I know, and I rather think incurably. However, I am sometimes tempted to pluck up a spirit, and to say, like the old Roman conspirator who came on the stage in his nightcap, "I am not sick, if you have any business that is worth being well for." But these would be but big words, I fear, and I will not say them yet. Whatever I may think of remote consequences, I can have no doubt as to the conduct which the friends of Mr. Fox ought now to adopt. They cannot hope

to form a ministration of themselves, and they must either unite with the Grenvilles, or see the Hawkesburys and Castlereaghs unite with them. I do not think exactly as you do as to the utter dissolution of the Whig interest. I hope it will generate a new head for itself, as the snails do, instead of dying when the old one is cut off. The bees contrive somehow to make a queen when the place becomes vacant, and are you less political animals than they? Look about among your political infants, and you will discover a new incarnation of the larvæ. It is difficult to kill the soul of a party. And have not your old studies taught you that the demand will insure the supply? I never had any hope of Mr. Fox's recovery, and wondered at those who had. It is very deplorable. Is he to be buried with public honours? I think not. I have written all this without a word of reviewing, and, to say the truth, I am as sick of the subject as you can be, &c.—Very affectionately yours.

53.—*To Francis Horner, Esq.*

Edinburgh, 25th November, 1806.

My dear Horner—

I have said nothing all this time to your charge of calumny.—I call you a political adventurer, it seems, and a place hunter, at least I think you so. I never heard such raving in my life before, and am much more inclined to laugh than be angry. I thought you had known my opinion of you something better. But since you are so miserably ignorant, I must tell it you, I find, whatever offence it may give to your modesty. I do not think there is anybody alive, except perhaps myself, who despises more heartily the emoluments of office, or the personal rewards of political services. I could never for a moment either say or suspect that these things weighed one grain in your calculation, or dictated one action, or one meditation of

your heart. But every man has some objects, and I will tell you what I think are yours;—first, to do some good, to make society and posterity your debtors, to be a benefactor to mankind; next, to cultivate and improve your own mind, to acquire a just relish for excellence, and to familiarize yourself with all the accomplishments that make a lofty and amiable character. After those, I think your object is to be known for those merits; to enjoy the consideration, the gratitude, the confidence, that must belong to such a being. Those are the things for which you labour and task yourself. You have other objects of course, but they are attainable on easier terms, and the pursuit of them will never mark your destiny. You would wish to be loved in private life, and to be tranquil and amiable in domestic society; last of all, you would choose to be rich, partly for independence, partly for beneficence, and partly for vanity. This is about the scale by which I arrange the things that seem good to you in this world; and, right or wrong, you will judge whether it will suit a political adventurer.

But I say you will desert your profession, and I prognosticate that politics will engross you. Well, I do; and if you will only have patience, you will soon see and feel what I mean. It is not always convenient for a prophet to explain his predictions, but your perversity provokes one to run this hazard. Will you let me say that I smile with a little incredulity when you assure me, with that virtuous earnestness, that you are attached to your profession *for its own sake*? What! special pleading, wrangling at circuits, quibbling, suppressing scorn for villanous attorneys, sleeping over cases! No, my dear Horner, you have a much better taste. You do *not* love your profession for its own sake; and if you had £10,000 a year, you would as soon think of a curacy. Then, it is for the money. Independence—that is very right; but I say it is neither first in your list, nor is it attainable by law alone. In the

first place, by independence you mean *riches*—something about £2000 a year. You are in no actual danger of starving, nor is it a matter of *necessity* for you to get this, it is ambition, and I tell you it is not your first ambition. Your leading objects are to do good—to improve yourself—to acquire consideration. Now, do you really think that it is altogether and entirely impossible that you should discover, in the course of a year or two, that you can do more good, and gain more fame and improvement, by devoting yourself to political pursuits, than by drudging on in the more obscure and irksome occupation of a Chancery lawyer? It is a part of my prophecy, you will observe, that you will find yourself of more consequence than you are now aware of, and that you will feel, by-and-by, that you would not only be defrauding yourself of the destination to which you are entitled, but the public also of services—which are always owing by those who have the power to perform them—by declining the tasks that are put upon you, or withdrawing yourself from the duties which you will find gathering round you. This is what I meant when I said your vocation was for public life. Not that you had a taste for the dirty work of a political underling, or a thirst for the dirt which buys them; and I exhorted you not to struggle against your destiny. I do assure you not because I saw in you the features of a good tool for a ministry, but because it appeared to me that you were sitting down at the second table when you had been unequivocally invited to the first. If my premises are right, you cannot dispute my conclusions; and it is enough for my justification that I believe them to be right. But I care very little about my justification; for I am sure you can never believe, in earnest, that I ever entertained any opinion with regard to you that was not full of affection and esteem.

But I should like to say something for your conviction also, and make you think my opinion not only not injurious

to you, but not unreasonable. I can see no motive, however, for your sacrificing the promise of your political career to your profession, but that you are surer of making a regular income by the latter—a very weighty consideration, but not quite suited to the lofty view in which you speak of it. It is not high principle or noble consistency, then, my dear Horner, but vulgar worldly prudence, that determines you to this preference. I say nothing in disparagement of prudence. But what should we have said of the prudence that would have kept Pitt at the bar, or driven Fox to have repaired his fortune at Westminster Hall? I believe you are richer than either of these men, and you have better notions of accuracy. Cure yourself of avarice, then, or a selfish vulgar desire of the vanities and accommodations of upper life, and you may be independent without grating down your faculties in the obscure drudgery of your profession. You need not live at any great expense till you are a minister of state, and then we will supply you with the means. In the mean time, if you contract no debt, you will have your Carnatic allowance to make a little fund of—call that £6000 or £7000. Then, I suppose you will not be so absurd as to refuse an office in which you may do important service to the public, because there may be a salary annexed to it?

While your party is in power, you cannot, I think, be very long without the offer of some such efficient ill-paid situation; and I do not think I calculate the chances very largely when I say, that, with a proper exertion of economy, and love of independence, you may save £10,000, and more in a few years. Your father, I suppose, will give or leave you something; so that altogether I have made you up an independent fortune of £1000 a year upon very easy terms. While you remain unmarried you must learn to live upon that, and you will not marry in a hurry. If your party remains long in power, you will soon get beyond all this. But I take the chances most unfavourably; and I

say that even if you were to return to the bar after having lost three or four years (as the profession will call it) in Parliament, the reputation you will have acquired, and the connections you will have formed, will insure you employment enough to indemnify you for this vacation, and that if it be somewhat less extensive, it will be more select and agreeable than if you had crept forward on your belly, eating dust in the clamour of your halls of justice.

After all, why should you not venture a little? You are in no danger of being miserably poor;—you can always command an independence, (in my humble philosophical sense of the word;) and when that is the case I would obey the call of duty and the impulse of my own ambition, although I did expose to some hazard my prospect of growing gradually and certainly rich. I am anxious, I have often told you, to see you given up to politics. We have need of you there. We can do very well without you at the bar. There is a deplorable want of young senators with zeal for liberty, and liberal and profound views as to the real interests of mankind. The world is going to ruin for want of them; and shall we quietly permit the few that are gifted with talents and virtues to serve the need of civilized and moralized men, to sneak away from that high duty because they can fill their purses, and furnish their houses, more certainly by drudging at some low employment?

I write all this to you, my dear Horner, very sincerely. I know you will disclaim this character as warmly as you did that you dreamed I gave you. But I must judge of you for myself; and I predict that the world will one day think of you as I do now, and as I have long done. You would have disbelieved me equally, if I had predicted four years ago, when you went, an unknown lad, to London, that by this time you would have forced yourself into the legislature in the most honourable and commanding way, by the mere force of character—without a shadow of sub-

serviency, or even an opportunity of public display. I did predict this at the time, and yet you mock at my prophecies now. Oh thou of little faith! I think you have great talents for public life, and great virtues, which should be displayed there for correction and example. I have begun lately to think that you had not such qualifications for a lawyer. You cannot work regularly and constantly, nor without anxiety and preparation. Your work would be an infinite oppression to you. It would suffocate you before it rose to £3000 a year. You must not take it amiss that I tell you this. Indeed, I am not over and above sure of the truth of the sentiment, and I will confess it never occurred to me till I had settled it with myself, that it would be a public misfortune and a private blunder if you were to abandon politics for law. Have I wearied you with all this? The length of it, however, will convince you that I am not quite so indifferent about you as you accuse me of being. Indeed, there is nobody upon earth in whom I am more interested, and few things that I desire so earnestly as your happiness and advancement.

I thank you for your concern about me. I am tolerably well. I do not keep late hours, and I indulge no anxiety. It is my misfortune that I have nothing to be anxious about. You must forgive me for not being in raptures with London and London people; and for thinking that the best is, for the most part, so little above the ordinary, that for common occasion it is scarcely at all preferable, and is only sought after from vanity. The whole game of life appears to me a little childish, and the puppets that strut and look lofty very nearly as ludicrous as those that value themselves on their airs and graces—poor little bits of rattling timber—to be jostled in a bag as soon as the curtain drops. I do not see very much to condemn in my own way of life. I fancy it very natural and rational. If it be not very happy it is not my fault. God bless you, my dear Horner.—Very faithfully yours,

F. JEFFREY.

The learned Dr. — of St. Andrews has nine grown-up daughters, and a salary of £90. They have nearly ruined him for potatoes. But three of them have lately gone to try their fortunes as dress-makers in London, and fixed themselves in No. 3 Jermyn Street. I was very much amused by their extreme simplicity when they were with my sister, Mrs. Morehead, on their way to town. I am afraid they have but a poor chance of success. Could you persuade Mrs. Horner, out of nationality, to give them any patronage? or Mrs. L. Horner? or my dear Mrs. Smith? One of them served a regular apprenticeship in town, and they are very good girls. Do not despise this. It is really worth while to try to make people happy. Did you ever send the books we spoke of to poor little David Wilson? He will sell them, I dare say, but no matter.

54.—*To Mr. John Jeffrey.*

Edinburgh, 28th January, 1807.

My dear John—I received your first melancholy letter* about a month ago, and my first movement was naturally to write to you without a moment's delay. I did so accordingly, but upon considering your letter to my father, in which you seemed to speak so decidedly of your immediate departure from America, I threw my letter into the fire, and was glad to gain a little respite from the task of so distressing a conversation. I have just received your last letter, and regret now that I did not send off my former. It will be so long now before you can hear from me, that I am afraid you will think me negligent; yet I assure you I have thought of little else since I first heard of this dreadful affliction.

How keenly and how painfully I feel for you, you may judge from the cruel similarity of our fortunes, even if there were no deeper sympathy in our characters. The

* Announcing the death of his (John's) wife.

pain I have felt, indeed, is not so properly sympathy, as a renewal of my own afflictions. If I had found any effectual comfort myself, this might enable me to lead you to it also; but I do think your loss irreparable, and I mourn for you as well as for myself. I found no consolation in business, and nothing but new sources of agony in success. The ear is closed in which alone I wished my praises to be sounded, and the prosperity I should have earned with such pride for her, and shared with her with such delight, now only reminds me of my loneliness. I have found one consolation, however, and that is in the love and society of those whom she loved and lived with. Her sister, I think I told you, married Robert Morehead, and is settled here. I am continually with her, and depend upon her love and confidence in me for all the enjoyment I have still in existence. She loves me with the warmest and most unbounded affection, and while I can be with her, I can still open my heart to sweet and soothing sensations. In living with her friends, and doing what I think would have gained her praise, I sometimes find a faint shadow of the happiness which I enjoyed in her presence. I can give you no other advice, and therefore I am glad that you have not so soon quitted the scene in which you were accustomed to see your darling, and come at once among people to whom she was unknown. You will not love us, I am afraid, because we did not know your Susan, and because her idea is not connected in your mind with any of our concerns, &c.

I hope that even at present you do not indulge in solitude. I never had courage for it, and was driven, I think, by a cruel instinct, into the company of strangers, &c.

Come and find me as affectionate, and unreserved, and domestic, as you knew me in our more careless days. I think I shall be able to comfort you, and revive in you some little interest in life, though I cannot undertake to restore that happiness which, I am afraid, when once cut

down, revives not in this world. If I knew when you would arrive, I think I should like to meet you in London, that is, if it be from March to May. I shall probably be there at any rate. Do not neglect to let me know before you set out.

I work at the Review still, and might make it a source of considerable emolument, if I set any value on money. But I am as rich as I want to be, and should be distressed with more, at least if I were to work more for it.

55.—*To Francis Horner, Esq.*

Edinburgh, 10th September, 1808.

My dear Horner—We Scotch lawyers are much happier in vacation time than you in England; inasmuch as your letter, written from Taunton on the circuit, came to me at Arroquhar, in Argyleshire, where I was enjoying an ease, and a solitude, and a carelessness, of which you followers of assizes, I suppose, must soon lose all recollection. I thank you heartily, however, for that letter; and, being now returned to a region of posts and stationery, I endeavour to bring my hand into acquaintance with penmanship again by saying something to you in return.

I have almost forgotten my review of Fox; but I am extremely glad if it has given you any satisfaction. I remember the sentence for which you triumph over me, and actually put it in, in that form, for the purpose of giving you that triumph. But I am not at all converted. I merely used the language of the occasion. As to the style of Mr. Fox's book, I suppose I have disappointed you. I do not think there are *any* felicities in it. It is often unequivocally bad, and when it is best, there is little more to be said than that it is nothing particularly objectionable. The History of the Revolution, you see, is reserved by fate for you, &c.

Brougham has been in Edinburgh for some time; but has been but rarely visible on this horizon. I expect

Smith hourly. Murray is rustivating, after his own fantastical manner, at Burntisland. Playfair is oscillating all round Edinburgh; and the incorrigible Thomson, still letting his watch-tower light be seen in Castle Street, to the corruption of the whole vicinage, &c.—Ever most affectionately yours.

56.—*To Mr. Malthus.*

21st April, 1809.

My dear Sir—I have just read your review of Newenham. It is admirable; and to my taste and feelings beautiful and irresistible. I feel a great degree of pride in saying that the manly and temperate tone of your patriotism—the plain and enlightened benevolence of your views—as far removed from faction and caprice, as from servility or affectation—are more consonant to my own sentiments and impressions than any thing I have yet met with in the writings of my contributors. I honour, and almost envy, you for the dignity and force of your sentiments, and feel new pleasure in the thought of being soon permitted to see you. I think I shall set out from this on Sunday in the mail; and expect to be with you some time early on Wednesday. I must be in London, I fear, on Thursday evening, but we shall see.—Believe me ever, dear sir, your very faithful and obliged.

57.—*To John Allen, Esq.*

Edinburgh, 22d December, 1809.

My dear Allen—Unless you knew the horrors of drudging in two courts in this plashy weather, you can form no conception of the misery in which I have lived since I wrote you last, or of the difficulty I find in catching an hour to write to anybody. Your Laborde is admirable, not only for its unexampled accuracy and clearness, which are invaluable graces in such a Review as ours, but also for the neatness and liveliness of the writing, which is greater, I think, than in any of your former contributions, &c.

I see the Quarterly announced, with Canning's Statement as its leading article. This is keeping clear of politics with a vengeance! Smith wrote me offering to take that subject. I rather dissuaded him, but if they make any push I think I should let him try his hand. Some of you on the spot should tell him the personalities and the current impressions.

Well, what is to become of us? I am for a furious unsparing attack; taking Walcheren and the Catholics up without reserve or equivocation, and going boldly against the king and all his favourites. To do this with effect something must be yielded to the democratic party. Indeed, if the Whigs do not make some sort of a coalition with the Democrats, they are nobody, and the nation is ruined, internally as well as from without. There are but two parties in the nation—the Tories, who are almost for tyranny, and the Democrats, who are almost for rebellion. The Whigs stand powerless and unpopular between them, and must side with, and infuse their spirit into, one or other of them before they can do the least good. Now, the Tories will not coalesce with them, and the Democrats will; and, therefore, it is the duty of the Whigs to take advantage of this, and to strengthen themselves by the alliance of those who will otherwise overwhelm both them and their antagonists. Such are my notions; and, moreover, that unless you make a sincere, direct, and even desperate assault tolerably early in this session, there is no hope for the country. Illuminate me with a ray of your intelligence.—Most faithfully yours.

58.—*To John Allen, Esq.*

Edinburgh, 4th May, 1810.

My dear Allen—

I am very glad to hear that the Whigs are going to do something for popularity as well as for consistency. My

own opinion certainly is, that nothing can save them or the country, but their becoming very popular in their principles, to the full extent of Whitbread's speeches in Parliament. You all clamour against my review of parties,* and yet, does not all that is doing in London, Westminster, and Middlesex, prove that I am right? Is it not visible that the great body of the people there is either servile or democratical? and I really see no reason for refusing to take them as a sample of the general population. I know that I stated the dangers of the thing coming to a crisis too strongly, and I knew it at the time; but what I meant, and what I still believe is, that if *any* crisis ever come—if the present miserable system is ever to be corrected by the sense and spirit of the nation—that the nation would then appear under these two divisions. Any great calamity would bring on this crisis. If your trade were effectually stopped, and your taxes prodigiously deficient, or if there were a French army in Ireland, you would see this split take place, and the Whigs thrown out and distracted. What is the new Cabinet to be? and how do the judicious look forward to the end of the session?

I think a reform in the Scotch counties would be opposed furiously by all the pupils of Lord Melville, but it would be carried in spite of them if the English Tories would tolerate it. I have no doubt that good will be done by trying it.—Ever very faithfully yours.

Brown is elected joint Professor with D. Stewart.

59.—*To Francis Horner, Esq.*

Edinburgh, 20th July, 1810.

My dear Horner—I must grow considerably more wicked even than I am, before I can feel any thing but gratitude for your advices. Even if I were not instructed by their justness, I should at least be delighted by the proof

*No. 30, art. 15.

they afforded of your kindness. We are growing too factious;—I admit it; and it mortifies me as much as any one to think that we are. But you judge rightly of my limited power, and of the overgrown privileges of some of my subjects. I am but a feudal monarch at best, and my throne is overshadowed by the presumptuous crests of my nobles. However, I issue laudable edicts, inculcating moderation and candour, and hope in time to do some little good. A certain spice of aristocracy in my own nature withholds me from the common expedient of strengthening myself by a closer union with the lower orders; but I would give a great deal for a few chieftains of a milder and more disciplined character. Thank you, a thousand times, for your ready compliance with my request, and your kind promise of continuing to illumine the public through our pages, in spite of all the violence with which they are defaced. I can give you till the 10th or 12th of August to transmit your first contribution. Make it as full, and long, and popular as you can; and give us an outline of your whole doctrine, rather than a full exposition and vindication of its questionable and disputed points, which may come after. That is, I should like that arrangement best, if it be equally suitable to your own views.

I should be ashamed to think that I now scarcely ever write to you except on those subjects, if I wrote to anybody upon any other. But though I feel the same interest in my friends, and rather more affection for them than formerly, I have become infinitely more impatient of the tediousness of writing, and have reduced my once boundless correspondence very nearly within the dimensions of a banker's notice. It is for this reason chiefly that I am so anxious to see you, when I will engage both to talk and to listen with all the freedom and earnestness of former days. I like your plan of a congress in Yorkshire, and shall note down your periods, and try to make my own resolutions conform to them. But why will you not come down here,

when I should be sure of seeing you? I am well enough in health again, but very indolent and inefficient in intellect; and for this week past have found a slight headache, or the noise of hammering up shelves, a sufficient apology for running out of the house, and spending my whole mornings in the open air. Do write me a friendly letter now and then; and, greatly as I abhor writing, I promise to answer it, both speedily and at full length.

Have you seen Stewart's volume, and what do you think of it? I find it rather languid from its great diffusiveness, and want of doctrinal precision. The tone excellent, and the taste on the whole good. But this excessive length is the sin of all modern writers. Shall we never again see any thing like Hume's Essays? I thank you for liking Crabbe, though the wretch has monstrous faults. I hope he will give us a tragic poem some day. I have overpraised him a little; but I think I am safe as to consistency; and I think I have marked the distinction between him and Wordsworth in my account of his former work.

What do you say to reform? I think you go too far about privilege. Though I do not deny its existence, I think there would be no great harm in obliging you to prove, in a court of law, that what we complained of did in every instance fall under the proper conception of privilege, as established by a sufficient usage, in good times, or a clear or indisputable analogy. However, I am mainly ignorant on the subject, and have the misfortune of not seeing the application of one-half of what has been written about it. Playfair is in Ireland,—Stewart at Kinniel,—Seymour on the Clyde,—Murray in Peebleshire, and Thomson in the Register House. I must be immediately in the printing-office, and anticipate three weeks of great discomfort.—Believe me ever, very faithfully yours.

60.—*To Francis Horner.*

Edinburgh, 25th January, 1811.

My dear Horner—I am very ungrateful for not having answered your kind letter before, but I have been so harassed with law and want of sleep, that I have never had a minute when I could sit down with a safe conscience and composed spirit to thank you, &c.

Yes—*some* good will be done by turning out the present ministry, if it were only for a day. But are they to go out? or is there *any* truth in the Courier's stories of the dissensions of the opposite body? Our Whigs here are in great exultation, and had a fourth more at Foxe's dinner yesterday than ever attended before. There was Sir H. Moncrieff sitting between two papists;—and Catholic emancipation drank with great applause; and the lamb lying down with the wolf—and all millennial. Stewart* came from the country on purpose to attend, and all was decorous and exemplary, &c. I think I shall come to town in April. If the Whigs be in power, it will be worth while for the rarity of the spectacle; like the aloe blossoming, a few days, once in a hundred years, &c.

There is nothing new here. The meek, who inherit the earth, pass their time very quietly in the midst of all these perturbations, and I among them. I am a good deal with Playfair and Alison,—and teach them philanthropy and latitudinarian indulgence. Playfair is quite well this season, and not quite so great a flirt as he was last year. Stewart comes in sometimes, and has become quite robust;—jogs on horseback two hours every day in all weather, and superintends transcribing as a serious business all the evening. He is an excellent person; without temper, or a sufficiently steady and undisturbable estimation of himself. And then he is an idle dog;—almost as

* Professor Dugald.

great a *fainéant* as me or Cocky Manners.* You will call all this blasphemy; but it is very true, and I love him all the better for believing it. Murray is in great preservation—a little too bustling and anxious for my epicurean god state; but in fine temper, and not at all low, nor so absent as usual. Thomson a thought bilious; and altogether discreet and amiable.

I have written a long sermon about reform. It is something in the tone of my state of parties article, which you all abused,—and which I consequently think the best of all my articles, and the justest political speculation that has appeared in our immortal journal.† It is nothing but sheer envy that makes any of you think otherwise. However, this will not be so assailable.—Ever, very affectionately yours.

61.—*To Charles Bell, Esq.*

Edinburgh, 4th April, 1811.

My dear Bell—Not many things in this world could give me greater pleasure than the affectionate tone of your letter, and the pleasing picture it holds out to me. You are doing exactly what you should do; and if my approbation is at all necessary to your happiness, you may be in ecstasy. I think all men who are capable of rational happiness ought to marry. I think you in particular likely to derive happiness from marrying; and I think the woman you have chosen peculiarly calculated to make you happy. God bless you. You have behaved hitherto with admirable steadiness and magnanimity, and have earned the confidence of all your friends, as well as the means of enjoyment. I cannot lament your nationality very bitterly, both because it holds of all that is happy and amiable, and because I hope it will give us a chance of seeing you often among us. Besides, when you have Scottish tones and

* A bookseller in Edinburgh.

† No. 30, art. 15.

smiles perpetually before you, London will become a sort of Scotland to you. You have but two faults in your character, and I think marriage will go a great way to cure them both. One is a little too much ambition, which really is not conducive to happiness; and the other, which arises, I believe, from the former, is a small degree of misanthropy, particularly toward persons of your own profession. Your wife's sweetness of temper will gradually bring you into better humour with the whole world, and your experience of the incomparable superiority of quiet and domestic enjoyments to all the paltry troubles that are called splendour and distinction, will set to rights any other little errors that may now exist in your opinions. At all events, you will be delivered from the persecution of my admonitions, as it would be a piece of unpardonable presumption to lecture a man who has a wife to lecture him at home.

62.—*To Mrs. Morehead.*

London, Sunday 12th, May, 1811.

My dear Marjory—This is now my last day in London, and burning hot it is. Even the east wind, I think, would be delightfully refreshing; and, though I have been courting the air in the shady walks of the park, I feel the heat of the hotel quite suffocating. I wrote yesterday to John, and brought my journal up to that forenoon, and now I proceed. Drove out before dinner with Mrs. Pigon to Kensington—a most lovely afternoon—horse-chestnuts in magnificent bloom—the grass so fresh and velvet green after the rains, and the water so cool and blue. We stopped under a May-bush in full blossom, and filled the carriage nearly full of it. Came home rather too late for dinner, and went to Nugent's, (a brother of Lord N., and a great traveller,) where we had an assemblage of wits and fine gentlemen—our old friends Ward, and Smith, and Brougham, and Mills, who threatened last year to be Chan

cellor of the Exchequer, and Brummell, the most complete fine gentleman in all London, and Luttrell, and one or two more. The repast was exceedingly voluptuous. The talk, on the whole, good. I had a long, quiet chat with Ward, who is, after all, I think, the cleverest and most original man in this pretending society. About eleven, I went to the opera with Smith, who left me, in the most perfidious manner, in the princess's box, out of which I found it impossible to escape for nearly a whole hour; during all which, no one individual looked in upon her deserted royalty. It was really a pitiable spectacle to see her and poor Lady — reflecting each other's ennui from the two corners of their superb canopy, struggling for a laugh in the middle of a yawn, and sinking under the weight of their lonely dignity. I went to see Mrs. Spencer, who was nearly as lonely, and got home (after the usual scene of squeezing) about one. To-day, Dicky Bright not having come as he promised, I went up to breakfast with my friend Mr. Simond, and took him to see Lord Elgin's marbles. I afterward called on Brougham and Kennedy, and recruited myself with a walk in the park. I am now about to dress to go to Holland House, where I hear there is to be a great party. To-morrow my travelling companions breakfast here, and we set off about eleven. I shall finish this epistle either in the morning or on the road. In the mean time, heaven bless you.

Monday morning, three o'clock.—Well, my London campaign is closed at last, thank heaven! and I cannot go to bed till I render you this last account of it. Mrs. Pigon offered to set me down at Holland House in her carriage; so we went through the park about seven, in the most beautiful, but sultry, evening—calm, blue, and silver water, noble trees, fragrant shrubs, and clouds, and masses of blossom—the whole air, as you go up to Holland Park, is perfumed with briars, May lilies, and a thousand fragrant shrubs. Inside, the assembly was great. The old Duke

of Norfolk, almost as big and as fond of wine as Lord Newton,* but with the air and tone and conversation of an old baron bidding defiance to his sovereign. Lords Say and Sele, Harrington, Besborough, Cowper, Dundas, &c., with Dudley North, a wit and patriot of the old Fox school, breaking out, every now and then, into little bursts of natural humour. Ladies Besborough, Cowper, Caroline Lamb, &c. A most magnificent repast, and Lady Holland in great gentleness and softness; sat between D. North and the duke, and had a good deal of talk with both. In the drawing-room, had much conversation with Lady C. Lamb, who is supposed to be more witty and eccentric than any lady in London, but it did not appear to me very charming. Was brought home by Lord Dundas about twelve, and went by appointment to the Pigeons, where we had a very quiet and really very pleasing evening till this moment. Nobody but Smith, who is quieter than usual, and Miss —, who is always gentle and elegant. It is high midsummer heat, and exquisitely lovely, a soft green moon, and a soft blush of kindling dawn, and still, but bright pure air, and a sort of vernal fragrance which makes itself be felt even in London, as you pass through the squares and past the gardens of the quieter houses. Well, I have all my packing to do yet. Kennedy wishes to get his letters before setting off to-morrow, so we shall not be in motion till near twelve. Good night. God bless you. I hope the delicious weather has reached to you, and driven away those cruel headaches. I shall add a word or two in the morning.

Eaton, sixty miles from London, Monday night.—Here I am, my dear Marjory, really and truly on my way home, and feeling as if just awakened from the feverish and bewildering dream of London. We did not get away till twelve, and have come on delightfully in a smooth-running

* A Scotch judge.

chariot with a large dicky. Burning hot day, indeed; but a breathing and fragrant air, and every thing so fresh and green, and beautiful, that the thoughts of the brick and noise we have left almost make me shudder. I have brought this letter on, thinking it would go as soon by this night's mail; and now I find that it is doubtful whether it will go till to-morrow. But it is no matter.—Ever yours most affectionately.

63.—*To Mrs. Morehead.*

Stirling, Friday night, 7th September, 1811.

My dear Marjory—The most beautiful day, and the most beautiful place that ever was; but I am afraid I shall have too much of it, for I suspect now that I must stay till Monday. My own trial will go, I think, to-morrow; but there is a poor wretch indicted for Monday who relied upon some man coming here for him, who has not come; and he is so miserable about his destitution, that I have engaged to stay for him, if his own faithless counsel should not appear.—Ever affectionately yours.

64.—*To Francis Horner, Esq.*

Edinburgh, 5th January, 1813.

My dear Horner—I have heard an obscure rumour that you had spoken favourably to somebody of my review of Leckie; which I am much afraid would appear tedious to all persons who are past their A B C in such matters. However, you know I always profess to write for babes and sucklings, and take no merit but for making things level to the meanest capacities. When I saw you at ———, I think you said you were growing more in charity with that meritorious sort of prosing; and indeed all philanthropic persons who commerce a little largely in the world, and find how many of all ages have still their whole education to begin upon every thing where right opinions are of any importance, will daily feel more indulgence for the slow

and persevering methods which persons still more philanthropic must use for the instruction of these unfortunate infants. It is to this feeling, I take it for granted, I am indebted for your good opinion. For there is a good part of that article which I thought in considerable danger of being attacked and ridiculed, as a caricature of our Scotch manner of running every thing up to elements, and explaining all sorts of occurrences by a theoretical history of society. The last twelve or fifteen pages have a little more spirit, &c.

But now, my dear Horner, if you are in tolerable humour with the *Review*, will you let me remind you again of a kind of promise you made to supply me with a few notes about Windham, and especially with a theoretical history of the cause and progress of his political opinions. I had hoped that in this interlunation of your parliamentary course you might have found leisure to have done this, and perhaps a little more for me, &c.

Tell me some news—and some new books, if you hear of any; and at any rate write me a long letter in the style of your earlier days. And tell me that you have got rid of your coughs and maladies—and will take a walk in the Highlands with me next autumn.—Ever very affectionately yours.

65.—*To Lord Murray.*

Liverpool, 20th August, 1813.

My dear Murray—I reported progress to Thomson some days ago, and expected before this time to have indited a valedictory epistle to you; but at present the chance is, I think, that I shall come back and spend the winter, and probably much longer, among you. The short of it is, that government has expressly intimated to one of the two cartels now here that they will not allow either British or Americans to embark for the United States, till they receive a satisfactory explanation of the detention of certain British subjects in that country, &c.

But God's will be done. I endeavour to possess my soul in patience, and shall await the issue of this movement, and of my own afflictions, as tranquilly as possible. Our rulers, with their usual vacillation, may relent and draw back from their threat, or some contrivance may be fallen upon to enable me to elude it.

I have been dining out every day for this last week with Unitarians, and Whigs, and Americans, and brokers, and bankers, and small fanciers of pictures and paints, and the Quaker aristocracy, and the fashionable vulgar, of the place. But I do not like Liverpool much better, and could not live here with any comfort. Indeed, I believe I could not live anywhere out of Scotland. All my recollections are Scottish, and consequently all my imaginations; and though I thank God that I have as few fixed opinions as any man of my standing, yet all the elements out of which they are made have a certain national cast also. In short, I will not live anywhere else if I can help it; nor die either; and all old Esky's* eloquence would have been thrown away in an attempt to persuade me that *banishment furth the kingdom* might be patiently endured. I take more to Roscoe, however; he is thoroughly good-hearted, and has a sincere, though foolish, concern for the country. I have also found out a Highland woman with much of the mountain accent, and sometimes get a little girl to talk to. But with all these resources, and the aid of the botanical garden, the time passes rather heavily, and I am in some danger of dying of ennui, with the apparent symptoms of extreme vivacity. Did you ever hear that most of the Quakers die of stupidity—actually and literally? I was assured of the fact the other day by a very intelligent physician who practised twenty years among them, and informs

* Lord Eskgrove, a judge, who consoled a friend he was obliged to banish, by assuring him, that there really were places in the world, such as England for example, where a man, though out of Scotland, might live with some little comfort.

me that few of the richer sort live to be fifty, but die of a sort of atrophy, their cold blood just stagnating by degrees among their flabby fat. They eat too much, he says, take little exercise, and, above all, have no nervous excitement. The affection is known in this part of the country by the name of *the Quaker's disease*, and more than one-half of them go out so. I think this curious, though not worth coming to Liverpool to hear, or writing from Liverpool, &c. —Ever most truly yours.

66.—*To Robert Morehead.*

Liverpool, 28th August, 1813.

My dear Bob—I think now that we shall embark to-morrow, and have to bid you heartily farewell. I hope to be back in December; but you need not give me over for lost, although I should not appear quite so soon. I have explained to Margaret the grounds upon which I look upon the hazard of detention as extremely slight in any case, and have nothing more to add on that subject, of which I take a more correct view than any of the talkers or newspaper politicians, who may be pleased to have another opinion. I am almost ashamed of the degree of sorrow I feel at leaving all the early and long-prized objects of my affection; and though I am persuaded I do right in the step which I am taking, I cannot help wishing that it had not been quite so wide and laborious a one. You cannot think how beautiful Hatton appears at this moment in my imagination, nor with what strong emotion I fancy I hear Tuckey* telling a story on my knee, and see Margaret poring upon her French before me. It is in your family that my taste for domestic society and domestic enjoyments has been nurtured and preserved. Such a child as Tuckey I shall never see again in this world. Heaven bless her; and she will be a blessing both to her mother and to you.

* A nickname for one of Mr. Morehead's daughters. Margaret another.

But I must proceed to business. In this packet you will find my picture, which you will present, with my best love and affection, to Margaret. I have sent my will to George Bell, with instructions to bring it to you, if the time comes for using it.

I have got your volume of poems, which I read very often, and shall make Miss Wilkes read. Poetry is a great source of delight, but not with a view to consequences. The greatest and most delighted poets cared least about its success. Homer and Shakspeare gave themselves no concern about who should praise or ridicule them; and the charm of the thing is gone, I think, as soon as the poet allows any visions of critics or posterity to come across him. He is then in very worldly company, and is a very worldling himself, in so far as he feels any anxiety about their proceedings. If I were you, however, I would live more with Tuckey, and be satisfied with my gardening and pruning—with my preaching—a good deal of walking, and comfortable talking. What more has life? and how full of vexation are all ambitious fancies and perplexing pursuits! Well, God bless you! Perhaps I shall not have an opportunity to inculcate my innocent epicurism upon you for a long time again. It will do you no harm. The weather is fine, and, they say, is like to continue so through this moon. I think Margaret should get somebody to be with her during a part, at least, of the autumn. She has been so long accustomed to our chat, and even to my writing, that when there is a pause, I am afraid she may grow dull upon it. You must cheer her, and not let her dwell on alarms, even when you may fancy that there are some grounds for them. I am glad you like my W. Penn. I have an affection for that kind of man myself; but there can be no such person in the present age. If you have a mind to try your hand at a review, it would be obliging; but, perhaps, this is coming

too much into the worldly contest and weary struggle, for your views.

Do not let Tuckey forget me, and breed up Lockhart* to admire me. Bill† I often remember too with great kindness, and also Charles—the young parson's† meek and cheerful visage I duly recall with blessings.

You must do duty by visiting round about Hatton in my absence, to keep up the character of the place, and the sense of our existence.—Remember me kindly, and believe me always, my dear Bob, yours very affectionately.

67.—*To Mr. Malthus.*

Edinburgh, 12th May, 1814.

My dear Malthus—I am quite ashamed to think that I have never written to you since my return to this country, although I found a kind letter from you, I think, actually waiting my arrival. But I have been so harassed with all kinds of arrears and engagements, &c.

Will you be very angry if I tell you that it was none of those good feelings that forced me to write to you at present, but a mixture of regret and admiration which I have just experienced in reading your pamphlets on the corn trade? Admiration for the clearness, soundness, and inimitable candour of your observations, and regret that you did not let me put them into the Review. You know they would be read there by twice as many people as ever see pamphlets. And for your glory and credit it might have been as well known to all those that you care about, as if your name had been on the title. It cannot be helped now, however; and I must just aggravate my admiration till it altogether drowns my regret. I trust, however, that you will not spoil me a review as well as tantalize me by having missed one so excellent. Horner had promised to give me some remarks on the subject, but

* Another of Mr. Morehead's children.

† Two of his boys

I am half afraid your pamphlet will put him in despair, In my opinion, indeed, it leaves nothing to be added; though I must add, that you have the great advantage of being very much of my way of thinking on the subject. Horner is much more Smithish; and I had written him a long letter to abate his confidence, when I had the felicity of finding all my lame arguments set on their legs, and my dark glimpses of reason brought into full day in your pages.

Write me a line or two in friendship, in spite of my apparently ungrateful conduct, from which I have suffered enough already; and tell me something of Bonaparte too, and Alexander, and the future destiny of the world.—Most faithfully yours.

68.—*To Charles Wilkes, Esq.*

Edinburgh, 25th February, 1815.

My dearest Friend—All well and prosperous enough, and some of us so busy, or at least so improvident, as scarcely to have time to say more; and when I have added that we think of you hourly, and with love as warm and active as when we last vanished from your sight, what more is there to say? Let us see, &c.

It would only be tantalizing you to tell you of new books, when I have no means of sending them to you; and, indeed, there are but few worth telling you about. Dugald Stewart has a new volume of philosophy, very dull and dry; Scott a new poem, not good; and Southey another, less faulty than any of his former productions. Then we have Waverley, which I think admirable; and another by the same author, (who still wears his mask,) not quite so powerful, but still a very extraordinary performance. The title is *Guy Mannering*. There is also a little poem called the *Paradise of Coquettes*, more Popian than any thing since the time of Pope; but *fade* a little for want of matter, and by too great length. Author still

unknown also. In a month's time I hope we may be able to send you all these things, and some more. This peace lingers long in her descent, however; and more blood, I am afraid, must be shed on the earth before she reaches it. You are too desponding as to the future prospects of America. She will breed an aristocracy by-and-by, and then you will get rid of all your vulgar miseries. Only take care that you do not cast off your love of liberty along with them. As we are still at war, however, I abstain from all such speculations. I have said nearly what I think in my article on that subject in last number of the Review, though too shortly on the great point to be intelligible to those who do not think with me before. You guess a little better at my articles in these last numbers, though you are not quite right yet; but I cannot set you right to-night, for Charlotte has got your letter locked up, and she has been in bed this hour, and I forget now what are your blunders. In the last number for December I do a great deal, though not very well—Wordsworth, the Scottish poets, Waverley, and America, besides vamping and patching.

I have had an extraordinary fit of professional zeal all this term, and have attended to little but law; so I am behindhand again with my Review, and sick at heart of it. But I cannot afford to quit yet, and must scribble on—begging, borrowing, and coining. We are getting jury trial in certain civil cases too, and that will give me more work. For you must know I am a great jurymen in the few cases that are now tried in that way, and got a man off last week for murdering his wife, to the great indignation of the court, and discontent of all good people. Adam, the Prince's Adam, whom you may perhaps have heard of, comes down to teach us how to manage civil juries. He is a Baron of our Exchequer already, for which he has £2000, and is to have as much more for presiding in this court. He is a very sensible man, and good humoured,

but knows almost as little of juries as we do; so we shall make fine work for a while, I imagine; but you care as little about this as I do about your paper dollars: and you are quite right. I do not know why I talk of it, &c.

John is well, but deplorably idle, and like all idle people, more difficult to entertain than those who are busy. Much as I patronize idleness, and firmly as I still believe that it would bring no *ennui* to myself, I daily see the prodigious advantage which a regular occupation brings in this capital article of amusement. Every little interval of leisure, and almost every sort of frivolous thought you can fill it with, is a delight to a man who has escaped from hard work; while those who have nothing to do but to amuse themselves, find no delight in any thing. For this reason I doubt whether your American young ladies, who have not half so many tasks and restraints put upon them as young ladies everywhere else have, are altogether so happy on the whole; and I think I have seen more visible marks of *ennui* in the misses just entered on their teens, who are allowed so prematurely to pass their whole mornings in parading in Broadway, than I ever saw in so young faces before. When I write my threatened book upon female education, I must rank that of your free country among the most injudicious. Charlotte writes to her mother. Remember me most kindly to her and to all. I have still a romantic hankering after your bay and Jersey woods, and cannot forgive myself now for not having gone up your Hudson. I must absolutely go back, I find, and repair those omissions. I remember you promised to give me a piece of land with trees and wild streams, and I fancy I shall come over and be buried there. I told you in my last how angry I was at hearing of the Philadelphia publication of my journal. I never showed a scrap of it to any one there, and there is nothing in it, as you know, of personal ridicule, either of Monroe or any of the other ministers. I beg you would contradict it in my name.

As soon as there is peace I shall write to Monroe myself to thank him for his kindness to me, and I should not like that he should have believed me capable of such duplicity and ingratitude. Is it true that Walsh is turned democrat? Do not forget to tell him that I never believed the paltry gossips about his ill usage of his wife's family. You know I quarrelled with Mrs. S. on the subject at Philadelphia; and now God bless you. I am very sleepy, and shall go and dream of the Park and Bloomingdale, and your gliding sails, and blue waters, and poplars, and pet greenhouses.—Ever most affectionately yours.

69.—*To Francis Horner, Esq.*

Edinburgh, 12th March, 1815.

My dear Horner—

You need make no apology for your principles to me. I have never for an instant considered them as other than just and noble. As an old friend and countryman, I am proud of their purity and elevation, and should have no higher ambition, if I were at all in public life, than to share and enforce them. I say this with reference to your attachment to party, your regard to character, and your candour and indulgence to those of whom you have to complain. Situated, as I am, at a distance from all active politics, the two first strike me as less important, and I give way to my political and constitutional carelessness without any self-reproach. If I were in your place, it is probable I should feel differently, but these are none of the matters on which I should ever think of quarrelling with your principles of judgment.

Neither will I deny that the Review might have been more firmly conducted, and greater circumspection used to avoid excesses of all sorts. Only the anxiety of such a duty would have been very oppressive to me, and I have ever been slow to believe the matter of so much importance

as to impose it absolutely upon me. I have not, however, been altogether without some feelings of duty on the subject; and it is as to the limits and extent of these that I am inclined to differ with you. Perhaps it would have been better to have kept more to general views. But in such times as we have lived in, it was impossible not to mix them, as in fact they mix themselves, with questions which might be considered as of a narrower and more factious description. In substance it appeared to me that my only absolute duty as to political discussion was, to forward the great ends of liberty, and to exclude nothing but what had a tendency to promote servile, sordid, and corrupt principles. As to the *means* of attaining these ends, I thought that considerable latitude should be indulged, and that unless the excesses were very great and revolting, every man of talent should be allowed to take his own way of recommending them. In this way it always appeared to me that a considerable diversity was quite compatible with all the consistency that should be required in a work of this description, and that doctrines might very well be maintained in the same number which were quite irreconcilable with each other, except in their common tendency to repress servility, and diffuse a general spirit of independence in the body of the people. This happens, I take it, in every considerable combination of persons for one general end; and in every debate on a large and momentous question, I fancy that views are taken and principles laid down by those who concur in the same vote, which bear in opposite directions, and are brought from the most adverse points of doctrine. Yet all these persons co-operate easily enough, and no one is ever held to be responsible for all the topics and premises which may be insisted on by his neighbours.

To come, for instance, to the topic of attacks on the person of the sovereign. Many people, and I profess myself to be one, may think such a proceeding at variance with the dictates of good taste, of dangerous example, and re-

pugnant to good feelings; and therefore they will not themselves have recourse to it. Yet it would be difficult, I think, to deny that it is, or may be, a lawful weapon to be employed in the great and eternal contest between the court and the country. Can there be any doubt that the personal influence and personal character of the sovereign is an element, and a pretty important element, in the practical constitution of the government, and always forms part of the strength or weakness of the administration he employs? In the abstract, therefore, I cannot think that attempts to weaken that influence, to abate a dangerous popularity, or even to excite odium toward a corrupt and servile ministry, by making the prince, on whose favour they depend, generally contemptible or hateful, are absolutely to be interdicted or protested against. Excesses no doubt may be committed. But the system of attacking abuses of power, by attacking the person who instigates or carries them through by general popularity or personal influence, is lawful enough, I think, and may form a large scheme of Whig opposition,—not the best or the noblest part certainly, but one not without its use,—and that may on some occasions be altogether indispensable. It does not appear to me, therefore, that the degree of sanction that may be given to such attacks, by merely writing in the same journal where they occasionally appear, is to be considered as a sin against conscience or the constitution, or would be so imputed.

I say all this, however, only to justify my own laxity on these points, and certainly with no hope of persuading you to imitate it. With regard to the passages in last number, which you consider as a direct attack on the Whig party, I must say that it certainly did not strike me in that light when I first read it; nor can I yet persuade myself that this is its true and rational interpretation. I took it, I confess, as an attack,—not upon any regular party or connection in the State,—but upon those individuals, either in

party or out of it, to whose *personal* qualities it seemed directly to refer,—men such as have at all times existed, who, with honourable and patriotic sentiments, and firmness enough to resist direct corruption and intimidation, yet wanted vigour to withstand the softer pleas of civility or friendship, and allowed their public duties to be postponed, rather than give offence or pain to individuals with whom they were connected. This I really conceive is the natural and obvious application of the words that are employed, and I am persuaded they will appear to the general view of readers to have no deeper meaning. Certainly they suggested no other to me; and if they had, I would undoubtedly have prevented their publication; for I should look upon such an attack as that as a violation of that fidelity to the cause of liberty to which I think we are substantially pledged.

I wish I had ten minutes' talk with you instead of all this scribble, &c.—Believe me always very affectionately yours.

70.—*To Charles Wilkes, Esq.*

Craigcrook, 7th May, 1815.

My dear Friend—We are trying to live at this place for a few days, just to find out what scenes are pleasant, and what holes the wind blows through. I must go back to town in two or three days for two months, but in July we hope to return, and finish our observations in the course of the autumn. It will be all scramble and experiment this season, for my new buildings will not be habitable till next year, and the rubbish which they occasion will be increased by endless pulling down of walls, levelling and planting of shrubs, &c. Charley wishes me to send you a description of the place, but it will be much shorter and more satisfactory to send you a drawing of it, which I shall get some of my artist friends to make out. In the mean time, try to conceive an old narrow high house, eighteen feet wide and fifty long, with irregular projec-

tions of all sorts ; three little staircases, turrets, and a large round tower at one end ; on the whole exhibiting a ground

plan like this  with multitudes of windows

of all shapes and sizes, placed at the bottom of a green slope ending in a steep woody hill, which rises to the height of 300 or 400 feet on the west, and shaded with some respectable trees near the door,—with an old garden (or rather two, one within the other) stuck close on one side of the house, and surrounded with massive and aged stone walls fifteen feet high. The inner garden I mean to lay down chiefly in smooth grass, with clustered shrubs and ornamental trees beyond, to mask the wall, and I am busy in widening the approaches and substituting sunk fences for the high stone walls on the lawn. My chief operation however, consists in an additional building, which I have marked out with *double lines* on the elegant plan above, in which I shall have one excellent and very pleasant room of more than twenty-eight feet in length by eighteen in breadth, with a laundry and store-room below, and two pretty bed-chambers above. The windows of these rooms are the only ones in the whole house which will look to the hill and that sequestered and solemn view, which is the chief charm of the spot. The largest, Charlotte and I have agreed to baptize by your name, and little Charley is to be taught to call it *grandpapa's room*, as soon as she speak. So you must come and take possession of it soon, or the poor child will get superstitious notions of you as an invisible being. In the mean time, the walls are only ten feet high, and C. and I sleep in a little dark room, not twelve feet square, in the tower ; and I have contracted for all my additional building to be built solidly of stone for about £450, and expect to execute most of my other improvements, among which a new roof to the old house is the weightiest, for about as much more. I have a lease

for twenty years of near fifteen acres for £32 a year, for which lease, however, I paid £1200, and I can get it prolonged to thirty years on reasonable terms. I get this year near £60 for my fields, which I mean to keep for ever in grass. And now you know all about my establishment here that you can easily know without coming to see it, and all you deserve to know unless you will come. I have an excellent gardener for £45 a year, who engages to do all my work himself, with the help of two labourers for a week or two in spring; but I fear he could not undertake a greenhouse without neglecting his grass and gravel. I need not tell you that Charlotte is well, because she is writing to you herself, nor that baby is delicious, for I daresay she tells you nothing else. I think she will be very happy here, and it will be less a banishment to people without a carriage than Hatton, for she has already made the experiment of walking into Edinburgh and back again without any fatigue. The distance is not more than two miles and a half, &c.—Ever most affectionately yours.

71.—*To Francis Horner, Esq.*

Edinburgh, 9th June, 1815.

My dear Horner—

Here I lie,
Shot by a sky-
Rocket in the eye.*

This is literally true, except that I am not dead, nor quite blind. But I have been nearly so for the last week, or I could not have neglected your very kind letter so long. I am a sad wretch of a correspondent, however, even when I have my eyesight, and deserve your kindness in no way, but by valuing and returning it.

I am mortally afraid of the war, and I think that is all I can say about it. I hate Bonaparte too, because he

* He had been struck, and alarmingly, by a rocket, near the eye, on the 4th of June.

makes me more afraid than anybody else, and seems more immediately the cause of my paying income-tax, and having my friends killed with dysenteries and gun-shot wounds, and making my country unpopular, bragging, and servile, and every thing that I do not wish it to be. I do think, too, that the risk was, and is, far more imminent and tremendous, of the subversion of all national independence, and all peaceful virtues, and mild and generous habits, by his insolent triumph, than by the success of the most absurd of those who are allied against him. Men will not be ripe for a reasonable or liberal government on this side of the millennium. But though old abuses are likely to be somewhat tempered by the mild measures of wealthy communities, and the diffusion of something like intelligence and education among the lower orders, I really cannot bring myself, therefore, to despise and abuse the Bourbons, and Alexander, and Francis, with the energy which you do. They are absurd, shallow, and hollow persons, I daresay. But they are not very atrocious, and never will have the power to do half so much mischief as their opponent. I prefer, upon the whole, a set of tyrants, if it must be so, that we can laugh at, and would rather mix contempt with my political dislike, than admiration or terror. You admire greatness much more than I do, and have a far more extensive taste for the *sublime* in character. So I could be in my heart for taking a hit at Bonaparte in public or in private, whenever I thought I had him at an advantage; and would even shuffle a little on the score of morality and national rights, if I could insure success in my enterprise. But I am dreadfully afraid, and do not differ from you in seeing little but disorder on either side of the picture. On the whole, however, my wishes must go to the opposite side from yours, I believe; and that chiefly from my caring more about the present, compared with the future. I really cannot console myself for the certainty of being vexed and anxious, and the chance of being very unhappy all my

life, by the belief that some fifty or a hundred years after I am dead, there will be somewhat less of folly or wretchedness among the bigots of Spain, or the boors of Russia. One reads and thinks so much of past ages, and extends the scale of our combinations so far beyond the rational measure of our actual interest in events, that it is difficult not to give way now and then to that illusion. But I laugh at myself ten times a day for yielding to it; and have no doubt that when my days come to a close, I shall find it but a poor consolation for the sum of actual suffering I have come through.

I know you think all this damnable heresy. But I cannot see things in any other light when I look calmly upon them; and I really fancy I am a very calm observer, &c.

For God's sake get me a reviewer who can write a taking style. Suggest some good topics and ideas to me, and believe me always, most affectionately yours.

72.—*To John Allen, Esq.*

Edinburgh, 13th February, 1816.

My dear Allen—I am extremely obliged to you for your letter, and wish you had made it twice as long. I am sorry though that you will not do Sismondi, and cannot well admit your apology, as I am almost certain that he will ultimately fall into the hands of somebody who does not know so much of the matter as you do. There is something delightful in the perfect candour with which you speak of your own prepossessions on the subject of French politics; and there has always been so much temperance and true philanthropy in all your speculations, that I most gladly trust you with that as any other subject, did I not conceive it to be already engaged, &c.

The article on reform I should be extremely gratified by your doing. I engage the subject to you, and am sure that both we and our readers will be delighted by the change of hand. The new condition of English society, both by

the great increase of taxes and establishments, the general diffusion of information, accompanied by an apparent suspension or extinction of all sorts of political enthusiasm, and the new character and tone, whether accidental or natural, that has been assumed of late years by ministers and by Parliament, all afford topics of interesting and profound speculation. Upon which I am satisfied you could easily give us many views of the highest importance. Pray, do that good service to us and the country, and tell me that I shall have your manuscript very early in March.

I thank you for your remarks on my French article. I daresay it is wrong to name the Duke of Orleans so plainly; but I own I felt a desire to set the example of speaking quite freely and plainly of foreign politics. Since we were obliged to be a little cautious to our own, it would be a miserable and degrading thing if, after all the ingratitude and selfishness of foreign courts, Englishmen should be dragooned into the necessity of "hinting faults, and hesitating dislike," where any of our allies are concerned; and one great risk of this formidable alliance is, to give a pretext for such slavishness. For this reason I rejoice extremely at the plain terms in which Brougham and Tierney have spoken of Ferdinand in the House, and I hope the spirit will be kept up. We are enough abused already to entitle us to speak with perfect freedom of other nations at home. Do write me soon, and believe me always most faithfully yours.

73.—*To Charles Wilkes, Esq.*

Craigcrook, September, 1816.

I am in the middle of a review at this moment, and, as usual, in great perplexity and huge indignation at the perfidy of my associates. Playfair is in Italy, and so is Brougham. My excellent Horner is here, I am sorry to say, in a very distressing state of health. I fear it will be necessary for him to spend the winter abroad, and that

is always a fearful necessity for an English constitution. I do not know another individual so much to be lamented, on public and on private grounds. He is one of those I should have been most proud to have shown you; one of those which your world has not yet produced, and for the sake of whom we must always look upon that world with some degree of dislike and disdain. I wish I could think that you could but see him. But there is no help. I have no politics to lecture you upon. The king, you see, has at last dissolved his chamber of *ultras*; and, late as it is, it is the wisest thing he has done since his accession. If he is serious, and can get people to believe that he is, and can continue to live a little longer, things may go tolerably yet; but I have no serious hope of French liberty, and shall be satisfied if they do not go mad and bite their neighbours as they did before. You know, I suppose, that Simond has become an ultra, and goes about saying that, as the two parties can never coalesce, the one must put down the other by force, and that the French like to be ruled by force, and that the safest party to trust with that power is the Royalist. This, I think, is the sum of his present creed; and he answers all sorts of arguments by repeating it over and over, without the least variation, as devoutly as a monk. I assure you it is quite diverting to hear him. His old indifferency was more respectable; but if this amuses him more, he is right to indulge it. How have peace and war left your parties? Are your democrats still in the ascendant, or have they reached their meridian and beginning to decline? They will do so if you have patience and let them alone, &c. God bless you.—Most affectionately yours.

74.—*To John Allen, Esq.*

Edinburgh, 20th December, 1816.

My dear Allen—As to parliamentary reform and the progress of our constitution, my opinions are already on

record; and you can judge whether I am too vain in saying that I think they coincide more exactly with yours than with those of any other person with whom I have communicated. Thinking them, therefore, not only true, but of considerable importance, you cannot doubt that I must be extremely gratified to have them supported by the clear and temperate reasoning, and the overpowering weight of accurate knowledge, with which you could adorn them. As to Bonaparte, I have never hated him much, since he has lost his power to do mischief. I suppose I hated him before, chiefly because I feared him, and thought he might do me a mischief. But I never believed that a creature upon whom so much depended could be an ordinary man. I was struck at the first reading with the fairness of Warden's book, though it is a little shallow, scanty, and inconsistent; but I am disposed to treat a fallen sovereign with all sort of courtesy, and certainly to insult him less than when in the plenitude of his power. I like to think well of the few people one *must* think about, and should really feel obliged to any one who could make me admire or love this singular being a little more than I can even yet bring myself to do. His magnanimity and equanimity,—his talents and courage, and even his self-command, I am not inclined to question. But he had a *heart*, I think, of ice and adamant; and I own I cannot bear to think that those who knew and loved *Fox* should have any tenderness toward him. I cannot agree that he had *any* princely virtues, low as these are in the scale of ethics. He was a chief much more in the style of *Frederick* than of Henri IV.; and I must hate all the tribe. But I hate still more the poor sycophants who would deny him what he is entitled to, and should be proud myself to do him noble justice in opposition to their servile clamours. You will oblige me infinitely by undertaking this, either along with, or instead of, your other theme, &c.

I think I won't be up before February. Pray make my peace with Lady Holland, and tell her I am coming round to her sentiments,—slowly and cautiously indeed, like a man who consults his conscience, but surely and steadily,—and that I think we shall make a pilgrimage to St. Helena together.—Ever most truly yours.

75.—*To Charles Wilkes, Esq., New York.*

London, 17th February, 1817.

My dear Friend—Charlotte's indefatigable and dutiful pen has, I daresay, already informed you of my having been now three weeks away from her in this profligate city, &c.

I live chiefly with the opposition; but our party feelings do not interfere so much with our private friendships as in some other countries, and least of all, I think, in London, and with persons at the head of their parties. When I was last in town, I dined one day at Lord Aberdeen's, where a Frenchman was excessively astonished to see Lord Holland and the Lord President of the Council come to the door in the same *hackney coach*. I am not sure whether the baseness of the vehicle or the strange assortment of the cargo amazed him the most; and I suspect an American would have wondered very nearly as much. I saw a good deal of Frere, and a little of Canning; neither of whom appeared to me very agreeable, though certainly witty and well bred. There is a little pedantry, and something of the conceited manner of a first-form boy, about both. Among the young Whigs I think Lord Morpeth the most distinguished, and likely to rise highest. With great ambition, he unites singular correctness of judgment, and a modesty of manner which, in spite of a commanding presence, and all the noble airs of the Howards and Cavendishes, I have no doubt would be set down for awkwardness by a beau of New York. I met Burdett once or twice, who is very mild and agreeable in private society;

but, though he was then coquetting with the ———, I saw enough to be quite certain that he never will be tractable or serviceable for any thing but mischief. Tierney is now the most weighty speaker in the House of Commons, and speaks admirably for that House. Brougham is the most powerful, active, and formidable. Canning is thought to be falling off, and certainly has the worst of it, in all their encounters.

As to plots and rebellions, I confess I am exceedingly skeptical. There is no doubt a very general feeling of discontent, and something which, without judicious watching and restraint, might lead to local riots and disorders, and occasion the shedding of some foolish blood; but I am persuaded that it is not impatience of oppression, but *want*, that is at the bottom of it; and that if they had good employment again, they would soon cease to talk of reform. It is very right to take even excessive precaution, but I cannot bring myself to believe that it was necessary to suspend the constitution in order to keep the peace. Indeed, the general feeling seems now to be so much against these violent measures, that I should look with confidence for their abolition in July, were it not so difficult to get houses at that season, that in general the ministers may do what they please. The greatest calamity which the country has suffered is in the loss of my admirable friend Horner. He died about six weeks ago at Pisa. I never looked for any other catastrophe; but the accounts which had come home very recently before had excited great hopes in many of his friends. I have not known any death in my time which has occasioned so deep and so general a regret, nor any instance in which there has been so warm and so honourable a testimony from men of all parties to the merits of a private individual. Pray read the account of what passed in the House on moving a new writ for his borough, and confess that we are nobler, more fair, and generous in our political hostility, than any nation ever was before.

It is really quite impossible to estimate the loss which the cause of liberal and practical opinions has sustained by this death. That of Fox himself was less critical or alarming; for there is no other person with such a union of talent and character to succeed him. I for my part have lost the kindest friend, and the most exalted model, that ever any one had the happiness of possessing. This blow has quite saddened all the little circle in which he was head, and of which he has ever been the pride and the ornament; but it is too painful to say more on such a subject, &c.

By the way, I wanted to let you understand a little more of my doctrine as to the bad effects of indulgence, which I think you somewhat misapprehend; but I have n't time at present, and perhaps I may take occasion to set down half a page in the Review on that subject. In the mean time, I think you must see at once that those who have never been accustomed to submit to privations or inconveniences, will find it more difficult to do so when it becomes a duty, than those to whom such sacrifices have been familiar. Young people who have been habitually gratified in all their desires will not only indulge in more capricious desires, but will infallibly take it more amiss when the feelings or happiness of others require that they should be thwarted, than those who have been practically trained to the habit of subduing and restraining them, and, consequently, will in general sacrifice the happiness of others to their own selfish indulgence. To what else is the selfishness of princes and other great people to be attributed? It is in vain to think of cultivating principles of generosity and beneficence by mere exhortation and reasoning. Nothing but the *practical habit* of overcoming our own selfishness, and of familiarly encountering privations and discomfort on account of others, will ever enable us to do it when it is required. And *therefore* I am firmly persuaded that indulgence *infallibly* produces selfishness and hardness of heart, and that nothing but a pretty severe disci-

pline and control can lay the foundation of a firm and magnanimous character, &c.

Give my best love to all your family and to Eliza. I shall write often to you during the vacation, as I expect to be mostly at home, and to live a quiet domestic life. We shall go to Craigerook in ten days if the weather be good. It is bright now, but rather cold. God bless you ever, my dear friend.—Most affectionately yours.

76.—*To John Allen, Esq.*

Edinburgh, 14th March, 1817.

My dear Allen—I could not write to you with any comfort during the hurry of the session; indeed, after the sad news of poor Horner's death, I had not the heart to address any thing to you, either upon that or upon indifferent subjects. On the former, there is nothing new to be said. Strangers have already said all that even friends could desire,—and it seems enough to be one of the public to feel the full weight of this calamity. What took place in Parliament seems to me extremely honourable to the body; nor do I believe that there is, or ever was, a great divided political assembly where so generous and just a testimony could have been borne unanimously to personal merit, joined, especially as it was in that individual, with a stern and unaccommodating disdain of all sorts of baseness or falsehood. It is also another national trait, not less honourable, I think, to all parties, that so great a part of the eulogium of a public man, and in a public assembly, should have been made to rest on his domestic virtues and private affections. His parents bear this great calamity far better than I thought they would. Even the first shock was less overwhelming than might have been apprehended; and now they are sensibly soothed and occupied with the condolences of his numerous friends. I wish some memorial of such a life could be collected. In particular, I think many of his letters would be valuable.

But knowing how much our present feelings are likely to mislead us on such occasions, I am satisfied that nothing of a public nature should be thought of for a considerable time. It has occurred to me that a short notice and character might be inserted in the Supplement to the Encyclopædia when it reaches his name. This will not be, I believe, for a year or fifteen months yet, so that there will be time enough to consider of it. The history of such a progress I really think would be a most instructive reading for the many aspiring young men into whose hands that publication is likely to come.

Now, let me say one word to you about reviewing, &c.—
Very faithfully yours.

77.—*To John Allen, Esq.*

Edinburgh, 27th March, 1817.

My dear Allen—It is very kind of you to undertake a review for me on any terms, and it would be most ungrateful in me to urge you much as to time. Will three weeks from this date do for you? By that time, I hope to be far on with the printing, but to be a week or a fortnight more if you require it. I foresee I shall be interrupted myself with those unhappy state trials,* and am likely enough to be the latest of the whole. Pray be as popular as you can, consistently with being rational; and be most angry at the knaves, and compassionate of the fools. One argument you will naturally consider at large. I mean the favourite one of Southey and the rest, that the power of the *people* has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished, and that the little addition made to the influence of the crown by the war and taxes is but a slight counterbalance to that increase. Now, the great fallacy here is, that the increase of weight on the side of the people consists chiefly in an increase of intelligence, spirit,

* The trials of Edgar, Mackinlay, &c. at Edinburgh.

and activity, and the mere wealth and influence of a selfish kind can never be either safely or properly set against this sort of power and authority. In fact, it does not require to be counterbalanced at all; for it leads, not to the elevation of the commons merely, but to the general improvement; and is obnoxious, not in any degree to the fair strength and dignity of the crown, but only to its corruption and abuses; and, instead of being neutralized by giving more means of abuse and corruption to the crown, it is exasperated and strengthened by it. The natural result of such an increase of popular power is to give more direct efficiency to their agency in the government; and the only way to prevent this change in the state of society from producing disorder is, to make more room for the people in the constitution, not to swell out the bloated bulk of the crown. I have said something to this purpose in the close of a long article on reform, I think on occasion of Windham's speech; but it now deserves to be brought more into view.

I shall be very proud of being thought worthy of drawing up a short view of Horner's career for the Encyclopædia. Wishaw will do the longer work with perfect judgment and good taste; but I own I should have wished the task in the hands of one who dealt in a little warmer colouring, and was not quite so severe an artist.—Ever most truly yours.

Is it not *universally* thought among English lawyers that the proceedings in Muir's and Palmer's cases were against law and justice? I am afraid we shall have them referred to now as precedents of weight and binding authority.

78.—*To John Richardson, Esq.*

Craigcrook, 24th July, 1817.

My dear R.—I wish you joy of the end of the session, in which I too am rejoicing in my provincial way. Cock-

burn says you do not intend to come down to us this year—which, I think, is vicious, and therefore I hope not true. We have your old room for you here, and a new study in progress, to the embellishment of which you may immortalize yourself by contributing. I have also a whole wilderness of roses, and my shrubs are now so tall as not to be easily seen over. Moreover, my whole lawn is green with potatoes, and the ——— wood is going down this autumn. If all this will not tempt you, I do not know what we shall do. I have got twelve dozen of old claret in my old cellar, and am meditating upon an ice-house; and I am going to buy a large lot of the old books at Herbertshire; and my little girl speaks the nicest broad Scotch; and we have as little finery and parade about us as in the old days of poor Jamie Grahame and the Hills. Do come and be jolly for a week or two.

Tell me what Tommy Campbell is about; and what Old Bags says for himself, for not deciding our Queensberry case after all. I am glad to hear that Rutherford made a good speech. Pray tell me *how* it was. He is a judicious, ambitious, painstaking fellow. His faults are the very opposite of Clerk's and the old school. I do not know if you are much acquainted with him in private. He is full of honour and right feelings.

We have at length finally demolished the Lord-Advocate's state prosecution, you will-see—and in a way really a little scandalous to the vanquished. I am afraid they will hear more of this hereafter; for I cannot find in my heart either to hate or to think very ill of them; and I believe they will even do less mischief than more vigorous men might do. You see nothing will drive me out of my tolerating and moderate system of politics. Pray remember us most kindly to Mrs. R. and the little ones. God bless you.—Most affectionately yours.

79.—*To Dr. Chalmers.*

Edinburgh, 25th July, 1817.

Dear Sir—It is but lately that I knew of your return to your own place, and it is still more lately that I have been so far freed of my professional avocations as to have leisure for more agreeable duties. It is rather late, I am sensible, to thank you again for the very valuable and important contribution you made to the last number of the Review,* and compliments upon its merits never could have so poor a chance for acceptance as now, when you have just been collecting the tribute of far more weighty applause for still more splendid exertions. I come back, however, to my text, and as I believe I first tempted you to dip your pen in our ink by the prospect of doing an important service to society, so I am not without hopes of inducing you to repeat your contributions by the same powerful consideration. What we have already published has excited great attention, and done, I am persuaded, much good; but those to whom the doctrines are new do not yet sufficiently understand them, and those who are hostile to them still fancy that they have objections that have not been answered. I am myself quite satisfied that an article on the same subject every quarter, or at least every six months, would be requisite to give fair play to the argument, and to render just views with regard to it familiar and fair in general conception. And also that by this means the great end might be pretty certainly attained in the course of two or three years. My opinion is, that it would be extremely desirable to have another article, defending, explaining, and carrying into practical illustration, the principles suggested in the former, inserted in the number of the Review which I expect to put to press in about ten days, and to publish about the end of

* No. 55, art. 1, on the Causes and Cure of Pauperism.

August; and I venture, under this impression, to ask whether you could possibly undertake this further labour in so good a cause. I am perfectly aware of the magnitude of the request I now make, and therefore I make it plainly and at once—with an assurance that my motives for hazarding it will not be misunderstood, and that nothing I could add in the form of solicitation would be likely to succeed if you can resist your own sense of their urgency.

I shall probably be in Glasgow early in the autumn, and shall be much mortified if I am again prevented from gratifying myself by a sight of you. Is there no chance of your being in this neighbourhood while this fine weather lasts? It would be extremely obliging in you to give me a little previous notice of your coming.

In the mean time may I hope to hear from you? Believe me always your obliged and very faithful servant.

80.—*To Charles Wilkes, Esq.*

Craigcrook House, 9th May, 1818.

My dear Friend—I began my vacation by writing you a long letter, and I shall end it in the same virtuous manner, for we move into town to-morrow, and my labours begin the day after. We have had some idleness and tranquillity here, and about *seven* fine days, but it has been a sad season on the whole, first with cold and then with wet; and as I am laying down my twelve acres in grass, I have had my fair share of a young farmer's anxieties and mortifications. However, I bear all my trials manfully, and when I cannot be quite resigned I try to make a joke of them. Neither Charley nor I understand much about rain or dirt, and we are both so-fond of woodlands and mountains that we have scarcely missed a day without trudging out, and climbing away among mists and showers and craggy places, with scarcely a primrose to cheer us, and nothing but the loneliness and freshness of the scene to

put us in good humour. It has long been my opinion that those who have a genuine love for nature and rural scenery are very easily pleased, and that it is not easy to find any aspect of the sky or the earth from which they will not borrow delight. For my own part, condemned as I am to a great deal of town life, there is something delicious to me in the sound even of a biting east wind among my woods; and the sight of a clear spring bubbling from a rock, and the smell of the budding pines and the common field daisies, and the cawing of my rooks, and the cooing of my cushats, are almost enough for me—so at least I think to-day, which is a kind of parting day for them, and endears them all more than ever. Do not imagine, however, that we have nothing better, for we have now hyacinths, auriculas, and anemones, in great glory, besides sweetbrier, and wallflowers in abundance, and blue gentians and violets, and plenty of rose leaves, though no flowers yet, and apple-blossoms and sloes all around.

I have been enlarging my domain a little, chiefly by getting in a good slice of the wood on the hill, which was formerly my boundary. My field went square up to it before in this way:—now I have thrown my fence back 100 yards into the wood, so as to hide it entirely, and to bring the wood down into the field; and to do this gracefully, I am cutting deep scoops and bays into it, with the fence buried in the wood. It is a great mass of wood, you will remember, clothing all the upper part of a hill more than a mile long, and 300 feet high; not very old nor fine wood—about forty years old, but well mixed of all kinds, and quite thick and spiry. If you do not understand this, you must come and see it, for my pen and pencil can no further go.

Well, but I must leave Craigcrook and this pastoral vein, and condescend to tell you that Charley and the babe are both perfectly well, and so am I, &c. I am rather impa-

tient to make a little money now, and often find myself calculating how soon, at my present rate of saving, I may venture to release myself from the drudgery of my profession, &c. I am sufficiently aware that my gains are in some degree precarious, and, after all, though I please myself with views of retirement and leisure, and travelling and reading, I am by no means perfectly sure that I should be much happier in that state than my present one. Having long set my standard of human felicity at a very moderate pitch, and persuaded myself that men are *considerably* lower than angels, I am not much given to discontent, and am sufficiently sensible that many things that appear and are irksome and vexatious, are necessary to help life along. A little more sleep, and a little more time to travel and read, I certainly should like, and be better for; but, placed as I am, I must do the whole task that is appointed for me, or more. And there is some excitement and foolish vanity in doing a great deal, and coming off whole and hearty. God help us, it is a foolish little thing this human life at the best; and it is half ridiculous and half pitiful to see what importance we ascribe to it, and to its little ornaments and distinctions, &c.

We have not heard very lately of the Simonds; they were then at Rome, and talked of going to the Tyrol in spring and summer. I shall never be done lamenting his change of politics. General philanthropy, and a calm distrust and disdain of all actual administrations, was the only thing for him. He has not temper for a partisan, and ceases to be amiable in the heart, at the same time that he becomes a little ridiculous. I am in some hopes, however, that Italy may disgust him with restorations and legitimacy; though I fear he has too much talent not to find apologies for every thing. Perhaps I regret his departure from his original creed more, because with a little more toleration for *active* politicians, and a little more faith in the *uses* of faction, it is very nearly my own. Our English politics

are not very respectable. This last session of Parliament has been, on the whole, humiliating and alarming to all who care about liberty. The rejection of the Prince's Establishment Act, though quite right in itself, is of little comfort, and only shows that they are personally unpopular, and that the nation will not give *money* to the government, though it will give every thing else. This reminds one of the base times of Henry VII., when the court could command all but the purse of the people. Our degraded state is owing partly, no doubt, to the disunion of the Whigs, and their want of a leader, and to the policy of the government in choosing blackguards and Jacobins as its *immediate* victims; but the evil is far deeper, and the spirit of the nation pitifully broken. It is no matter.

10th May.—I spent all the rest of yesterday, after writing these pages to you, in the open air with Charley alone. We expected some friends to finish our week with us, but luckily they did not come, and we passed the whole day and evening in delightful tranquillity. To-day it is as fine. The larches are lovely, and the sycamores in full flush of rich fresh foliage,—the air as soft as new milk,—and the sky so flecked with little pearly clouds, full of larks, that it is quite a misery to be obliged to wrangle in courts, and sit up half the night over dull papers. We shall come out here, however, every Saturday, so that I am at least as clamorous in my grief as there is any need for.

Remember me most kindly to Fanny and Anne. I am a little mortified that they should think it a formidable thing to write to me, but perhaps they will have more courage by-and-by. In the mean time I shall write again to them as soon as I have an instant's leisure.

I am growing a sad defaulter about the Review. Surely I did not say I wrote the Bentham. It is the work of a much greater person, whom I am not at liberty to name, and not one-third of it is mine. Moore is not generally

thought overpraised; and I have various letters from his friends, abusing me for it as for a covered attack. He himself does not think so, and has no reason. God bless you. Now, write soon to us.—From most affectionately yours.

81.—*To Charles Wilkes, Esq.*

Tarbet, 5th August, 1818.

My dear Friend—Here we are in a little inn on the banks of Loch Lomond, in the midst of the mists of the mountains, the lakes, heaths, rocks, and cascades which have been my passion since I was a boy; and to which, like a boy, I have run away the instant I could get my hands clear of law, and review, and Edinburgh. We have been here for four days, and Charlotte is at least as much enchanted with the life we live as I am; and yet it is not a life that most ladies with a spark of *fineness* in them would think very delightful. They have no post-horses in the Highlands, and we sent away those that brought us here, with orders to come back for us to-morrow, and so we are left without a servant, entirely at the mercy of the natives. The first day we walked about ten miles over wet heath and slippery rocks, and sailed five or six on the lake in a steamboat, which surprised us as we were sitting in a lonely wild little bay, sheltering ourselves from a summer shower under a hanging copse. It is a new experiment that for the temptation of tourists. It circumnavigates the whole lake every day in about ten hours; and it was certainly very strange and striking to hear and see it hissing and roaring past the headlands of our little bay, foaming and spouting like an angry whale; but, on the whole, I think it rather vulgarizes the scene too much, and I am glad that it is found not to answer, and is to be dropped next year. Well then, the day after, we lounged about an hour or two in the morning, then skimmed across the lake in a little skiff, and took to climbing up the hill in good earnest. This, I

assure you, is no fine lady's work. It is 3400 feet high, with an ascent of near five miles, very rough, wet, and rocky in many places; and Charley had fine slipping, and stumbling, and puffing, before she got to the top. However, by the help of the guide's whisky and my own, she got through very safe and proud at last. For more than 2000 feet the air was quite clear, but a thick fog rested on the top, and but for the glory of the thing, we might have stopped where it began. The prospect, however, became very grand and singular before it was quite swallowed up. The whole landscape took a strange silvery skyish tint, from the thin vale of vapour in which it began to sink; and some distant mountains, on which the sun continued to shine, assumed the most delicate and tender green colour you ever saw, while the water of the lake, with all its islands, seemed lifted up to the level of the eye, and the whole scene to be wavering in the skies, like what is described of the *fata morgana* in Sicily. We all fell twenty times in our descent, and were completely besmeared with mud, which was partly washed away by a fine milky shower which fell upon us as we again crossed over in our boat. The day after, we walked good twelve miles before dinner, up to the wildest and least frequented end of the lake, making various detours, and discovering at every turn the most enchanting views and recesses. In the evening we rowed down the smooth glassy margin of the water to a gentleman's house a mile or two off, and walked home in the twilight. I will not fatigue you by telling you what we have done to-day, but it is nearly as great; and the beauty of it is, that we are perfectly well, and quite delighted with our perseverance; so much so, indeed, that C. declares she will come back earlier next year, and stay twice as long, there being fifty valleys and little lakes that she has marked out for exploring, and which we have not been able to reach. I assure you, you are no loser by these excursions, for neither of us ever see

any thing very charming but we resolve to bring you to see it; and I, with true Scottish partiality, am always imagining that you will not admire *our* beauties enough, and considering with what persuasions or reproaches I shall convert you, &c.

Glasgow, 7th.—We got back here yesterday, safe and sound, and had the happiness, among other things, to find your kind letter of the 9th July, &c.

You see I am sending all my treasure to you, and of course my heart will be there too; and I really think my body will one day follow. If I can go on as I am now doing for eight or nine years more, I think I may emancipate myself from the necessity either of working or residing always in this place; and if I were free to move, I rather think that, after a hasty glance at Italy, I should be tempted to take another and far more leisurely survey of America. You, of course, would be my main attraction; but I cannot help taking a very warm and eager interest in the fortunes of your people. There is nothing, and never was any thing, so grand and so promising as the condition and prospects of your country; and nothing I conceive more certain than that in seventy years after this its condition will be by far the most important element in the history of Europe. It is very provoking that we cannot live to see it; but it is very plain to me that the French revolution, or rather perhaps the continued operation of the causes which produced that revolution, has laid the foundations, over all Europe, of an inextinguishable and fatal struggle between popular rights and ancient establishments—between democracy and tyranny—between legitimacy and representative government, which may involve the world in sanguinary conflicts for fifty years, and *may* also end, after all, in the establishment of a brutal and military despotism for a hundred more; but *must* end, I think, in the triumph of reason over prejudice, and the infinite amelioration of all politics, and the elevation of all

national character. Now I cannot help thinking that the example of America, and the influence and power which she will every year be more and more able to exert, will have a most potent and incalculably beneficial effect, both in shortening this conflict, in rendering it less sanguinary, and in insuring and accelerating its happy termination. I take it for granted that America, either as one or as many states, will always remain free, and consequently prosperous and powerful. She will naturally take the side of liberty therefore in the great European contest—and while her growing power and means of compulsion will intimidate its opponents, the example not only of the practicability, but of the eminent advantages, of a system of perfect freedom, and a disdain and objuration of all prejudices, and—(illegible)—cannot fail to incline the great body of all intelligent communities to its voluntary adoption.

These are my anticipations; and is it not a pity that I have no chance of living to see them verified? However, they amuse one very well at present, and perhaps we may be indulged with a peep out of some other world, while they are in a course of fulfilment. One thing, however, is certain, that they, and some other considerations, give me the greatest possible interest in the prosperity, the honour, and the happiness of your part of the world. I am afraid that my habits, and the tastes in manners, literature, and tone of discussion, while they have hardened, would prevent me from living so happily, on the whole, in America as in this old corrupted world of ours. Indeed, to say the truth, I do not think I could bear to live and die anywhere but in Scotland. But on public grounds I am as much concerned for America as for Scotland, and would rather live there than in any foreign or enslaved portion of the old world, however elegant or refined. There is a long dissertation for you; but the end of it is, that in nine or ten years I shall come and stay a long while with you; and the reasonable result is, that as that is a great

deal too long to wait for a meeting, and as you are still older than me, and can still less afford therefore to wait, you must shorten it by coming and staying a long while with us in two or three years at the furthest.—Most affectionately yours.

82.—*To Charles Wilkes, Esq.*

Glasgow, 5th May, 1819.

My dear Friend—I always write you a long letter when I come here; but I have a stronger reason than usual to-day, as we have just got your letters of the 9th April, with all their news and kindness. And first of all, we must congratulate Fanny,*—not certainly on having a lover, which I suppose has been her case for these ten years past, but on being in love, which is a very delightful novelty, and not a little agreeable when it ceases to be new, as I can say with some assurance, after having been in that state, with little interruption, for near thirty years. As to the youth, it is certainly very fortunate that his character and prospects are such as to please you; and for the little dash of democracy, I confess I am rather glad of it, as I think your intolerance of those worthy citizens is the only illiberal thing about you, and am sure that, with your inherent fairness and good-nature, nothing more can be necessary for you to get over it than to be brought into contact and amicable relation with some of the better specimens. *Entre nous*, however, the *Life of Fulton* is—bad as possible; and after reading it with a design of contradicting the *Quarterly*, if possible, I ended by agreeing with them. Give my kindest love to Fan. on this occasion, and tell her that if she has half as much genius for matrimony and domestic life as Charlotte, she may venture on it with great safety as soon as she pleases. I am not sure that this event betters our chance of seeing you here, at least

* Mrs. Jeffrey's sister, afterward Mrs. Colden.

unless you come soon ; for though you may be more secure in having the giddiest of your charges safe under the control of a husband, and the rest under that of so sage a matron, still, I am afraid, that when there comes to be a litter of American grandchildren, (O fie, how indelicate !) the squalls of each of which you know in the dark, your poor little Scotch grand-daughter, whose sweet little Doric note you never heard in your life, will come to have less attraction, and one's whooping-cough and another's measles will serve grandpapa for an excuse to be lazy and unnatural all the rest of his life. So I would advise you to break off before those new fetters are forged for you, and come away to us sober and married people while the other are too happy to miss you.

We are all pretty well here,—all quite well indeed, except little Charley, &c.

With all my good spirits, I am the most apprehensive and serious being alive ; so I daresay I give more importance to these things than they deserve. We shall write again in a week or ten days, when I think she will be quite restored, &c.

I have just got done with another Review. I have more vamping and patching than writing. That of Rogers's little poem and Campbell's specimens are all I have written wholly ; though there is more of my hand than there should be in the very long article on the abuse of charities.

I am afraid I said something impertinent to you about that review of Byron. It has some warmth and talent certainly ; but the taste is execrable, and there is an utter want of *sense*, which is ruinous to any thing of the sort in European judgments. The *mot* in London on the occasion was, that it had lowered the authority of the Review at least twenty per cent. in all matters poetical. But I suppose you are not so sensitive at New York. I hope you have read Mackintosh's paper by this time. There is a great deal in it applicable to America, and what I think

should attract notice among your politicians, if it is not too much above their pitch. I am sorry your congress has disgraced itself by the decision on ——— case. It has thrown you back twenty-five years at least in the estimation of European politicians, raised great doubt as to the expediency of any republican government, and given great plausibility to the doctrine of those who refuse to recognise you as part of the great system of civilized government. A more audacious, ignorant, and *blackguard* determination was never given by a legislative assembly. Nobody has regretted it more than I have done.

The Simonds, I take it, are now at Paris. Louis (Simond) is an *ultra*,—a very honest one, I admit, and likely enough to give offence to his followers, but ultra enough to hate and persecute the adherents of a different sort of absolute monarch,—a distruster of liberty, in short; and, under pretence of hating faction and cabal, one who would put down all the movements of a free people, and substitute his own wisdom in place of the wishes of a nation. I really do not know one more *arbitrary* in his principles of government; and he thinks it a sufficient justification that the object is to do them good; which has been the object of some of the most intolerant tyrants that the world ever saw. Fortunately for himself and his country, he has no great chance of having power in it, and is likely enough to be disgusted with those who have. But I will hold an equal bet that he disapproves of the late proceedings of the ministry. In short, with the best intentions and feelings in the world, he is utterly unfit for practical politics, &c.—Most affectionately yours.

83.—*To Charles Wilkes, Esq.*

Minto, 24th August, 1819.

My dear Friend—When I left Charlotte last week I promised to write you a long letter before my return, and though I am particularly lazy when I am from home, I have

a pleasure in performing my promise. I am on my way back from Brougham, &c.

We are not in a good state in England, and I sometimes fear that tragical scenes may be before us. My notions of parliamentary reform are in the Review; and I am perfectly clear that it would have no effect at all in relieving even present distresses. Yet of late I cannot help doubting whether *some* reform has not become necessary—if it were only to conciliate and convince the people. If they are met only with menaces and violence we shall be drenched in blood, and the result will be a more arbitrary, and oppressive, and despicable government—leading ultimately perhaps to a necessary and salutary, but sanguinary revolution. Our present radical evil is the excess of our productive power—the want of demand for our manufactures and industry; or, in other words, the excess of our population; and for this I am afraid there is no radical remedy but starving out the surplus, horrible as it is. For emigration can do comparatively nothing; and the excess of production arising, not from any temporary slackness of the natural demand, but from the improvement of machinery and skill, which has enabled one man to do the work of at least 100, and that all over the improved part of the world; and consequently enabled all those who formerly found employment, to produce ten times as much as any possible increase of consumption can take off their hands, it is plainly impossible that it can be cured by any change in our commercial relations. It may seem a strange paradox to mention, but I am myself quite persuaded of its truth, that, in our artificial society, the consequence of those great discoveries and improvements which render human industry so much more productive, and *should* therefore render all human comforts so much more attainable, must be to plunge the greater part of society into wretchedness, and ultimately to depopulate the countries where they prevail. Nothing but a thorough and levelling *agrarian* law, or the

discovery of some means of increasing *food* in the same proportion as other commodities, can avoid this consequence. But we shall *talk* of this when we meet. It is not worth while to write about it.

84.—*To Dr. Chalmers.*

Edinburgh, 21st December, 1819.

My dear Sir—I have read your pamphlet* with great pleasure and full assent. I cannot say on this occasion that you have made a convert of me, for my sentiments have always been in unison with those which you express, both as to the *peculiar* advantages of our system of parochial education, and as to the causes which have deprived our great towns of most of its benefits. The reasoning in the last six or seven pages of your pamphlet I take to be as sound and convincing as the eloquence with which it is expressed is admirable and touching.

The only thing to be doubted or questioned is, whether the evil has not got to too great a head to be now successfully combated. But zeal and talents like yours have already wrought greater works than this; and it is extremely comfortable to think that the effort is not only not interminable, as you have well remarked, but that even its partial success will be attended with great benefits, and that every school established upon right principles will not only be a pattern and an incitement to others, but will at all events, and of itself, do a great deal of permanent good.

If you should want any extra parochial aid, I shall gladly contribute toward what I consider as a very interesting experiment, and, indeed, shall at all times think myself both favoured and honoured by having my charity guided by any hints or suggestions of yours.

With the sincerest respect and affection, believe me always your obliged and faithful servant.

* “Considerations on the System of Parochial Schools in Scotland.”

85.—*To John Allen, Esq.*

22d February, 1821.

My dear Allen—

I have been rather busy, and rather dissipated, this winter, and have rather neglected the Review; but I must now begin to think of it again. Can you recommend any contributors to me, or any subjects to myself? I have some thoughts of coming up in March or April, though I have been so idle as scarcely to be entitled to such an indulgence. There is some idea of moving the Chancellor to take up the Queensbury appeals immediately, in which case I should probably have a fair apology for my journey.

I am very much ashamed of the Commons, and have but little now to say against the radical reformers; if any reform is worth the risk of such an experiment. The practical question upon which every man should now be making up his mind, is, whether he is for tyranny or revolution; and, upon the whole, I incline toward tyranny; which, I take it, will always be the wise choice for any individual, especially after his youth is over, however it may be for that abstraction called the country, which may very probably be much the better for twenty years' massacres and tumults among its inhabitants. The individual has another resource, too, in emigration, or entire retreat from all political functions and concerns; which would often be very wise and agreeable, if it were not liable to the reproach of baseness and cowardice. I see nothing comfortable in the state of Europe, and think the great pacification will turn out the beginning of greater contention than those it seemed to have ended. Will mere poverty be able to keep us out of them?

Remember me very kindly to Lord and Lady Holland, and write me a long letter soon.—Ever, yours.

86.—*To Charles Wilkes, Esq., New York.*

London, 15th April, 1821.

My dear Friend—

We do not allow ourselves, however, to naturalize in London, and are beginning to be impatient for our deliverance and the close of our exile. We have had a racketing feverish life since we came here, with too little quiet and leisure for Charlotte, and almost too little for me. It is difficult, however, to resist the civilities of distinguished people; and a strong persuasion that what is now rather fatiguing will amuse us in recollection, induces us to abandon ourselves to the current, and give up our time to every call that is made on it, &c.

I believe you do not know many of the people we have been living with here, so that it would be tedious to tell you about them. But though they are very kind, and many of them very clever, and almost all very fashionable and fine, I confess this new experiment has confirmed me in my dislike of a London life, and made me doubly thankful that my lot has been cast in a quieter scene. The constant distractions of politics, and the supreme importance which the business of *the two Houses* assumes in all the high society, is the least of my objections. It is the unmanageable extent of that society, the eternal hurry, the dissipation of thought, and good feeling, and almost of principle, which results from the wearisome and fruitless pursuit of an [*torn*] and that pitiful concern about what is distinguished for fashion and frivolous notoriety, which offends and disgusts a thinking, and even a social, man on his first approach to this great vortex of folly and misery. Charlotte participates in these feelings still more largely than I do, and from not having confidence or animal spirits so strong as mine, is immediately fatigued with what rather amuses me at the beginning, and has lately

taken to sleep at home in the evenings, when I go forth to take my observations in the haunts of dissipation, &c.

You will expect me, of course, to say something of politics while I am here at the scene of intelligence, and living among leaders of parties; but I had never less inclination, or indeed less to say. I think as ill as ever of the state and prospects of the country, feel less alarm, perhaps, as to speedy or immediate mischief, but not at all less despondency as to the inevitable evils that surround us. The agricultural classes, embracing the old aristocracy, are falling, and must yet fall, into greater poverty and embarrassment; and the wealth of the country centre more in the less valuable funds of the trading interest, who, upon any alarm, are far more likely to rally round any government, however oppressive, and to recur to blind and short-sighted violence as a cure for disaffection. Thus the more unpopular, and deservedly unpopular, the government is, the more zealously will it be —— by the iniquities of a legislature to which such is the passport; and the greater the risk will become of a contest between the equally fatal extremes of a discontented populace and an almost avowed tyranny. The only chance is in the fears of the latter. I do not myself believe that they—that is, the Tory party—will ever be unseated till overthrown by a revolution. But there are indications that, to avoid that extremity, they may tardily and imperfectly adopt of themselves some of those improvements against which they carry triumphant decisions when proposed by their antagonists; and that in this way they may grant a variety of economical reforms, and even perhaps some political ones in a year or two later; and crippled with more restrictions than would have attended them in the hands of a Whig government. In this way the government may be gradually improved without any change of administration, and some salvation perhaps wrought for the principles of liberty, by the necessary diminution of

influence which must follow the retrenchment of expense. This, however, is the bright side of the picture; and looking to the fierce and mutual hostility of the populace; and the governments both at home and abroad, I confess I think the society of the old world is on the brink of a greater and more dreadful commotion than it has ever before experienced. The catastrophe of Naples is sad and humiliating, but the spirit of disaffection and resistance is not to be ———, and, I very much fear, cannot long be repressed even in France, where I am firmly of opinion that it will produce the most mischievous effects.

We have had a sort of project of running over to Paris for a week, if detained here over the holidays, but I am afraid it is too daring and sudden for our ladies,—at least we shall see, &c.—Believe me, very affectionately yours.

87.—*To Charles Wilkes, Esq., New York.*

Edinburgh, 27th January, 1822.

My dear Friend—I take Charley's* place this time as the writer of our monthly despatch; not entirely, I am sorry to say, because I have either more leisure than usual, or more agreeable or important intelligence to communicate, but because the said Charlotte is not well enough to write easily for herself, &c.

I go on as usual; rather less business at the bar, and more notoriety and ——— away from it. I have had two overtures to take a seat in Parliament, but have given a peremptory refusal, from taste as well as prudence. I am not in the least ambitious, and feel no desire to enter upon public life in such a moment as the present, &c.

I think the prospects of all the old world bad enough at this moment, both for peace and ultimate freedom. The odds are that we have revolutionary wars all over the continent again in less than two years, and our only chance

* Charlotte—Mrs. Jeffrey.

of keeping out of them is our miserable poverty, and even on that I do not rely. But the worst is, that I am not at all sanguine as to the result, either immediate or ultimate, being in favour of liberty. It is always a duty to profess in public an entire reliance on the ultimate prevalence of reason and justice, because such doctrines help powerfully to realize themselves; but in my heart I am far from being such an optimist; and looking at the improved intelligence of despotic governments, and the facilities which the structure of society affords to the policy of keeping nations in awe by armies, I confess I do not think it unlikely that we shall go with our old tyrannies and corruptions for 4000 or 5000 years longer. When or how is the government of Russia to be liberalized?—and if they unite and bind themselves with Prussia and England in a holy alliance to keep down what they call treason and rebellion in other countries, what means of resistance can the people of such countries ever acquire? The true hope of the world is with you in America; in your example now—and in fifty years more, I hope, your influence and actual power. And yet I am accused of being unjust to Americans. At home things are very bad. The king, out of humour with his ministers, on grounds that do them no dishonour, has a rooted horror at all liberal opinions; and the Duke of York, with more firmness and cold blood, is still more bigoted. The body of the people, again, are so poor, and their prospects so dismal, that it is quite easy to stir them up to any insane project of reform; and the dread of this makes timid people rally round those who are for keeping order by force, and neutralizes the sober influence of the Whigs. Our only chance is in the extremity of our financial embarrassments, which will force such retrenchments on the ministry as at once to weaken their powers of corruption, and to lend credit to those whose lessons they have so long contemned, and must now stoop to follow. I scarcely think Parliament will venture

on a renewal of the property tax, but I do not think it impossible that they may be driven to reduce the interest of the funds, though that would raise a great outcry, and justly.

Tell me about your children. What is Horace doing, and W——? I will write soon again to Fanny. It is a great delight to hear of the continued health and long youth of your old ladies. Pray remember me to them most affectionately, &c. God bless you.—Very affectionately yours.

88.—*To Charles Wilkes, Esq.*

London, 18th April, 1822.

My dear Friend—Here I am alone in this huge, heartless place; and so alone and home-sick that it is a great relief to be allowed to write to anybody who really cares for me. I am come again upon a great appeal case; and Charlotte, who is in the middle of her gardening, and all day long tying up hyacinths, and propping carnations, like Eve in paradise, positively refused to come with me. Though we hurried up in three days, we have been three days here waiting for our case coming on, and are likely to wait as many days more, and it will last eight days hearing I have no doubt, and I shall scarcely get down for our term on the 12th of May, and not at all at Craigmock again for any part of the vacation. By what I can see and hear, things are in no very good way, and scarcely even safe. Great discontent and great distrust, not merely of government, but of all public men, in the body of the people; great-intolerance and obstinacy on the part of the ministers, and no very cordial union among the members of the parliamentary opposition. Last year, the success and industry of Hume made a sort of coalition between the thorough Reformers and the moderate constitutional Whigs; but they cannot stand two sessions of estimate, and are beginning to draw off from him, which not only

weakens them every way, but still more materially strengthens the ministry. There will be some little retrenchment, and, in that way, some small diminution of influence; but the general poverty and extravagance of all the upper classes will make the remaining patronage go as far in the way of corruption as it used to do before it was diminished in more prosperous times. I rather think we are tending to a revolution, steadily, though slowly—so slowly, that it may not come for fifty years yet; but capable of being accelerated by events that are not at all improbable. The most disgusting peculiarity of the present times is the brutal scurrility and personality of the party press, originally encouraged by ministers, though I believe they would now gladly get rid of it; but, from their patronage and the general appetite for scandal, it has now become too lucrative a thing to be sacrificed to their hints, and goes on, and will go on, for the benefit and at the pleasure of the venal wretches who supply it.

I have seen but few people yet since I came up, the holidays being just over, and the good company scarcely returned to town yet. I called, to-day, on Washington Irving, and on Miss Edgeworth, but was not lucky enough to find either of them; but we are sure of meeting, and I will write again to tell you what I think of them. I have been sitting or walking most of the morning with poet Campbell and with Mackintosh.

I got out a nice number of the Review just before I left home, and directed an early copy to be forwarded to you. I am afraid you will think it heavy. I write nothing myself but Lord Byron,* to whom I have at last administered a little cruel medicine, and a part of Demosthenes, not the translations.

I hope Fanny is quite well. I wrote her a bit of a letter not long ago, and want to provoke her to write to me. It

* No. 72, art. 7.

will do her health a great deal of good, and give me much pleasure. I will insult her with another letter, I think, before I leave London. It has been very cold for two or three weeks, till a few days ago, and now it is very warm. The park trees green with buds rather than leaves, and the grass quite luxurious. Nothing in the universe can be so bright, pure, and soft; all the sloes and almond trees in blossom, and all the fields alive with lambs, and the sky echoing with larks. I assure you England is delightful in spring. Yet I am longing sadly to be home again. What I miss most in London are the four or five houses into which you can go at all hours, and the seven or eight women with whom you are quite familiar, and with whom you can go and sit and talk at your ease, dressed or undressed, morning or evening, whenever you have any leisure, or indisposition to be busy. Here I have only visiting acquaintances, at least among that sex, and that does not suit or satisfy me. I am going to dress for dinner now, and shall not finish this till to-morrow.—God bless you.

Saturday, 20th.—I have been a good part of the morning with Chantry, who has some beautiful things. I wished much for you, while I was in his gallery. His busts and children are admirable; but I do not much like either his full statues or his designs in relief. He is a strange, blunt fellow himself; and in his workshop I met another curiosity—a Scottish poet—no contemptible imitator of Burns, who is a sort of overseer for Chantry, and is trusted with all his business.* He was bred a carpenter; but being, like most of my countrymen, well educated, he wandered up to London and set about reporting debates for the newspapers; but, being a strict Whig, he grew so impatient of the baseness he was obliged to set down, that he came to Chantry, who is a bit of a Whig also, and said he would rather sweep his shop for him than go on with such drudge-

* Allan Cunningham.

ry ; and now he is his right-hand man, and has invented various machines of great use and ingenuity. I shall send you a volume of his poetry, to let you see what universal geniuses come out of Scotland.

It is beautiful weather, and I divert myself with varieties of talk and spectacles ; but, for all that, weary sadly for my wife and child, and wake half a dozen times in the night with a heavy heart, to find myself alone.

I have not had time yet to call on your fair cousin, Miss De P., but I fancy you will forgive me for that omission. I think I shall go down to Malthus with Mackintosh, this day week. I understand he is quite well, and I hope to hear a nightingale. I was surprised, this morning, to run against my old friend Tommy Moore, who looks younger, I think, than when we met at Chalk Farm some sixteen years ago. His embarrassments, I understand, are nearly settled now, and he may again inhabit this country. I am to dine with him the day after to-morrow.

Is the *Rush* who is here as your minister the same man whom I sat beside at Madison's table, and to whom I addressed that polite letter before sailing, which you had the clownishness to abuse as a piece of flattery ? If he is, I think I must renew my acquaintance with him. I suppose Irving will be able to tell me, and it would be rather more sensible to ask him than you for my present purpose. I know nothing of Simond or his book. The travels, I daresay, will be good ; but the history will not do, though it has cost him fifty times more labour. I wish he would come over here for a while. Will you think me very romantic if I tell you that I took a long lonely walk to-day all over the Park and Kensington Gardens, in the very track in which I walked with Charlotte the last time I saw her before her return to America ? and all through the street, and up to the door of the house in Woodstock Street, where she then lodged, and where I took my farewell of her. That is now ten years ago, and I am

not much altered, I think, since that time. London, I think, looks less, and more empty than usual, though we had a good levee yesterday, and ten carriages were demolished in the press. People complain that the king sees nobody, but is always either shut up with a few women and blackguard favourites, or figuring at a few gala days, where everybody pass before him as fast as they can trot. He is well enough in health, I believe, but very fat, nervous, and lazy, and cannot be long-lived. I am sorry about the bank; but if the storm advances on you, you must just fly before it. Go to Bloomingdale by all means; it will do you a vast deal of good. I told you that I liked your American novel; but I am a very lenient critic, and can by no means answer for its success here. Indeed he makes too lavish a use of extreme means—he is always in agonies.—Very affectionately yours.

89.—*To Mrs. Colden, New York.*

(A sister of Mrs. Jeffrey.)

Mardocks, 6th May, 1822.

My dear Fanny—I am on my way back to Scotland, after a three weeks' exile in London, and take the leisure of this fine summer morning to write you a long letter. I hope you are sensible of the compliment I pay you in taking this vast sheet of paper, which, to make it the more gracious, I have stolen from the quire on which my host, Sir James Mackintosh, is now writing his history.

I have been very much amused in London, though rather too feverishly, so that it is deliciously refreshing to get out of its stir and tumult, and sit down to recollect all I have seen and heard, amidst the flowers' freshness and nightingales of this beautiful country. I was a good deal among wits and politicians, of whom you would not care much to hear. But I also saw a good deal of Miss Edgeworth and Tommy Moore, and something of your country-

man, Washington Irving, with whom I was very happy to renew my acquaintance. Moore is still more delightful in society than he is in his writings; the sweetest-blooded, warmest-hearted, happiest, hopefulest creature that ever set fortune at defiance. He was quite ruined about three years ago by the treachery of a deputy in a small office he held, and forced to reside in France. He came over, since I came to England, to settle his debts by the sacrifice of every farthing he had in the world, and had scarcely got to London when he found that the whole scheme of settlement had blown up, and that he must return in ten days to his exile. And yet I saw nobody so sociable, kind, and happy; so resigned, or rather so triumphant over fortune, by the buoyancy of his spirits, and the inward light of his mind. He told me a great deal about Lord Byron, with whom he had lived very much abroad, and of whose heart and temper, with all his partiality to him, he cannot say any thing very favourable. There is nothing gloomy or bitter, however, in his ordinary talk, but rather a wild, rough, boyish pleasantry, much more like nature than his poetry.

Miss Edgeworth I had not seen for twenty years, and found her very unlike my recollection.

Have you any idea what sort of thing a truly elegant English woman of fashion is? I suspect not; for it is not to be seen almost out of England, and I do not know very well how to describe it. Great quietness, simplicity, and delicacy of manners, with a certain dignity and self-possession that puts vulgarity out of countenance, and keeps presumption in awe; a singularly sweet, soft, and rather low voice, with remarkable elegance and ease of diction; a perfect taste in wit and manners and conversation, but no loquacity, and rather languid spirits; a sort of indolent disdain of display and accomplishments; an air of great good-nature and kindness, with but too often some heartlessness, duplicity, and ambition. These are some of the

traits, and such, I think, as would most strike an American. You would think her rather cold and spiritless ; but she would predominate over you in the long run ; and indeed is a very bewitching and dangerous creature, more seductive and graceful than any other in the world ; but not better nor happier ; and I am speaking even of the very best and most perfect. We have plenty of loud, foolish things, good humoured, even in the highest society.

Washington Irving is rather low-spirited and silent in mixed company, but is agreeable, I think, *tête à tête*, and is very gentle and amiable. He is a good deal in fashion, and has done something to deserve it. I hope you do not look on him in America as having flattered our old country improperly. I had the honour of dining twice with a royal duke, very jovial, loud, familiar, and facetious, by no means foolish or uninstructed, but certainly coarse and indelicate to a degree quite remarkable in the upper classes of society. The most extraordinary man in England is the man in whose house I now am.

I came down here yesterday by way of Haileybury, where I took up Malthus, who is always delightful, and brought him here with me. The two professors have gone over to the College to their lectures, and return to dinner. I proceed on my journey homeward in the evening. Would you like to know what old England is like ? and in what it most differs from America ? Mostly, I think, in the visible memorials of antiquity with which it is overspread ; the superior beauty of its verdure, and the more tasteful and happy state and distribution of its woods. Every thing around you here is *historical*, and leads to romantic or interesting recollections. Gray grown church towers, cathedrals, ruined abbeys, castles of all sizes and descriptions, in all stages of decay, from those that are inhabited to those in whose moats ancient trees are growing, and ivy mantling over their mouldered fragments. Within sight of this house, for instance, there are the remains of the

palace of Hunsden, where Queen Elizabeth passed her childhood, and Theobalds, where King James had his hunting-seat, and the *Rye-house*, where Rumbold's plot was laid, and which is still occupied by a malster—such is the permanency of habits and professions in this ancient country. Then there are two gigantic oak stumps, with a few fresh branches still, which are said to have been planted by Edward the III., and massive stone bridges over lazy waters; and churches that look as old as Christianity; and beautiful groups of branchy trees; and a verdure like nothing else in the universe; and all the cottages and lawns fragrant with sweetbrier and violets, and glowing with purple lilacs and white elders; and antique villages scattering round wide bright greens; with old trees and ponds, and a massive pair of oaken stocks preserved from the days of Alfred. With you every thing is new, and glaring, and angular, and withal rather frail, slight, and perishable; nothing soft, and mellow, and venerable, or that looks as if it would ever become so. I will not tell you about Scotland after this. It has not these characters of ancient wealth and population, but beauties of another kind, which you must come and see.

I have pined very much in my absence from it, but—[torn]—in my divorce from Charley and my child, though I get a letter from them every second day, and find they are well and happy. The little one is a very nice babe. I wish you could see her; very quick and clever certainly, but, what is much better, very kind-hearted, compassionate, and sweet-tempered, and delightfully happy all day long. You may laugh if you please, but I say all this is literally true, and she is not a bit spoiled, not she,—and accordingly she is a universal favourite among all sorts of people, which a spoiled child never was since the world began. I wrote a long letter to your father after I came to London. I have not since heard any thing as to the Cochranes, but understand the admiral is better, though by no means well

or comfortable. I have done every thing about Mrs. Shaw that he desired. Write me a long letter soon, and tell me about Anne especially. Is she sensible, as well as merry, or given to fall in love, or to flirt? (which is not at all the same thing.) Is she domestic, or giddy and dissipated? Does she read any, or ride? In short, tell me what she does, and what she likes to do. I have a great passion for her, as I recollect her, and want not to fancy her different from the reality. Tell me now, too, about good Mrs. Adam, and grandmamma. You do not know how often and how kindly we talk of you all, and how little your absence has loosened the ties which bound us together.

I was very much shocked at reading the accounts of the loss of one of your packets. It seems to lessen the chance of our meeting, and enlarge the barrier betwixt us, though that is nonsense too, as the actual danger is neither greater nor less. I have heard nothing of Simonds for a long time, but I have just seen a copy of his book—two enormous thick volumes; but I have not had time yet to read any of it. It is not yet to be bought indeed in London. I suppose I shall find a copy when I get home. It is as warm to-day as our summer generally is, and nothing is so delicious as this early heat. The dust is parching, but every thing dewy, and fragrant, and fresh. All the leaves are now out, but the oaks indeed scarcely quite out yet. In Scotland I fear our branches are still bareish, though our spring, I understand, has been rather more forward than usual. Charlotte has resumed her riding with the fine weather, and is become exceedingly popular and hospitable in my absence. She is at Craigerook, and seems to be keeping open house. I really think she has grown more agreeable within the last two years; she likes more people, and feels more intensely the pleasure of making others happy. You will laugh at this too, I suppose, and think I am falling into my dotage. No matter, see whether Mr. Colden will say as much of you after nine years' mar-

riage. Remember me very kindly to him, and all the worthy democrats of your acquaintance. I reverence them very much, and think they have good cause to be proud of their handiwork. I hope you are now quite well, and active, and popular. What is your favourite pursuit? and what sort of people do you like most to live with? Are you tired of music yet? That will come, you know; and it is better that you should tire of it before your husband does. God bless you, my dear Fan.—Very affectionately yours.

90.—*To Charles Wilkes, Esq., New York.*

Edinburgh, 22d September, 1822.

My dear Friend—

I have at last sent you the picture, and have been generous enough to let you have the original, which I hope you will admire as much as it deserves. It is very like the child,* though it gives a very inadequate idea of her animation, or of the sunny sweet expression which is the general ornament of her features. It went to Liverpool more than three weeks ago, and by a letter from Kennedy I find it was sent off early in this month, so at all events I think you must receive it before this reach you. We just got home to receive your letter of the 14th August, with the statement of my money, for which I thank you, &c.

Simonds wrote from Berne to announce his marriage. He seems very happy. I rather like his book. I mean the journey; for I really have not been able to see the history. It is obviously a failure in an attempt to condense a vast mass of dull matter into a moderate compass. The consequence of which is, that the dulness is increased in proportion to the density, and the book becomes ten times more tedious by its compression. This is not a paradox now, but a simple truth, for the reader has not time in those brief notices to get acquainted with the persons, or

* His daughter.

to take an interest in the events ; whereas the very copiousness of a full historical detail begets a familiarity which grows up insensibly to a regard. I have always said that Clarissa Harlowe and Sir C. Grandison owe all their attraction to their length ; and it is quite certain that *an abstract* of either would be illegible. And it is just the same with *true* histories, if there be any such thing. However, the whole work is very respectable, and I meditate a review of it. There is a number just out which you will have got before you get this, and of which I have but little to say. I have been lazy, and wrote only Nigel, and part of the first article. The most remarkable book that is noticed is O'Meara's Bonaparte ; to me the most interesting publication that has appeared in our times. It has made a great sensation both in this country and in Paris, and no one doubts its authenticity, or that it is a faithful account of what Bonaparte did say. The petty squabbles with Sir H. Low take up far too much of it, and should be left out of the next edition ; though it is easy to see that America thinks that the most interesting part of the work. Though there is much rashness, and probably some falsehood, in those imperial lucubrations, they seem to me to show infinite talent, and make a nearer approach to magnanimity and candour than I at all expected. I am curious to hear what you think of them, &c.

Pray give my kindest love to Mrs. W., and your admirable old ladies, who are perfect patterns to grow old by ; and to Fanny and my dear little Anne, for whom I have so many kisses in store.

God bless you and make you all happy.—Ever very affectionately yours.

91.—*To his Niece, Miss Brown.*

Cathedral Church of Basle, 18th August, 1823.

My dear Harriet—What do you think of that for a place to write from ? I doubt whether there was ever a letter

written in it before. But the heat is so intolerable everywhere else, that having experienced the delicious feeling of coolness when we came here to see it, I bethought myself of asking leave to come back and write in it, which the worthy sexton—as this is a free Protestant city, and above Popish prejudices—thought very reasonable. So I am now sitting in the middle of the choir, with the tomb of Erasmus beside me, the hall of the famous council at my back, and the ashes of a hundred Helvetic warriors of old renowned under my feet.

I wrote to you I think from Mentz, or from some place thereabouts. We have come on very well ever since, till the heat overtook us the day before yesterday, and one of the crane necks of our perch broke last night, by which disaster we laid by a whole day till it can be repaired. If the heat lasts, however, we must travel by night and sleep in the day, though that will be a little difficult between two feather beds, which is the usual accommodation in this country. The Rhine, which we have regained, is much improved since we parted, having lost much of his mud, and pours down rain in a fine sea-green torrent, roaring and surging in a free manly voice from between the mountains of the Jura and those of the Black Forest, which lie both before us. We got the first peep of the snowy Alps yesterday, but at a great distance, ranging like low white clouds over a distant upland. There are six or seven peaks in sight at once, 100 miles off, I daresay, but very imposing and majestical. We have lost them again by drawing nearer to the intervening heights, but shall probably see them again to-morrow, and next day hope to be among them. We go from this place to Schaffhausen, and then on to Zurich, where we part,—Mr. Wilkes and the women going direct to Geneva, and we three free men of the forest taking across to St. Gothard to Venice, and what not. We reassemble at Geneva about the 5th of September, and I wish you would *immediately* write to that place, as it takes

about sixteen days to go, and I shall not remain above a week. I think I described the rocky and castling rise of the Rhine to you. After that we *skirted* a long range of woody hills for near 100 miles, about as high as the Ochills, but covered with wood to the top, vineyards at the bottom, and on the slope villagers' houses in old walnut groves and orchards; on the opposite side a vast plain, blackened now and then by forest, and bordered at a great distance by skyish mountains fifty miles off—something resembling in their form the west end of the Campsie hills, when seen five miles off. The German towns are very handsome, and even magnificent, but here a despotic and ——— appearance, and swarm with whiskered soldiers and drums, and are ——— troublesome about passports and baggage. I keep a journal, where every thing worthy of remembrance is recorded, and you shall be allowed to read it for the small charge of one penny; so I avoid particulars here. We are all here quite well, &c.

I had a letter here from Mr. Morehead, the only one we have got since leaving home. We think very often of you all, and wish ourselves back with you again; for, after all, travelling is pleasanter when it is over than while it is going on. We have laid in materials that may serve us all for lying for the rest of our lives. We have agreed very well—Cockburn being despotic, and the rest of us dutifully obedient. Farewell, my dear Harriet, &c.—Believe me always, very affectionately yours.

92.—*To Miss Brown.*

Venice, 25th August, 1823.

My dear Harriet—Here we are at last, at the end of our journey, and with nothing but a *return* before us. It requires to be as far from home as I am, and to love it as well, to understand the comfort there is in *that*. Yet we have come on charmingly, except that we have been bothered eternally about passports, and are almost dis-

solved into a dew with heat. That last is indeed a serious evil, and I bear it worse than I expected, especially in the night; for though I sleep under a single sheet, there is no lying still for it, and I am up half a dozen times washing myself with water and eau de Cologne. The skin, too, is off both my ears, and is coming off my nose, and all this in sight of the snowy Alps. It is very shocking!

I have written you three letters on my journey, but I cannot remember the places; one from Basle, and one, I think, from Verona. Has not that last a classical sound? I looked out for Juliet's garden and the house of Old Capulet, but could make nothing of it. There is a fine old amphitheatre there, very massive and eternal, but not graceful. We have been at Padua too. There I could hear nothing of Dr. Bellario; and I have been twice in the Rialto without seeing either Shylock or Antonio. Such is the magic of Shakspeare. I think only of his characters passing by these places, and think them far better consecrated by his fictions than their historical realities. We go back by Mantua and Cremona to Milan, and so by the Simplon to Geneva. We parted company at Lucerne,—Mr. Wilkes going straight with the females to Geneva, and I, with Richardson and Cockburn, over St. Gothard here. We rise too early, and are sleepy for it half the day; but it is necessary, I perceive, to get through our work, &c.

Venice, at least the St. Mark part, is so like the panorama you had in Scotland last year, that it would be absurd to describe it. At any rate, however, it is very curious to find one's self in the middle of it. It looks very fairy and Eastern, splendid and melancholy. We came yesterday, and shall go away to-morrow.* I like Switzerland best. Lombardy is generally flat and dusty, and full of poplars, with the dim Alps towering through a

* We did not.

quivering hot atmosphere. On the north the towns very magnificent and Grecian, and the large houses very picturesque, with large cool gardens inside.

In this place there is not a tree, nor a bit of any green thing but the water, which smells abominably. The whole town, however, is very picturesque; and the infinite variety of splendid palaces growing out of the water, and steeping to decay, gives it a character quite unique and interesting. It is a thing to remember and speak of for a lifetime.

I have not got over my home sickness yet by any means; and since I have been parted from my child, it is still stronger. She was perfectly well and gay all the time I was with her, but I cannot help being anxious about her, now that she is out of my sight, &c. God bless you, my dear child.—Very affectionately yours.

93.—*To John Allen, Esq.*

18th December, 1823.

My dear Allen—Somebody told me that you had read Brodie's History of the Stuarts, and approved of it. I am very anxious that so meritorious a work of a Scottish Whig should have some honour in the Review, and mentioned it some time ago to Mackintosh, to whom I thought it would be easy to estimate the merit and originality of his views. But the said M. makes it a principle, of late, to take no notice of my letters, and I therefore apply to you, either to urge him to this laudable task, or, what would be still better, to take it on yourself. Your Saxon fit, I should think, must be pretty well over by this time; and it is really of more consequence to the cause of modern freedom to give us correct ideas of Charles than of Alfred, and to correct the blunders of Hume than of Bede. Make a stride, therefore, over eight centuries, and show us the true beginnings of the good and ill that are still at work among us, &c.

We are all well here, and tolerably quiet and harmonious,—Clerk looking the part of Judge admirably, and Cranstoun very popular as Dean.

Remember me very kindly to Lord and Lady Holland.

Write me a line in answer, and believe me, very truly yours.

94.—*To Miss Brown.*

Stuckgown, 23d September, 1824.

My dear Harriet—

We had a lovely day for coming here; bright, with great slow-sailing autumn clouds, sometimes stooping for a while on the peaks of the hills, sometimes blackening their sides with deep shadows, or changing the skyish brilliancy of the water into dark marble. We left the horses to feed at Luss, and walked on to the point of Firkin, where I left the females to wait for the carriage, and went over the heights by the old road, &c.

This place is more beautiful than ever, and the sight of Switzerland has not spoiled it in the least. The trees have grown larger, and been more thinned. The house is all nicely painted; and here is Joseph Stewart* despairing for you beside all the clear streams in the valleys. Yesterday being glorious with sun and calm, we went to the top of Ben Lomond quite leisurely and comfortably; saw all the glorious company of mountains, from Ben Nevis to Stirling; and also our own shadows, surrounded with glories, reflected on the mist. We got down in the most magnificent sunset, and met two of the most beautiful girls in the Highlands gathering nuts in the woods; and the splendid light reflected back from their bright eyes and teeth and shining curls, as they sat on a tuft of heath, with the dark oak coppice behind them, made the loveliest and most romantic picture I ever looked on. This morn-

* A boatman.

ing it is divinely calm and warm, though a light summer mist is still curling on the water, and the heavy dew dropping from the branches. You must know that I am writing before breakfast, as the post goes off at ten o'clock. Miss M·M——, I think, is younger than when I left her. We are all well; and all your house was well when we passed. They are all a little sad at the dropping of the last of the old line, and the prospect of poor old Daldowie passing into the hands of strangers. There was something very primitive in the life we have seen and led there, and which nothing else is very likely to replace. But so the tide of time runs on, and we must submit to be borne along with it. We shall stay here for three days more, and then return to Glasgow, and so to Craigerook. I must be in Aberdeen by the 4th of October, and after that I should be strongly tempted to run up for you, if my toils and duties would any way bear that intermission.

God bless you, my dear Harriet; I said something harsh, I believe, of your new friends, in my last letter, but it had no meaning, and may be forgotten. Only you will see no lakes like this lake, nor hills like these; and we have many more sounding rills and singing cascades, and far more of that deep solitude and wild seclusion, which speak to the heart more impressively than shade or verdure can ever do without them.—Write soon again; and believe me, very affectionately yours.

95.—*To Mr. Malthus.*

6th January, 1826.

My dear Malthus—I ought to have thanked you before for making us acquainted with the Eckersalls, to whom we take mightily, &c.

It is long, my good friend, since we have met in quiet and comfort; for these little glimpses, during my fevered runs to London, are not the thing at all. Will you not bring down Mrs. Malthus, and stay a few weeks with us

next summer at Craigerook? I have a great deal of leisure after the middle of July, and I am persuaded we could find sufficient employment for you, both at home and on our travels. I was not at all surprised to learn how severely both you and she had suffered from the great affliction which has befallen you. I never look at the rosy cheeks and slender form of my *only* child, without an inward shudder at the thought of how much utter wretchedness is suspended over me by so slight a cord. You have still two such holds on happiness, and may they never be loosened, &c.

God bless you, my dear Malthus. I have long been accustomed to quote you as the very best example I know of a wise and happy man. I should be sorry to be obliged to withdraw either epithet, but I would much rather part with the first than the last.—Believe me always, very affectionately yours.

96.—*To Mrs. Colden, New York.*

Craigerook, 29th March, 1827.

My dear Fanny—We have just received your letter of the 15th of February, together with your father's of the 28th; and I have been so much interested and pleased with yours, that I have asked Charlotte to let me answer it; and so she has scampered out with Charley, and left me by the fire, in my invalid slippers, to talk to my invalid sister on the other side of the water. I always take a vast affection and admiration for you when you are suffering or in danger. There is something so high-minded and fair in the light way you speak of your uneasinesses and anxieties, that I think a great deal more tenderly of you and them, than if you had whined and shuddered about them—as a spoiled and petted child like you might have been expected to do; and enter warmly into the kind solicitude of the rest of your family, when I find you heroic enough to laugh at them. I earnestly trust that, long

before you can receive this, your gentle and cheerful magnanimity will have been rewarded by such a consummation as we all wish for, and think it most reasonable to expect. At such a distance as this, however, it is impossible to be without anxiety; and I feel a kind of dread which checks my pen in its course of levity, and bids me close with, what never can be out of season, my earnest prayers for your safety and happiness. I like your little sketches of people, too, though I do not know them; and all those stories of marriage and children which speak so plainly of a new and rapidly-advancing country. Boys and girls are fathers and mothers before they are twenty. And then they go on—being fathers and mothers, (as witness our dear Eliza,) through toils and sickness, till their oldest children are ready to take up the manufacture—directing their whole souls, days, and resources to carry on the population of the country. I am afraid you must have passed for a very unpatriotic matron hitherto. I daresay public considerations have had their share in making you so anxious to wipe off this reproach. Though the clan of Colden may be a little weak for a while in consequence of this tardiness, there will be a gallant colony of Wilkes, at all events, to keep up your connection. In about forty years, I reckon there will be more than 300 cousins and second-cousins of you—with none of them starving, and not so much chance of any of them being hanged. Whereas, if any family had ventured to multiply in that manner in the old country, one half would certainly have been in the hospital, and a good part of the others in prison. I had another pair of fair nurses and comforters in my past illness—I mean my friend Sidney Smith's daughters, who left me about ten days ago, after a kind and delightful visit of five weeks. The father and mother, I mean, were here, too; and though so large an addition to our quiet family, with the calling and visiting it brought with it, was rather wearing now and then, it is impossible for

any thing to have been more agreeable than our domestic alliance. He is the gayest man and the greatest wit in England; and yet, to those who know him, this is his least recommendation. His kind heart, sound sense, and universal indulgence, making him loved and esteemed by many to whom his wit was unintelligible, and his fancy only—[illegible.]—

97.—*To Lord Cockburn.*

(Just after Canning's death.)

Stuckgown, Loch Lomond, 13th August, 1827.

My dear C.—Though this hermit life suits me well, yet these great and sad events have stirred me even in the depths of my solitude, and made me long a little to know how they are looked upon in the world. I have yet heard of them only from newspapers, and the scope of most of them I have seen, I confess, disgusts me, and could almost make me wish to be a hermit for life. Mine excellent host is a bit of a Tory, and takes in vile trash, so that it is not for nothing that I languish for the words of Abercrombie and Allen on this subject. It is a sad blow, and as ill-timed as possible. The Whigs have ill luck, and I fear are no favourites of Providence any more than Cato was before them. There is an end, I fear, for the present of this new and bold experiment of a liberal or rational government, for Wellington and Peel, I think, must come back, and then where can we be, but where we were before Liverpool's demise, or still further back perhaps in the blessed one of Castlereagh? I do not expect an *immediate* dismissal or resignation of the late Whig confederates; but *can* they act with those associates, coming back too in the spirit of a restoration? Can they act without Canning? and will Brougham, who scarcely submitted to be second or auxiliary even to him, consent to co-operate in such a capacity with Peel, or somebody perhaps far lower. Our best hope—for this is flat despair—is that no farther

coalition should be attempted, but the ministry allowed to settle itself in an anti-catholic, legitimate, intolerant basis, and see how it can maintain itself against Ireland, and reason, and manufacturers, and ———, and common sense? God help us! These are hermit speculations, and very probably already ridiculous.

I expect to be in Glasgow on Friday or Saturday, and wish you would write me a line to say how those things are felt and judged of by the faithful. I think I am better since I came here. I ride about glorious on the excise-man's pony, and am received with much reverence as a deputy of that worthy tax-gatherer. It has been fine showery weather. The long wet has filled the lake up to its woody edge, and brought out all the voices of the tenants, and all the sweets of the limes and birches. We have thoughts of going round by Inverary. What is Richardson doing? And our poor excellent Sir Henry is gone! These notifications make one sad in spite of reason and experience. I think I shall be at Craigmackie again about the 20th, and till then I shall not determine about going to Harrowgate, or any other health well. When is that eternal Glasgow valuation to come on after all? I shall not derange myself to be at it, after so many countermands. Where is Murray, and Thomas, and Rutherford, and Sophy? Send me a brief Edinburgh bulletin, or I shall come back to you like one of the sleepers awaked. With kindest love from all our party to Mrs. C. and Jeanie.— Always very affectionately yours.

98.—*To Lord Cockburn.*

Glasgow, 19th August, 1827.

My dear Cockburn—I thank you for your despatches, which contain all I wanted to hear. The last, which I got last night, was particularly acceptable, especially for the good prospect it holds out of Lord Holland's succession to office, of which Allen surely must be able to speak with

some confidence. He and Auckland are the very best, after Lansdowne, to give stability to the mixed government, from their practical good sense, temper, and moderation—qualities, in the present crisis, of infinitely more importance than ingenuity or genius, &c.

Alas! for poor Sir Henry and ancient Hermand!* It is sad to have no more talk of times older than our own, and to be ourselves the vouchers for all traditional antiquity. I fear, too, that we shall be less characteristic of a past age than those worthies, who lived before manners had become artificial and uniform, and opinion guarded and systematic. However, we must support each other, and continue to be amiable among our juniors, if we cannot manage to be venerable.

We came round by Inverary after leaving Loch Lomond, and returned by Loch Long, slowly and voluptuously;—beautiful weather, one day sun, and the other shade, and the last the sweetest. The doctor thinks me in the way of recovery, if I can keep sober company, and avoid too much excitement, and says I need not go to Harrowgate, unless I find it necessary for these objects; so we shall hold a consult at Craigcrook, and deliberate on these things. Pray, dine there on Thursday with Mrs. C. and Jeanie, and ask Thomas and the Rutherfurds, and any others you think worthy. I hope Crieffy's daughter will not die. I wish I could summon up energy enough to write a panegyric on old Sir Henry; and if I were at home I think I should. But I can do nothing anywhere else; and I suppose Andrew Thomson† will make one in a printed sermon, after which mine would seem impertinent and impious, &c.

* Sir Harry Moncrieff, and George Fergusson, Lord Hermand, had both died on the 9th of this August.

† The Rev. Andrew Thomson.

99.—*To Mrs. James Craig (in England.)*

Craigcrook, 21st October, 1828.

My dear Mrs. Craig—Alas, alas, we are not coming this year yet; and this paltry little paper is all that is still to speak to you for me. I *did* intend though, most sincerely, and wish most anxiously, to come to you; and till within these last ten days, I clung to the hope of being able to make it out; but now, at last, I must renounce, and fancy it is necessary to let you know, &c.

We have been stationary, on the whole, all this season, and since our August pilgrimage to Loch Lomond, have not been further than Ayr and Galloway. We have been propitiating the household and hospitable gods here, in our domestic shades, and among more shade and verdure than I ever remember at Craigcrook. We have had some pleasant strangers, and all our old pleasant friends. Cockburn has deserted us more than usual; first, for his English friends, and then for those in the north, having been a week or more with the Lauder Dicks, and passing twice by Rothiemurchus. We have had a good deal of the Murrays; his mother's very precarious health keeping them more constantly at home than usual at this season. The Rutherfurds have been staying with us, and Thomson and Fullerton are steady adherents of the city. We are all well,—that is, always excepting my interesting *trachea*, which remains nearly as it was. Charley blooming and bright, and at least as tall as her father, which is not saying much;—living lovingly and tranquil, without envy or eclat, and growing old and insignificant in a very exemplary manner.

You see how I presume on my old privileges, and quietly take it for granted that you will be pleased to hear all this twaddle about ourselves; and so you will, I know; and will also gratify us by telling us again the *uneventful* history of your current life. We must not grow strangers to

each other while we remain together on this same English earth, and I long continually to hear of one of whom I think with unabated interest every sunny morning and every moonlight night, &c.

All my house send their love to you; not only the Charlottes, but Kitty, and Fanny, and my poll parrot, and my thrush, and various other pets, on which I have been obliged to lavish my waste affection since I have lost you. Alas! alas! there is no living without these things; and so no more.—God bless you, and good night.

100.—*To Mrs. Craig.*

Craigcrook, 8th April, 1829.

My dear Mrs. Craig—

We have been here about a fortnight, something nipped with east winds, but very tranquil and contented. It is an infinite relief to get away from those courts and crowds, to sink into a half slumber on one's own sofa, without fear of tinkling bells and importunate attorneys; to read novels and poems by a crackling wood fire, and go leisurely to sleep without feverish anticipations of to-morrow's battles; to lounge over a long breakfast, looking out on glittering evergreens and chuckling thrushes; and dawdle about the whole day in the luxury of conscious idleness, &c.

101.—*To Charles Wilkes, Esq., New York.*

Craigcrook, 28th March, 1830.

My dear Friend—I never saw three such days in March. To be sure, they are the first days of my vacation, and come after a hard winter of work and weather. But they have been so deliciously soft, so divinely calm and bright, and the grass is so green, and the pale blue sky so resonant with larks in the morning, and the loud strong bridal chuckle of blackbirds and thrushes at sunset, and the air so lovesick with sweetbrier, and the garden so bright with

hepaticas, and primroses, and violets, and my transplanted trees dancing out so gracefully from my broken clumps, and my leisurely evenings wearing away so tranquilly, that they have passed in a sort of *enchantment*, to which I scarcely remember any thing exactly parallel since I first left college in the same sweet season to meditate on my first love, in my first ramble in the Highlands.

Well, it is a fine thing this spring, especially when it comes with the healing of leisure on its wings, and after a long dark season of labour, and winter, and weariness. I never have had such hard work as this last session; and though I never made so much money, I should willingly have compounded for less of both. But it is difficult, if not impossible, to make such an election—as difficult as to go gently under the influence of a strong current and brisk gale. And besides, in the first year of my official supremacy,* I thought it right to show I was equal to all the work of the first employment. My health has not suffered from the exertion; for though I have had annoyances and infirmities of diverse sorts, I am satisfied that none of them have been brought on or aggravated by my work.

We shall be here for about a fortnight only, and then we shall run up for a week or two to London, where I take the excuse of two or three appeals that have been pressed upon me to pay a visit;—my real objects being to air myself, to see some friends, to consult some doctors about my unhappy trachea and some swelling veins in my leg, and to glad my dim eyes with the sight of that lovely green, to which there is nothing to be compared in any part of the world,—the first flush of the vernal green of the southern parts of England, before the velvet of the grass is speckled with flowers and rank tufts. I take my Charlotte with me of course, and though my retainers are far enough

* His Deanship.

from being splendid, they will pay for my journey, and the duller work I must have been doing if I had not taken it, &c.

At home things are still in a strange, and, I fear, rather precarious state, though the duke is supposed to be rather stronger than after meeting of Parliament. We are in the full-career of economical and legal reform. Under the last head, there is a talk of reducing the number of our Scottish judges, and not filling up the three or four that are first vacated,—a resolution rather ominous to aspirants turned of fifty, and which would annoy me more than any one man in the profession, if I happened to care any thing about it, which I do not. If I were but a little richer, I think I should decline any such appointment, and would do well so to decide. But we shall see. If I were so to decline, who knows whether I might not come over once more to see you and your wonderful country? But, in the mean time, pray come once more to see us, and perhaps we may see you home again.

With kindest love to all.—Ever affectionately yours.

102.—*To George J. Bell, Esq.*

November, 1830.

My dear Bell*—I think I should not be so much delighted with your partiality, if I were not conscious of being altogether undeserving of it. I am only afraid that you find me out one day or other to be a much poorer creature than you imagined. However, I love and esteem you beyond any man upon earth; and if that give me any claim to your affection, I think I have a chance to retain it. I am a little ashamed and humiliated at the proofs you are giving of your superior industry and talents; but all that is painful in the feeling is very indolent and insignifi-

* Mr. Bell had just dedicated his "Principles of the Law of Scotland" to him.

cant ; and I look forward with pleasure, altogether unmixed with envy, to the time when your exertions shall have placed you in a situation in which your friendship for me will have something of the air of condescension.—Believe me always, your very affectionate friend.

103.—*To Mr. Empson.*

Grantham, Monday Evening,
31st January, 1831.

My dear E.—Here we are on our way to you ; toiling up through snow and darkness, with this shattered carcase and this reluctant and half-desponding spirit. You know how I hate early rising ; and here have I been for three days up two hours before the sun, and, blinking by a dull taper, haggling at my inflamed beard before a little pimpling inn looking-glass, and abstaining from suicide only from a deep sense of religion and love to my country. To-night it snows and blows, and there is good hope of our being blocked up at Witham Corner, or Alcontery Hill, or some of these lonely retreats, for a week or so, or fairly stuck in the drift, and obliged to wade our way to some such hovel as received poor Lear and his fool in some such season. Oh, dear, dear ! But in the mean time we are sipping weak black tea by the side of a tolerable fire, and are in hopes of reaching the liberties of Westminster before dark on Wednesday. We have secured lodgings, I believe, at 37 Jermyn Street, where, if you could have the great kindness to present yourself at any time after four on Thursday, you would diffuse more joy over an innocent and exiled family than they have any of them tasted since they were driven from their fatherland. This is all the purpose of my writing, and I am too sleepy, or tired at least, to say any more.

There is not much fair weather before us, I fear, politically, any more than physically ; and the only comfort is, that we are honest and mean well. In that respect there

has been no such ministry in England. Our other advantage, and our only one, is, that the only party that can now turn us out must be mad, or worse, to risk the experiment in the present temper of the country and state of the times. The real battle that is soon to be fought, and the only one now worth providing for, is not between Whigs and Tories, Liberals and Illiberals, and such gentlemanlike denominations, but between property and no property—swing and the law. In that battle all our Tory opponents must be on the same side with us; and as we are now in lawful command under the king, it is plain that they should range themselves under our standard, and not make a mutiny in the camp. We did so by them when Ireland was to be snatched from the burning; and they are bound by a nearer and more fearful peril to do so by us now.

But we shall talk of these things. I am not very robustious, and have had a long weakening cold. My ladies are with me, fast asleep under a mountain of shawls. Love to Macaulay and Lady Park. I hope his history is done, and that he will soon be restored to his disconsolate friends. Remember 37 Jermyn Street.—Ever yours.

104.—*To Lord Cockburn.*

7th April, 1831.

My dear C.—I was duly elected at Malton yesterday. I got there on Tuesday at one o'clock; and attended by twelve forward disciples instantly set forth to call on my 700 electors, and solicit the honour of their votes. In three hours and a half I actually called at 635 doors, and shook 494 men by the hand. Next day the streets were filled with bands of music, and flags, and streamers of all descriptions; in the midst of which I was helped up, about eleven o'clock, to the dorsal ridge of a tall prancing steed, decorated with orange ribbons, having my reins and stirrups held by men in the borough liveries, and a long range of flags and music moving around me. In this state I

paraded through all the streets at a foot pace, stopping at every turning to receive three huzzas, and to bow to all the women in the windows. At twelve I was safely deposited in the market-place, at the foot of a square-built scaffold, packed quite full of people; and after some dull ceremonies, was declared duly elected, by a show of hands and fervent acclamations. After which I addressed the multitude, amounting, they say, to near 5000 persons, in very eloquent and touching terms; and was then received into a magnificent high-backed chair, covered with orange silk, and gay with flags and streamers, on which I was borne on the shoulders of six electors, nodding majestically through all the streets and streetlings; and at length returned safe and glorious to my inn. At five o'clock I had to entertain about 120 of the more respectable of my constituents, and to make divers speeches till near eleven o'clock; having, in the mean time, sallied out at the head of twenty friends, to visit another party of nearly the same magnitude, who were regaling in an inferior inn, and whom we found in a state of far greater exaltation. All the Cayleys, male and female, were kind enough to come in and support me; and about eleven I contrived to get away, with Sir George and his son-in-law, and came out here with a great cavalcade about midnight. The thing is thought to have gone off brilliantly. What it has cost, I do not know; but the accounts are to be settled by Lord Milton's agent, and sent to me to London.

The place from which I write belongs to a Mr. Worsley, a man of large fortune, who has married one of Sir George Cayley's daughters, and has assembled their whole genealogy in his capacious mansion. You know I always took greatly to the family, and like them if possible better the more I see of them in their family circle. The youngest, who is about sixteen, and I have long avowed a mutual flame; and the second, who is to be married next month, is nearly a perfect beauty. But it is the sweet blood and

the naturalness and gayety of heart which I chiefly admire in them; and after my lonely journey and tiresome election, the delight of roaming about these vernal valleys, in the idleness of a long sunny day, in the midst of their bright smiles and happy laughs, reconciles me to existence again. It is a strange huge house, built about eighty years ago on a sort of Italian model, and full of old pictures and books, and cabinets full of gimcracks, and portfolios crammed with antique original sketches and engravings, and closets full of old plate and dusty china, which would give Thomson and you, and Johnny Clerk in his better days, work enough for a month, though I, who have only a day to spare, prefer talking with living creatures. This is all very childish and foolish, I confess, for a careful senator, at a great national crisis. But I have really been so hard worked and bothered of late, that you must excuse me if I enjoy one day of relaxation. I go off to-morrow at six o'clock, &c.

105.—*To Mrs. Laing.*

(The widow of Malcolm Laing, Esq., the Historian of Scotland.)

London, 8th July, 1831.

My dear Mrs. Laing—A thousand thanks for your kind and amiable letter. It breathes the very spirit of happiness—and of all that deserves happiness; and I rejoice in it, and try not to envy it. It is very soothing to me to think of you at Craigerook, and that you will be happy there. But you are happy everywhere, and make all places happy to which you come. Would to Heaven I were with you, among the roses and the beeches. After all, why should I not be there? I have money enough nearly to live there in independent idleness, (at least with the help of your domestic economy,) and the world would go on about as well, I daresay, although I passed my days in reading and gardening, and my nights in unbroken slum-

bers. Why, then, should I vex my worn and shattered frame with toils and efforts, and disturb the last sands in my hour-glass with the shaking of a foolish ambition? Why indeed? Why does nobody do what is most conducive to their happiness? Or, rather, why are we all framed and moulded into such artificial creatures as to require the excitement of habitual exertions, and the dream of ideal importance, and the strong exercise of hard work, to keep us out of ennui and despondency, and a stealing torpor and depressing feeling of insignificance? It is something of this kind with all of us, and we magnify it into a notion of duty, and a pretence of being useful in our generation! I think I shall break loose one day very soon from these trammels, and live the life of nature and reason after all. It is a bad experiment, I know, at those years. But if my health stand the change, I am pretty sure that my spirits would. Only I must get through this job first. And then, I suppose, I shall discover that I must make up my losses by a year or two's hard work at the bar, and then that it will be a duty to the public to go on the bench when I begin to fall into dotage, and to my family, to expose myself and shorten my life by ridiculous exertions.

There is a sermon for you! Heaven knows what has led me into it; for I only meant to thank you, and to say that you may do what you like with my picture, (and the original!) &c.

106.—*To Lord Cockburn.*

London, 23d August, 1831.

H. of C., five o'clock.—We expect a breeze to-night about that damned Dublin election, and I am rather anxious to see in what tone we take up the apology. In the mean time you see the anti-reformers have made the election sure.

Lovely weather still, and warm showers. I ran out of the House for two hours last night to Vauxhall, and saw

the balloon soar up from a cloud of red light glowing all over the car, and glittering expanse below, into the pure tranquillity of the sweetest moonlight, which came checker-ing in among the trees beyond. It was beyond comparison beautiful. All my household have gone to walk in the ——— garden; while I am about to enter into that hold of a slave-ship, and with little hope even of getting to the reform committee to-night, at least till very late.

I shall send you my new clause to-morrow, &c.

107.—*To Lord Cockburn.*

London, Sunday Evening,
9th October, 1831.

My dear C.—You will have heard of this fatal division.* *We will not resign*; and this is almost all the comfort I can give you, &c. In the mean time, the country must do its duty; first, and chiefly, by being quiet and orderly; and next, by expressing its adherence to the bill and the ministry in all firm and lawful ways. Althorpe is rather anxious that those indications should be reserved till we are near meeting again; but most people think it better not to repress them now, when the feeling is most ardent. In fact, the tone will be given, whether we choose it or not, by London and the great towns in the heart of England. And this should and must be followed. Only be quiet. The chief hope of the enemy is that you will not. Then several bishops will die (or be killed) or converted; and several lay lords also. Then, when we meet, probably in January, we shall bring in the bill again, with some improvements in mechanism, and a few obnoxious things corrected—such, most probably, as the division of counties—and then passing more quietly through the Commons, we shall offer it again to the Lords, who, it is surmised, will

* In the Lords, throwing out the Reform Bill.

not dare again to reject. But having satisfied their honour by the victory and delay, will find out that the state of the country is not what they imagined,—that all they meant was to give time for deliberate consideration, and that it is not by any means so bad as it was before; and, in short, that though they still hate and fear it, they must submit to a necessary evil and accept it, under protest, for honour of the drawers, &c.

108.—*To Miss Cockburn.*

(Dictated to Mrs. Jeffrey.)

London, 17th October, 1831.

My dear Jane—I cannot write to you with my own hand, having been gashed with doctors' knives but three hours ago; but it is a pleasure to tell you that I am alive and in good hope of soon getting better. I was very much gratified with your kind letter, and particularly with your reliance upon my kindness and affection. I am naturally very constant in love; and having taken a passion for you when you were little more than a baby, I assure you I shall not change, although you should turn out even a greater woman than you are. I could say a great deal more on this subject, were it not letting Charley, who is already beginning to blush, too much into our confidence; but I hope the time will soon come, when I may open my heart to you without the interference of any other person. Tell your papa that I have communicated with Lord Melbourne about Heath, and that he is *not* to be respited. Tell him, also, that we shall not be prorogued till Thursday, and probably shall not meet again till the first week in December, which is too short a holiday for one in my condition to think of going to Scotland. I am anxious to hear of the public meeting, and hope somebody has sent me a newspaper with a good account of it.

I have a charming, kind, cheerful letter from your mother, containing such pleasing accounts of the restoration

of sick children to health, that the very reading of it should go far to recover a young sufferer like me; and indeed there is something quite balsamic in the air of innocent enjoyment and domestic affection that breathes all over it.

God bless you, my dear Jane; and may you be long-well and happy, after we lovers of an older race have ceased to be any thing but objects of kind remembrance. You have got through the usual portion of illness and suffering in very early life, and, I hope, cleared off all scores of that sort for the rest of your existence. The sweetness and fortitude with which you have borne it must have formed you to many valuable habits, and have certainly endeared you to those who loved you before. I wish to God I might expect the same good fruits from my maturer chastisements! Farewell, my dear Jane.—Ever very affectionately yours.

109.—*To Lord Cockburn.*

London, 18th December, 1831.

My dear C.—We made a grand division last night, or rather this morning,—324, out of a house of 486,—exactly two to one. The debate, on the whole, was not interesting. ——— made a most impertinent, unfair, and petulant speech; but with passages of great cleverness. Macaulay made, I think, the best he has yet delivered—the most condensed, at least, and with the greatest weight of matter. It contained the only *argument*, indeed, to which any of the speakers who followed him applied themselves. There was a very running fire of small calibres all the early part of yesterday; but there were, in the end, three remarkable speeches. First, a mild, clear, authoritative vindication of the *measure* upon broad grounds, and in answer to general imputations, by Lord J. Russell, delivered with a louder voice and more decided manner than usual with him. Next, a magnificent, spi-

rited, and most eloquent speech by Stanley, chiefly in castigation of ———, whom he trampled in the dirt; but containing also a beautiful and spirited vindication of the whole principle and object of reform. This was by far the best speech I have heard from S.; and, I fancy, much the best he has ever made. It was the best, too, I must own, in the debate; for though Macaulay's was more logical and full of thought, this was more easy, spirited, and graceful. The last was Peel's, which, though remarkable, was not good, &c.

110.—*To Lord Cockburn.*

London, 12th February, 1832.

I dined yesterday at Lord Carlisle's, and to-day at Lord Althorpe's. The first had ladies, and, consequently, was the most gay and agreeable,—to say nothing of having Sidney Smith and Luttrell. But Lady Morley was my great charm; out of all sight the wittiest and most original woman in London, and yet not at all a *kill-joy*, but an encourager of all other inferior gayeties, and with not the least mixture of spite or uncharity in her pleasantry. She is rather stricken in years, so there is no disturbance of my judgment upon her on that score. We had also all the Lady Blanches and Lady Georginas of the family, who, with their mother, have the true, sweet-blooded simplicity of the old English aristocracy; to which, I grieve to say, we have nothing parallel, and not much in the same rank that is not in harsh contrast, in Scotland.

To-day's party was small, but it grew very delightful in the end, when it was still smaller, and had dwindled down to Lord Nugent, Poulett Thompson, Cam Hobhouse, and myself. Althorpe, with his usual frankness, gave us a pretended confession of faith and a sort of creed of his political morality, and avowed that, though it was a very

shocking doctrine to promulgate, he must say that he had never sacrificed his own inclinations to a sense of duty without repenting it, and always found himself more substantially unhappy for having exerted himself for the public good! We all combated this atrocious heresy the best way we could; but he maintained it with an air of sincerity, and a half-earnest, half-humorous face, and a dexterity of statement that was quite striking. I wish you could have seen his beaming eye and benevolent lips kindling as he answered us, and dealt out his natural, familiar repartees with the fearlessness as if of perfect sincerity, and the artlessness of one who sought no applause, and despised all risk of misconstruction; and the thought that this was the leader of the English House of Commons,—no speculator, or discourser, or adventurer,—but a man of sense and business, of the highest rank, and the largest experience both of affairs and society. We had also a great deal of talk about Nelson, and Collingwood, and other great commanders, whom he knew in his youth, and during his father's connection with the navy; and all of whom he characterized with a force and simplicity which was quite original and striking. I would have given a great deal to have had a Boswell to take a note of the table talk; but it is gone already.

111.—*To Miss Cockburn.*

13. Clarges Street, Wednesday Night,
21st March, 1832.

My dear Jane—I am sorry to hear that you have again been suffering, although it is with *great pride* that I learn that you bear the restraints and inconveniences of your situation with your usual cheerful magnanimity. I assure you I have not forgotten your kind sympathy with me in my painful experiences of last autumn, nor the sweet consolation it afforded me in a period of great gloom and depression. I wish I could make any adequate return to

you now. But you know the affection I have always had, and always shall have, for you, sick or well, married or unmarried, young or old. I wish I had any thing very lively to tell you. But my life of late has been very nearly as uniform, and I fancy still more irksome than yours. Getting up (with difficulty) at a little before ten, I usually found ten or fifteen letters to read; and before I had got half through them, was obliged to run down to a committee, where I was shut up till after four, when the House met, and seldom got finally home till after two o'clock in the morning. One-half of the time I managed to pair off from seven till nine, when I got some dinner, and lay flat on the sofa for an hour after it. But this could only be done when there was no urgent or ticklish business; and when it could not, I was obliged to gobble down one tough chop, and a wineglass full of water; as meagre a meal in short as I have seen waiting by the side of your couch, when you had reasons of a different kind for your regime. Charley and her mother have the comfort of a more leisurely existence, and seem to spend their time very tolerably, in driving about, and walking in the parks, and visiting, and going to flower gardens, and shops, and exhibitions. They are both very well, and have just about as many peeps at the splendour and vanity of a gay London life, as to excite their imaginations, without corrupting their tastes, or wearying them out. They know a good many people now, and might know a great number more, if they would take the trouble. But they are indolent, I think, in this sort of cultivation, and reserve all their intimacy and affection for their old cherished and tried friends in Scotland—for which I cannot much blame them.

I cannot tell you what longing looks I turn to my own dear home; nor with what sinkings of heart I contemplate the chances and obstacles that still stand in the way of our return. I trust, however, that we shall get back

about midsummer, or at all events in July; and that you and I may sit by the bath at Bonaly, and under the shade at Craigcrook, before the sweets of another autumn pass away. The weather here has been more backward than with you, though within these few days it has mellowed into spring feeling. There are young lambs skipping in the parks, where the grass is as green as emeralds, and though there are but few buds on the old forest trees, all the shrubs are alive, and the almonds begin to shew their red blossoms in the gardens. You will be sorry to hear that poor old Fergus* is so ill that I fear he will die very soon. I have made great efforts to get him shipped off to Scotland, where he wishes much to go; but the quarantine regulations are so absurdly severe, that in spite of all my influence at the privy council, I have not been able to get a passage for him, and he is quite unable to travel by land. He has a brother here in town, and our Scotch maidens are all very kind to him. He has decided water in the chest, and swelling in all his limbs. The doctors say he may die any day, and that it is scarcely possible he can recover.

Tell your father (that will give you consequence in his eyes) that our Scotch Reform Bill will not be brought on for ten days or a fortnight after the English one is passed, and probably not till after it passes the second reading in the lords; and that I do not want any advice about the number of members generally, or of county members to be allowed to Scotland, but that I shall be thankful for his opinion on the other points I mentioned to him in my letter of yesterday.

We have been dining in a Scotch family way, with Richardson, at Hampstead to-day; and keeping the fast and humiliation over an excellent dinner, and in a good flow of gay and hopeful talk—which I think the most laudable celebration.

* His servant. This was during the cholera alarm.

Cholera is far worse here than at Edinburgh, but it excites very little sensation, and scarcely any alarm. Among the better classes, at all events, its ravages are not at all formidable, and there seems to be a general expectation that they will never be very formidable.

If you do not get well soon, my dear Jane, tell your father (and your mother, too) that we all think you ought to be brought up here, for the benefit of *London* advice—which, with all our nationality, it is impossible to doubt, must be, and is better than any that can be had elsewhere, both from the great profits attracting all the very clever men, and from the far greater range of practice and experience that is here open to them. If they will trust you with us, we could rig you out with a nice little couch in Charley's room, and answer for kind and judicious care of you. It would be an infinite delight to us all to see you blooming out in your natural health, under our eyes and heads.

God bless and keep you always, my kind pure-hearted child.—Ever very affectionately.

Write me a line when it is quite convenient, if it be not irksome or troublesome to you, but not otherwise.

112.—*To Mrs. Rutherford, Edinburgh.*

London, 13 Clarges Street,
1st April, 1832.

You must not scold, but pity me, my dear Sophia. You do not believe that I am in any danger of forgetting you, or (though I do not write often to you) that I am indifferent about being remembered. You know better things, and are yourself of better principles, than to nourish such unworthy suspicions. You know how I am hurried and worried, and how little time I have to do any thing I like. And then I have *occasion* to write to Cockburn almost every day, and naturally take occasion to pour out all my gossip to him, of which I take it for granted that he retails

as much as there is any demand for in your market. I do not believe, indeed, that the details of an insignificant existence were ever so fully recorded. If they had only been addressed to *you*, they might have come nearer the standard of Swift's Journal to Stella. But being noted down for the satisfaction of a matter-of-fact male creature, I am afraid they will read rather like the *precis* of a daily paper; though, after all, it is the want of any good contemporary daily paper that makes Swift's Journal so interesting.

I will not fatigue you with politics,—the said daily papers will give you enough of that; and there is not much, I fear, in my private life which it would amuse you to hear of. If I had no home, and no dear friends at that distant home, I should like London very well. Being naturally social, and having outlived all pretensions, I am amused with its variety, and quite out of the reach of its mortifications. I find a great number of people who are very pleasing, and very kind to me; and the very circumstance that it is not my home they inhabit, reconciles me to their constant disappearance in the rapid whirl of that society. Its enormous extent, and the rapidity of its movement, make it difficult to conceive how it can ever be a home to anybody. Even if a small circle attempt to join hands and keep together in its eddies, they are soon drifted asunder, and reduced to hail each other from the breakers as they rush past in their opposite courses. The only chance is for *one pair* to cling close, like waltzers, and whirl *lovingly* among the whirlers. But this will scarcely answer for a lifetime.

I have not lately seen any new people, and have been mostly with the Hollands and my neighbours, the Miss Berrys, where I have the advantage of seeing most of the *Tory* leaders. I dined there the other day with ———, who passes for the most classical beauty of the day, and who is a very good sultana, plump Grecian, and imperious

—finely cast features, but of a broad and massive stamp, large dark eyes, and wavy braids of dusky shining hair. I did not sit near her, and was obliged to go away early, &c.

We went out yesterday to dine with Emily Hibbert, at Richmond, where I saw the celebrated beauty of the North Riding of Yorkshire, of whom I heard a great deal when I was down at my election at Melton last year. She is a ———; very fair, tall, graceful, and prettily stupid, with gracious manners and a very sweet voice; and yet I did not think her charming. Then she is a little prosy in her talk; and though she has been a great deal abroad, and is of very ancient blood, certainly has not a very distinguished air. But what do you care about her? or I either, for that matter. We called on your friend Nancy Elphinstone, who was as natural, emphatic, and fond of you as ever. We have promised to go and dine with her the very first day that is vacant, &c.

113.—*To Lord Cockburn.*

Hastings, 25th April, 1832.

My dear C.—I have been out of London for six days, and have thought nothing of politics or business since I turned my back on it, till your letter of the 20th was brought to me this morning, and I do not mean to think or say any thing of the kind yet. God forbid! We came to Seven Oaks on Friday, and walked all over the magnificent domains of Knowle next morning,—a house begun in King John's time, and finished in Elizabeth's, and with finishing and furnishing very entire of both eras. In the evening we came to Tunbridge Wells, where we staid till yesterday, in the loveliest weather, and came down here yesterday in something of a fog; and here we are in a new hotel, so close to the sea that you may spit into it from the windows, which is a great convenience, and with boats and sloops sleeping about in the bay, or hauled up on the pebbles, for they have no quay or harbour of any

sort, but merely pull up pretty large vessels with a windlass and leave them, heaving and scattered about, like wrecked things, in a most wild and disorderly manner. People live, too, all night in these grounded hulks, and the lights in them after dark have a curious effect from our windows. This is a very curious and picturesque town, partly very old, and partly very new. The coast is chiefly, like Dover, a range of bare perpendicular sandstone rock, at least 200 feet high, generally quite close to the beach, with occasional narrow green ravines between. Into one of the largest of these the old town is packed, and spreads its wings of tall narrow houses along part of the cliffs on both sides, with only a little esplanade between them and the surf, and with their backs within 50 feet of the bare overtopping rock behind. The new buildings are a little way off, where the cliffs recede, and room has been made in many places by cutting them back. Very gay showy places they are—almost as fine as the Regent's Park Terraces in London, and stuck up on terraces, too, in some places. The buildings stretch near half a mile, and were begun within these seven years. There are bits of a good old Norman castle on the cliff, and magnificent downs, marked with Roman and British camps, along the heights, with the greenest grass, and the whitest sheep to eat it, that you ever set eyes on; add a long row of martello towers, looking massive and black along the white sands toward Beachyhead, and you have an exact landscape of the channel. We return to Tunbridge to-morrow, and to London on Friday, though only to pass into Hertfordshire for a few more days' idleness. I have been walking and climbing all day, and yet feel more dyspeptical than when I was in the Dorset committee all day, and in the Honourable House all night.

Everybody, I hear, is out of town, and yet I gather that the Tories are exulting, and that our premature exultation has subsided.

114.—*To Lord Cockburn.*

London, 2d August, 1832.

My dear C.—Men are to grow profligate and irregular when the world is drawing to a close, and so I find it is with me. These dregs of the session go against one's stomach, and I try oftener than usual to make them pass from me. I have been dining out, and risking countings out, by not coming back till late; and to-day I am tempted to run as far as Ham with Burdett and George Sinclair, in spite of an ominously thin house, and the tail of the Irish tithes in perspective. I hope all blunders about schoolmasters, and clerks, and half-crowns, are now settled, and that the machinery is fairly at work, grinding claimants into voters with due facility and dispatch, &c.

For Heaven's sake, let no friend of mine *pay*, or *lend* for an hour, any part of the half-crown to claimants on my interest. Nothing can be liker bribery, and *I* wish not to approach within measureless distances of that honour, &c.

115.—*To Lord Cockburn.*

London, 8th August, 1832.

For my comfort, there are still more flaws and awkwardnesses in the English act; to correct one of which, a very awkward attempt was made last night, but quite unsuccessfully. The torpor and apathy of voters to register, or to make the qualifying payments of votes and taxes, is altogether astounding and disgusting, and Heaven knows what the result will be. Here in London I do not believe *one-fourth* of those substantially qualified will be found to have come forward, and in the counties, I believe, there will be nearly a half who have hung back out of mere laziness. This makes me a little anxious about Edinburgh after all. If Blair has been vigilant in getting 2000 registered, may

he not run one of us hard? I delight in Abercrombie's manly good sense and success, but I must lose no time in coming to look after my interest, or he will steal all the second votes I had reckoned on from the Tories and Radicals. I lament the procession,* but of course cannot repudiate. What am I to do with my females?

116.—*To Mr. Empson.*

Craigcrook, 26th August, 1832.

My dear E.—I hope you take it as a sure sign of my wretchedness that I do not write to you. Not exactly wretchedness at being away from you, or suffering from this Pontic exile, but wretchedness from having still less leisure to do any thing I like to do than when I had glimpses of you in London. I have had such heaps of letters to answer, such crowds of committee men to thank and visit, so many friends to dine with, and for the last four days, such meetings and speechifyings to electors, that I sometimes begin to wish for the leisure of Clarges Street and Westminster, where I had at least the protection of insignificance and obscurity. I have had one great meeting, and seven moderate ones, and I am to have fifteen more, that is, meetings of the electors in each ward of the city. They are generally held in churches, and terminate, with great propriety, in a catechism. I delivered three discourses yesterday with good approbation, and was thought very skilful in my responses. I refused to *pledge* myself, except to principles, and am very handsomely supported. We have near 7000 claims entered, of which 6000 are good, and of those they say near 4000 will be for Abercrombie, and near 5000 for me. This at least is the estimate of my committees, and, though probably a little sanguine, I do not think it can be very far wrong. I

* An election procession into Edinburgh which his constituents had arranged, but which he contrived to escape.

shall scarcely get through my fifteen meetings till late in next week, when I shall fly, I think, from this tiresome work, to my Naiades and Oreades at Loch Lomond, whom it is a great pity that I ever quitted.

In the mean time, and *attendant mieux*, I am agreeably disappointed in this here Craigcrook. It is much less rough, and rugged, and nettley, and thistley, than I expected, and really has an air that I should not be ashamed to expose to the gentler part of polished friends from the south. It has rained a little every day, but nothing to signify, and there is a crystal clearness over the steep shores of the Frith, and a blue skyishness on the distant mountains of the west, that almost make amends for your emerald lawns and glorious woods of Richmond and Roehampton. Well, and so good night. I have been walking in my garden and offering my quiet little heathen homage to that serene Jupiter, to whom a truly devout spirit cannot help paying a small tribute of devotion on such a Sunday night. I cannot send this till to-morrow, so you lose nothing by my going to bed.

Tuesday morning, 28th.—I had not time for a word yesterday; having again to perform service in three chapels, two in the morning, and one, to my especial annoyance, at seven o'clock in the evening, when all Christian people should be at dinner; and now I am going to a church meeting, and so good bye!

Five o'clock.—I preached near two hours, and very few people were asleep, and I have five meetings for to-morrow, all in holy places. How is it possible that I should write gossip to you, or even to any woman alive!

Tell me about your own little ——— en Espagne—that shadowy, mystical vision of a ——— that hovered like a meteor over your head, and filled it with dreams of reform. Tell me too of Macaulay's coarse reality of Leeds, and that Sadler is not likely to defeat him by his counterfeit and dishonest ultra-radical story. And then, gossip though it

be, tell me of that "bright vision of the guarded mount," who "looks toward Nomancos and Bayona's hold," &c.

Tell me, moreover, of the Spring Rices, and in which of the three kingdoms they are at this present writing, and whether they are intending, and ever incline their hearts hitherward. Moreover, of Malthus, and Malthusia junior and senior, what tidings? and of that great city which was London, and the desolations thereof; and Tommy Moore, and whether he is to be of Limerick; and Samuel Rogers, and whether he is yet of this world.

And so take pity on me, and comfort me with soft words.

We are all well, did I tell you that? and that the Charlottes are enjoying their leisure and idleness with a most malicious intenseness, from its contrast with my great labours, which are not in the Lord, though mostly in his houses, and so *quid plura*? I am chilly, with congealing sweat, and am about to ride forth in a wet east wind, which may end in cholera; but any thing would be a relief. God bless you.—Ever yours.

117.—*To Lord Cockburn.*

London, 11th April, 1833.

You think me a very desponding politician; and perhaps I am. But I am far nearer right than the sanguine, if there are still any such. I venture, therefore, to say again, that I think the government and the country are in the greatest possible hazard; that there is great ground to think that the Lords will *not* pass our Irish Church Bill in such a state as that the ministers can own it. And then we are pledged, and without pledge, necessitated to resign; though what is to come after us, but almost instant anarchy, no man can conjecture.

Independently of this, the pressure of the movement upon currency, taxes, English Church reform, and lots of

other things, is daily drawing off the dregs of our popularity out of doors, and sending men off in the House in piques and pets to the right hand and to the left.

The result of this Gloucester election shows that there is a setting of the tide in wealthy places back to Toryism; and though nothing can be so absurd and malignant as what the Times has been writing against us for the last few days, it is no doubt quite true that our hold on the people is growing less and less. The absurdity is in supposing that it depends on the *will of the ministry* whether the things they want done shall be or not. They abuse us for not making an instant radical reform, both of English and Irish Church, &c.; and yet it will soon be seen, I take it, that we *cannot* carry even a slight endowment of the latter, and the obstacle to our carrying that, and fifty other things, is nothing less than *the existence of the King and the House of Lords*.

What intense apes our provincial censors, and thorough, simple, sweeping, reformers are! God bless you.

118.—*To Lord Cockburn.*

London, 16th July, 1833.

My dear C.—Not much more to tell you, &c. I breakfasted to-day at Rogers's with Macaulay and S. Smith; both in great force and undaunted spirits. Mac. is a marvellous person. He made the very best speech that has been made this session on India, a few nights ago, to a House of less than fifty. The Speaker, who is a severe judge, says he rather thinks it the best speech he ever heard. Our attendance was growing thinner; but this crisis has brought back many, and I have no doubt we shall have 450 in the House on Thursday, without a call. The weather is very hot and beautiful now. I wish I were lolling on one of my high shady seats at Craigerook, listening to the soothing wind among the branches! And yet it is shocking to think how much all that scene is disen-

chanted by its vicinity to my constituents. The fleshy presence of Mr. —, Mr. —, and Mr. —, by whom I am baited daily, helps, I doubt not, to enliven that impression. Murray gave dinner to the deputation yesterday, but ingeniously contrived not to come among them, but left them to be entertained by William and Mary. I fortunately am known to inhabit a house in which there are only ten spoons, and as many plates, and to give no dinners. I see no reason in the world why they should not settle their affairs with the provost and the creditors; and yet, I now think that they will *not* settle. The other party is far the most reasonable, &c.

119.—*To Lord Cockburn.*

Stanmore, 30th July, 1833.

My dear C.

We came here yesterday; a most lovely evening; and I felt as I walked on the airy common, under the brilliant moon, and the orange glow of twilight, as if I should soon be well again. But I had but a feverish night, and have been full of qualms and sickings most part of to-day. However, we drove over to Harrow, and saw an exhilarating spectacle of the scholastic youth mustering, like swarming bees, for the holiday up-breaking. The aristocratical air of it put my humble Scottish recollections rather to the blush. There were sixty or seventy carriages, half of them with coronets, and prancing horses, and consequential grooms, and heaven knows what besides. But the gentle bearing of the boys themselves, the affectionate leave-takings, the kind words to the old dames, the respectful deference to the smiling simpering masters, were all as much above our ruder state, in a moral point of view, as the other were in a worldly. And then the galloping of gigs, and the shouting from crowded barouches, as they swept, with their light-hearted cargoes through the shady

lawns, was beautiful to see and to hear. It was great luck to have fallen on such a spectacle in an accidental drive, &c.

120.—*To Lord Cockburn.*

London, Friday Night,
23d August, 1833.

My dear C.—Our bills were accepted in the Commons this afternoon, with the Lords' amendments, such as they be, on their heads, and now only wait the royal assent to be law. And so there is one job done, and an end to self-election in Scotch burghs!! and a beginning to something else, which may be better or worse as it pleases God; and so I may go and divert myself, I hope, for a week or two; and if I can get my bills paid, and my trashy papers packed up, I shall be off before two o'clock, and sleep at Malshanger to-morrow. I shall stay there till Sunday, and then proceed to see a god-daughter I have near Bath; and I think it would be a comfort if you would write, on receipt of this, a few lines to the post-office there, where I shall be till after Wednesday. I then cross the heart of England into Yorkshire, where I mean to visit Morehead, and probably the Cayleys, and may finish my wanderings by crossing over to Brougham, and looking in on the Marshalls at Ulleswater, and Mrs. Fletcher, and Wordsworth, at Grasmere and Rydale. But this picturesque part of my plan is the most problematical. If it is left out, I have promised to cross from Newcastle, and see Richardson near Jedburgh. Why should you not come and join us there? where we might have a quieter and more tranquil discussion on the sum of things than in the too jovial re-unions of Edinburgh. But I shall write about this again when I know more of my own mind and body.

The House will adjourn to-morrow till Wednesday, and the prorogation will not be later than Thursday. We despatched all our work to-day before three o'clock, and then I left farewell cards at the ministers, and made a few idle

calls on ladies, and went, at six o'clock, to a quiet dinner at the Hollands, with Rogers, Lord J. Russell, and Miss Fox, and so finished my London campaign with a *bonne bouche* of a very mild and agreeable flavour. Empson has been sitting with us since, and altogether, I do not part from those things without a certain sadness. I shall go to bed, and tell you more in the morning.

Saturday morning, 24th.—We are just setting forth, and I hear no more news, or indeed, any thing but the tinkling of departing sovereigns, and trampling of obsequious creditors. It is rather a gloomy day, but mild and calm, &c.

And so, in good earnest, ends our official correspondence, which has not, I suspect, had a true official character.

121.—*To Lord Cockburn.*

Malshanger, 26th August, 1833.

My dear C.—The load of London and Parliament is at last lifted from my life, and I have had two days of natural existence. We got here about dark on Saturday. I drank too much coffee, and slept ill; lounged about with Jane all yesterday, hallowing our Sabbath day with quietness; and to-day I have driven in an open carriage, and ridden upon a pony like any rustic squire, for near five hours together; and have been to see *Silchester*, the largest and loftiest Roman work above ground in Great Britain. There is a wall of more than a mile in length, and varying from twenty to seven or eight feet in height, all overhung with trees and ivy, and rough with masses of flint and strange lumps of rude stone. It enclosed either a Roman town or a great *castrum stativum*; and there is a small amphitheatre in one corner, with the arena still quite flat, but the sloping sides completely grown up with mud. The whole stands upon a high lonely part of the country, with only a rude low church and a single farm-house in the neighbourhood, but commanding a most lovely, and almost

boundless view over woody plains and blue skyey ridges on all sides of it. It is about the most striking thing I ever saw; and the effect of that grand stretch of shaded wall, with all its antique roughness and overhanging wood, lighted by a low autumnal sun, and the sheep and cattle feeding in the green solitude at its feet, made a picture not soon to be forgotten, &c.

122.—*To Mr. Empson.*

Killin, 2d August, 1834.

My dear E.—This is a great disappointment, and, after all, *why* were you so faint-hearted after coming so far? Rain! Oh, effeminate cockney, and most credulous brother of a most *unwise* prognosticator of meteoric changes. Though it rained in the Beotia of Yorkshire, must it rain also in the Attica of Argyll? Why, there has not been a drop of rain in the principality of Macallummore for these ten days; but, on the contrary, such azure skies, and calm cœrulean waters, such love and laziness-inspiring heats by day, and such starlight rowings and walkings through fragrant live blossoms, and dewy birch woods by night; and then such glow-worms twinkling from tufts of heath and juniper, such naiads sporting on the white quartz pebbles, and meeting your plunges into every noonday pool; and such herrings at breakfast, and *haggises* at dinner, and such pale pea-green mountains, and a genuine Highland sacrament! The long sermon in Gaelic, preached *out of tents* to picturesque multitudes in the open air, grouped on rocks by the glittering sea, in one of the mountain bays of those long withdrawing lochs! You have no idea what you have missed; and for weather, especially, there is no memory of so long a tract of calm, dry, hot weather at this season; and the fragrance of the mountain hay, and the continual tinkling of the bright waters! But you are not worthy even of *the ideas* of these things, and you shall have no more of them, but go unimproved to your den at Hay-

leybury, or your sty at the Temple, and feed upon the vapour of your dungeon.

When we found you had really gone back from your vow, we packed up for Loch Lomond yesterday, and came on here, where we shall stay in the good Breadalbane country till Monday, and then return for a farewell peep at our naiads, on our way to Ayrshire, and thence back to Craighcrook about the 18th. (Write always to Edinburgh.) I sent a letter to Napier for you, which he returned two days ago. After that I could not tell where to address you. I left instructions at the Arrochar post-office for the forwarding of your letters to Rice. Only two newspapers had come for you when we came away, and these I generously bestowed in my last. And now it is so hot that I cannot write any more, but must go and cool myself in the grottos of the rocky Dochart, or float under the deep shades that overarch the calm course of the translucent Lochy, or sit on the airy summit where the ruins of Finlarig catch the faint fluttering of the summer breeze. All Greek and Hebrew to you, only more melodious—Poor wretch!

We have been at Finlarig and at Auchmore; both very beautiful, but the heat spoils all, as I fear it may have our salmon. God bless us, I am dyspeptic and lumbaginous, and cannot sleep, and I lay it all on the heat, when I dare say old age and bad regime should have their share, &c.

Why should not you and Malthus come down to our solemnity on the 8th September? After your long services, a fortnight's holiday could not be grudged, especially for the purpose of making you better teachers, and getting solutions to all your difficulties. I hope Mrs. Sommerville will come. I had a glimpse of my beautiful Mrs. Grant before leaving Edinburgh, and grudge such a sultana to India. Write to me soon. My Charlottes send their love in anger to you.—Ever yours.

123.—*To Mrs. Craig.*

Edinburgh, 26th December, 1834.

If I had no other motive to do my duty in a superior way, I think *that* would be sufficient, and I am half angry with you for looking back upon sentiments which I would do any thing to justify, and cannot but wish you should cherish as pieces of youthful folly, to be laughed at and renounced in maturer years. O no, my dear child, do not repress any generous enthusiasm which will remain; and believe that the best part, not only of happiness but of wisdom, must be built upon that foundation.

I have certainly had rather hard work, but I do not find it irksome. Even the early rising, which I dreaded the most, proves very bearable. Certainly, in the whole of my past life, I never saw so many sunrises as since the beginning of November; and they have been inexpressibly beautiful. We have holiday now, however, for a week or two, and I sleep over the glorious dawning, and have leisure to dream a little, and to read my beloved poets, and to write to those I love.

We are all tolerably well, and very contented, and social, and happy (if one may use so bad a word). You know we have not much spite or envy among us, and have a disposition to be kind, which scarcely ever fails to make life soft and easy; and then that old undestructible love of nature, and sympathy with sunsets and moonshine, which is so far from depending on youthful enthusiasm, that it grows with years, and brightens when every thing wears dim. We shall see you in spring—see you all. I think we shall be up early in April, &c.

124.—*To Mrs. D. Belden.*

Malshanger (Hants), 29th April, 1835.

My dear Fanny—We have been five weeks in London, and are now with an old friend, one stage on our way

home to Edinburgh ; and Charlotte being lazy, and I (for once) in a state of undeniable idleness, it comes to me to make out our monthly despatch. Our last from your side is from Dr. George (of 16th March), written on his return from Charleston, which interested and amused us very much. I am very glad to find his general patriotism does not extend to the patronage of slavery, and that he likes the cold and comforts of New York better than the languid and imperfect luxuries of the South. The great use (and apology) of all patriotism is to make us pleased with our actual lot, and anxious really to improve and exalt it. The evil is, it makes us abusive and unjust, now and then, because we are *envious*, to others. We are all growing better, I hope, and consequently, more alike and more indulgent. For my part, I am a reasonable cosmopolite, and am delighted to hear of the happiness of all in America, especially of one family, to whom I owe more than any other. It is a great gratification to me to see the unbroken and entire cordiality in which all its members continue to live, and no small pride to think that I belong in some measure to the party. God bless you.

London has answered very well. Our old friends have been very kind to us, and I go away confirmed in my purpose of spending a little time there every spring. Being there, for the first time without any serious task or occupation, I entered more largely into society than it was easy for me to do before ; and, at all events, crowded into these five weeks the sociality of a whole long session of Parliament. I had the good luck, too, to come at a very stirring time, and to witness the restoration to power of the party to which I was attached as long as it was lawful for me to belong to a party. From the height of my judicial serenity, I now affect to look down on those factious doings, but cannot, I fear, get rid of old predilections. At any rate, I am permitted to maintain old friendships, and to speak with the openness of ancient familiarities

with those I most love to meet in private. As you know but few of those we chiefly lived with, it would be of no use to give you a list of names, though it would include almost all who are much worth seeing in England. Yet we go back quite contented to our provincial duties and enjoyments. For the Charlottes, I should use a stronger word, for I think they were rather surfeited with the stir and brilliancy of London. My more active and *youthful* nature stood the excitement better. We missed dear Malthus much in this busy scene, &c.

I am going to make an addition to Craigcrook, and am pulling down so much of the house that I fear we shall not be able to inhabit there this year, so that we shall either go again on our travels, or try to find a house for three months in some wild corner of the West Highlands, and live a solitary, philosophical, and savage life there, through the autumn. Just on leaving the *tourbillons* of London, this scheme seems to have great attraction. But it may not be quite easy to put in practice, &c. God bless you both.—Ever affectionately yours.

125.—*To Lord Cockburn.*

Skelmorlie, 28th August, 1835.

My dear C.—A thousand thanks for your letter. When I say that parties are nearly as equally balanced out of Parliament as in it, I mean, of course, that I believe people would go, on an appeal to force, or any other *decisive* test of adhesion, pretty much in that proportion, not certainly from pure independent individual liking or judgment, but under the probable (or certain) operation of the ordinary influences of wealth, fear, hate, interest, or old habit or prejudice, which will only gain strength instead of being dissipated by such a crisis. In Scotland, where there is more intellectual activity and far more conceit of individual wisdom, the proportion, I am satisfied, is different. But, from the best reports I can get, I believe a de-

cided majority of the peasantry in England would adhere to the Conservatives—not, certainly, from any conviction of the justice of the cause, or any opinion (which they are utterly incompetent to form) of their own on the general interest, but from habit and prejudice, which are much better elements for enthusiasm and noble daring than the cooler suggestions of reason or love of right. Then, if you consider that the most efficient and only terrible part of the reforming body is known (by friends and foes) to be hostile to monarchy, church, and peerage, and no very safe advocates for property, (at least large property,) law, or the arts, it is difficult to suppose, that if the alternative actually occurs, whether to give *them* an irresistible preponderance, or to seek shelter under a Conservative banner, with the certainty of their* granting more than half of all the reforms which the wiser part of their present opponents require, a very large body of these opponents should not go over to them and carry with them a proportional part of their own followers and numerical adherents. But whether this be so or not, it is to be doubted that the Conservatives, if it once came to fighting, with wealth, discipline, the crown, the army, and the treasury with them, would make mince-meat of their opponents in a single year; exterminate all the brave rebels, and thoroughly terrify the feeble. No doubt the horror of such an *execution*, for I do not believe there would be any thing like fighting, would excite a deadly and fatal animosity, and probably drive some of the more generous allies of the crown over to the popular side. But as to any real gain to the cause of liberty or national prosperity, even from its ultimate success, I see nothing in any futurity to which I can look forward, but the very reverse, &c.

I have been delighting myself with Mackintosh.† I only got the book two days ago, and have done nothing

* The Conservatives he means

† His Memoirs

but read it ever since. The richness of his mind intoxicates me; and yet, do not you think he would have been a happier man, and quite as useful and respectable, if he had not fancied it a duty to write a great book? And is not this question an answer to your exhortation to me to write a little one? Perpend. I have no sense of duty that way, and feel that the only sure or even probable result of the attempt would be hours and days of anxiety and unwholesome toil, and a closing scene of mortification, &c.

126.—*To Dr. Morehead.*

Skelmorlie, Greenock, 30th Sept. 1835.

My Dear Doctor—I have been shamefully idle since I came here, and have done none of the fine things I have expected to do. Among others I thought to have made up all my arrears of correspondence, and poured myself out, in boundless épanchments, to my old friends especially. And, behold, I have not written three letters in three months. I have been very anxious, however, *to receive some*, and I assure you I have not forgotten my old friends, though I may appear to have neglected them. There are few I have thought of so often as you. This neighbourhood, and this autumn leisure—the first I have had, I think, for twenty good years, bring fresh to my mind the many pleasant rambles we used to have together when we were less encumbered with cares, and more vacant from all external impressions. That love of nature, and sympathy with her aspects, which was the main source of my delight then, remains more unchanged, I believe, than any thing else about me, and still contributes a very large share to my daily enjoyments. I have been reading Homer, too, with as dutiful and docile devotion as we used to do in the old library window at Herbertshire, and with nearly as fresh a relish. I bathe, too, in the sea; and trudge for six or seven miles at a stretch through mud and rain, with

a vigour which I think would still distance poor *Dunter*, if he were alive to follow us.

Well, but what I want to know about is, my dear Locky. I cannot tell how often I think of her, nor how much her heroic cheerfulness adds to the tender interest I take in her sufferings, &c.

We have seen several of our friends at this old castle. We had first the Rutherfords and the Cockburns; and then Mrs. Russell, and Thompson, and Pillans, and uncle John, and Jane Hunter, and all the Browns in detachments, and Miss Lowden, and a certain Mr. R. Morehead; and are expecting the Fullertons, and a detachment of the rich Marshalls of your county of York. We will break up our encampment soon after the 20th of October, make a stage of a few days at Langfine, and return to Edinburgh on 1st November. My Craigcrook buildings have been roofed in for some time, and every thing finished but the plastering.

You will see from the newspaper the progress of O'Connell through our peaceful land. But you will not read there (at least I hope not) that I dined with him at my neighbour Kelly's* a few days ago. After I accepted the invitation, which, like a good husband, I did chiefly to gratify Charlotte's curiosity, I had certain misgivings as to my judicial propriety, and a fear that I might be tucked up in his tail with a crowd of Glasgow and Greenock radicals, and terrible toasts and speeches. But Wallace Wight dealt more handsomely by me, and we had a very small and strictly private party, consisting of Sir Thomas Brisbane, Sir John Maxwell, and ourselves, and not a word of politics, except a few, (uttered of course most constitutionally,) by myself. He was perfectly tame and playful, indeed, in his Irish robustious way.

I try to avoid thinking of politics; but it is impossible

* Mr. Wallace of Kelly.

to be insensible to the perilous movements of the times. It is easy, however, to abstain from prosing about them. My wish and prayer is, that every thing tending to actual violence may be avoided; not only for the present unspeakable evil, but because the certain issue of all such contests is the hateful tyranny of the conquering sword, under whatever banner it conquers. I think too that the Tory sword would be the heaviest, and its conquests consequently the most bloody. But those things are not to be thought of.

How is my good patient Mrs. Pinder? and when did she hear of her high-minded little apostle? How is George coming on in his new vocation? and my dear Margaret, with her schools and philanthropy? and Jane, David, Lizzie, and Phemy? We were all very much pleased with Robert when he was here. He is thoughtful and ingenious, and has an evident ambition for intellectual excellence. We have heard nothing of your brother John for some time; but according to our latest accounts, he was recovering steadily from his alarming attack, and again going about. We have had beautiful weather till within the last ten days; but those have been one incessant tempest. The autumnal gales were never known so tedious.

How do you come on with your parish? and are the *pies* or the *prayers* uppermost in the Sunday thoughts of your flock? Do you make any new sermons, or indulge in any new views? Have you renounced poesy, as old Beefy* used to call it? or taken to any other path of literary ambition? Do you imbibe any zeal for farming, or take sufficient exercise in the open air? Poor old Dr. Gardner!† He had all the amiableness of a child, and I trust much of the happiness of one; so that he will need little changing to fit him for heaven.

* Dalzell, Professor of Greek in Edinburgh.

† An Episcopal clergyman in Edinburgh.

God bless you all, with kindest remembrances.—Ever affectionately yours.

127.—*To Lord Cockburn.*

24 Moray Place, 5th January, 1836.

My dear C.—Our good old chief* has promised to dine here on Thursday, at half-past five exactly; and I am sure it would be a great pleasure to him to meet you and Richardson at that time. Richardson *can* have no other engagement; and if you have any, you ought to break it—the request of a guest of his age being as much entitled to be treated as a command as that of a royal person. Besides, he is to discourse De Senectute, which both you and I should begin to think an interesting subject.—Ever yours.

128.—*To William Spalding,† Esq., Advocate.*

(Now Professor of Logic and Rhetoric, St. Andrews.)

24 Moray Place, 23d May, 1836.

Dear Sir—I am afraid I must have appeared very impolite, in not having previously answered your obliging and interesting letter of the 11th. But you are aware that it came at the very commencement of my busy time; and will easily understand that I should have been desirous, both of seeing Professor Moir, and of looking into your little publication, before sending you an answer.

I have not yet been able to see Mr. Moir; but I have run through your book, with very great satisfaction. Without professing to be a convert to all your opinions, I can safely say that I have been very much struck with the spirit and originality of the whole performance; and

* The Right Hon. William Adam, head or Chief Commissioner, as he was called, of our Jury Court.

† Mr. Spalding, then a candidate for the Logic chair in Edinburgh, had sent Lord Jeffrey a copy of his able and interesting "Letter on Shakespeare's authorship of The Two Noble Kinsmen."

greatly delighted, both with your feeling and eloquent exposition of the merits of our great dramatist, and the acute and discriminating analysis you have often so happily made of his means of pleasing. If I am not always satisfied with your logic, your rhetoric almost invariably excites my admiration; and I cannot tell you how much I am gratified by finding another of the younger brethren of our profession so fairly in the way of illustrating it by his literary distinction. With your permission, I shall request my friend Mr. Moir* to give me the pleasure of an introduction to your personal acquaintance; when I hope we shall have some pleasing talk about Shakspeare and his contemporaries. You will find me, I think, nearly as great an idolator of his genius as yourself; but rather an unbeliever in the possibility of detecting his compositions by internal evidence. I am inclined, too, to rank Fletcher considerably higher than you seem to do; and think the scene between the captive knights in the second act, which you admit to be all his, by far the finest in the whole play. I think you are quite right, however, in placing Shakspeare immeasurably above him, in *intellectual* vigour especially, even more than in high passion or burning fancy. The great want of Fletcher is want of common sense; the most miraculous gift of Shakspeare, his deep, sound, practical, universal knowledge of human nature, in all ranks, conditions, and fortunes. Yet in their merely pleasing and poetical passages, and in respect to their *taste* in composition, I think they are astonishingly alike, and very much on a level. I do not see why Fletcher might not have written all the serious parts of the Winter's Tale; the first scenes of the king's jealousy especially, and those of the sheep-shearing festival, beautiful as they are; and I am sure, if you should make this the thesis of another critical epistle, you could make out quite as good a case for it as

* George Moir, Esq., Advocate.

you have done for that of your actual election. Autolycus, I admit, is above his pitch; because he has too much sense and shrewdness. Shakspeare has the higher tragic passions in far more perfection; but, in pity, and mere tenderness, I venture to think Fletcher quite his equal. Do but look to some passages of the Page in *Philaster*, some of *Aspatia* in the *Maid's Tragedy*, and, above all, to the death of that noble boy in *Bonduca*, which I have always thought, or rather felt, to be the most pathetic passage in English poetry. I must not indulge, however, any farther in this vein; though it may satisfy you that I take a hearty interest in the subject you have chosen for your debüt.

I ought not to conclude without saying a word on your pretensions to the chair of Logic. In due time I have no doubt that you will establish a just title to an academical preferment, if this should continue to be an object of ambition with you. But at present, and particularly with regard to the place which is now vacant, I am bound to say, that the more mature age and singular attainments of Sir William Hamilton would determine me, if I had any influence, to give him the preference. In the mean time, I think you have been well advised in bringing forward your pretensions; as a fair and honourable means of attracting notice to your pursuits and qualifications, and thus entering your name on the "valued file," from which literature will hereafter select her champions and advocates.

For my own part, I cannot but rejoice that you have taken a step which has procured me the pleasure of this correspondence.—Believe me always, &c.

129.—*To Andrew Rutherford, Esq.*

Castle Toward, 1st August, 1836.

My dear R.—We came on here from Loch Lomond, by Cairndow and Strachur, on Friday, and we cross tomorrow, if the stormy firth should be at all passable, to Largs, where we propose to linger, and treasure up re-

membrances of Skelmorlie for the rest of the week, and then proceed to Langfine, and be back at Craigerook somewhere about the 18th. We have had mostly tempestuous weather, though with some heavenly glimpses, and are very comfortable here; Kirkman* having had the good taste not to ask any Glasgow *beaux esprits*, or rustic neighbours, to meet us, and being himself very sociable, sensible, and good-humoured, and having one fair daughter, with true dove's eyes, a soft voice, and an angelic expression. Then, being in a mood of drinking no wine, our repasts are far more temperate than I could ever make them with that old man of the lake, and my heart, which had begun to flutter, being restored to comparative tranquillity. I have been delightfully idle all along, having read to the extent of near five pages in Hallam, and not much more in Shelley. I am sorry to hear so poor an account of Mrs. Pillans, on Thomas's account chiefly, and am glad you enjoy Midfield, and have some leisure to enjoy it. Do you know that I have bought Clermiston for something less than £16,000? and that I want you to take a lease of the house for the term of my life, and we shall run a tunnel through to Craigerook, and glide unseen from hill to bower, like angels on a sunbeam. Now that is a thing to be thought of, or, at all events, to be talked about, if better may not be. I never thought of the thing till the day before I left home. Mr. Thomson of the Royal Bank told me it would be a good purchase, and I gave him power to conclude it for £16,000, and, on my arrival here, I found it was concluded. I hope I shall resist the temptation of ruining myself with improvements.

I try to think little of politics, but the closing scene of this session is nervous, and agitates me a little in spite of myself. I think it has been a very important and inter-

* Kirkman Finlay, Esq., of Castle Toward.

esting session, for, though not much has been *done*, a great deal has been *resisted*; and the waters have appeared to stagnate, only because they are accumulating for a greater outbreak. But we shall soon see now, &c.

This is a fine place; a superb sea view, vast plantations, and an admirable house. The whole drive from Strachur beautiful. I escaped with my life from the church at Arrochar, though the walls were as black as mud with trickling water, and the floor soaking. There was a deputation of five persons to Inversnaid, where 200 Highlanders turned out in the rugged glen, and listened, for two hours, to a Gaelic sermon, under a heavy rain, and standing up to the skirts of their kilts in wet heather—and yet nobody died. I was not there—or else there must have been at least one. The new Edinburgh has just come here, and I have been reading part of a nice article on German literature, by George Moir.

130.—*To John Richardson, Esq.*

Edinburgh, 28th November, 1836.

My dear Richardson—The melancholy announcement* of your letter did not come unexpected; but still it was a great shock. You are quite right in thinking that she was very dear to us all. I do not believe a spirit ever returned to its Maker more free of speck or corruption, or a more affectionate heart ever rested in death.

This is in one sense a consolation, and the best consolation, but at the moment it aggravates the privation. God bless you and comfort you. What more can I say? Dear Hopey must not marry for a while yet.

With best love to her from us all.—Ever affectionate.

* Of the death of Mrs. Richardson.

131.—*To Mr. Empson.*

Edinburgh, 15th.

Macaulay seems to have got charmingly through his estimates. It is in things like these—the *whole business* of governments in quiet times—that the government is strong. It is weak because there have been great constitutional, almost organic *changes*; and affected, not through overwhelming and paralyzing *force*, but by conflict of *opinions*—in which there is now partly a revulsion, partly a revival, and chiefly a gradual and growing splitting and hiving off of sections and shades, which were blended at first as against a common enemy. Do not you see that this is the course of all weak governments; first the destruction of old unquestioned authority by just and successful resistance; and then the divisions which necessarily ensue among the different parties into which the conquerors naturally array themselves—each in a great degree ignorant of its own actual following in the body, and usually overrating it. So it has ever been, since the feuds among the successors of Alexander or Charlemagne, down to those among the conquerors of Louis Seize—or the earlier dissensions among the survivors of our majestic Cromwell. The former had room and verge enough to betake themselves to separate *regions*. In our narrower confines we had to fight it out at home—and in many a doubtful conflict—till main force and fear brought about a strong government again; and stupidity and want of interest and intellect restored for about eighty years the old *habit* of submission to authority. We are out of that now over all free Europe, and are once more in the sphere of weak governments,—that is, weak for carrying or resisting any speculative or theoretical changes, or for repressing the vexatious cross play of intractable sects and *cliques*; but strong for maintaining clear rights and demolishing established abuses;—governments which *must*

be creditably administered and always growing better, and under which all who are not too impatient or crazily in love with their own nostrums, may live in peace and hope. You understand?

132.—*To Andrew Rutherford, Esq., (then in London.)*

Edinburgh, 17th April, 1837.

My dear R.—Now you are in the middle of it! and a pretty stirring centre it is. I envy you a little, but console myself with thinking that I am more tranquil, and a little more secure where I am. Whatever happens, however, you will be amused, and interested, and instructed, more than if you had stayed at home, and if you should come back "*odious in woollen*," before the middle of May, I am sure you will be all the better, and the happier, and the fitter for future service, for this *escapade*. Indeed, I am not sure that it will not be better for you to have thus made your *débüt* without incurring any responsibility—to have gone through a sort of *rehearsal*, at the great House, and, along with the great actors, without the agitation of an actual compearance before a difficult audience.

I thank you for your letter, which is the only intelligible thing I have seen on the actual state of affairs; but I am not so unreasonable as to expect you to write often. Your time is much better employed, and I am a patient waiter upon Providence; yet I should like to have some of your first impressions of men you have not seen particularly before, and of the tone of any new society, but only at your leisure.

I know you will be generous enough not to abuse me to Theresa. You should let her take you some night to the Berrys. I want you to see their circle; and also to like her. She is not only a knowing and clever woman, but really a kind and affectionate. Ask Theresa. I hope you will breakfast with Rogers, too. I know you will go to old Wishaw. Tell me, too, about the Lord Advocate,

and of the condition you find him in. Glenlee, I understand, is pretty well recovered again, and has begun to read his papers for advising; but it is rather thought he cannot do long—something organically wrong about the stomach; but long and short are but comparative. Poor Keay* has come back from Glasgow, another victim to that abominable court-house, or to ——'s prolixity, it is not clear which, &c.

We are all tolerably well; exercising a frugal and temperate hospitality at Craigerook—reading idle books, and blaspheming the weather. We have had Jane Grant ten days with us, and the —— half as long. Yesterday we had —— and Lady ——. They parted coldly, though he goes to Aberdeen to-day; and I think there has been a rupture; so you may find her bosom's throne vacant for you when you come back. Cockburn is still in the Cockno burn, with the Dean, at Glasgow. Fullerton has returned, well and sociable; he dines with us to-morrow, &c.

Among other things, I wish you could get some better arrangements for these remits upon Estate Bills† to our learned body. Why should the remit be to the Lord Ordinary officiating on the bills?

133.—*To John Cay, Esq., Sheriff of Linlithgowshire.*

24 Moray Place, 14th August, 1837.

My dear Mr. Cay—I thank you very sincerely, for your kindness in sending me a copy of your valuable publication.‡ But you really make me feel ashamed by the way in which you speak of my exertions in preparing the momentous act which is the subject of your commentary, or of my reception of your many most obliging and judicious suggestions.

* James Keay, advocate, who had gone to Glasgow on an important civil trial, and was taken ill.

† From the House of Lords.

‡ A volume containing the Decisions of the Sheriffs in the Registration Courts.

That I was conscientiously anxious to embody in clear expression the provisions on which the government had agreed, and in so far as possible to exclude cavil and evasion, I of course expected you to allow; but when I look to the multitude of perplexing questions which have notwithstanding arisen, and the many inconveniences which have resulted from what I now see clearly to have been omissions in the framing of that statute, I can truly say that I feel any thing but self-satisfaction in the recollection of that task.

As to my intercourse with you, I should be ungrateful if I did not say at once that the obligation was entirely on my part, and that there was no individual whatever to whose sound judgment and sagacity I was so much indebted in the course of that work of preparation. It is very pleasing to me, however, to find that you were satisfied with the manner in which I received your suggestions, and that the communication we then had has had the effect on your part (as it has on mine) of increasing, rather than diminishing, the feeling of confidence and friendship with which, as brethren of our profession, we were previously disposed to regard each other.—Believe me always, &c.

134.—*To Mrs. C. Innes.*

Brodick, Arran, 29th August, 1837.

My dear Mrs. Innes—Charley says I am the idlest member of the family, and ought therefore to answer your letter to her; and as I am sure its kindness deserves an answer, I accept the office, and hope for indulgence as her substitute. But I have no news to tell you. In this fortunate island we know nothing of the wicked doings of the busy world which you still inhabit; and, except through a stale newspaper, hear nothing of what is agitating the mainland of Great Britain and Ireland. In fine weather I take very kindly to this innocent and primitive state of ignorance of good and evil, and reason and muse by the

quiet waters and lonely valleys, in a very voluptuous and exemplary way. But in a rainy day like this, I feel my poetical soul subside, and cannot resist a recurrence to interests which ought not to be so powerful with a grave judge or contemplative philosopher. I must even confess that at such times those dignified characters lose a little of their majesty in my eyes, and that I feel as if it were something *womanish* to sit safe and idle here in a corner, when all who have men's hearts in their bosoms are up and doing. It mortifies me a little to find that there is a closer alliance between gowns and petticoats than I had imagined, and then I think that the curiosity with which I am devoured in these woods is another feminine trait which does me no honour.

Well, but you want to hear how we like Arran, and what sort of life we lead here. On the whole, it has been very pleasant. Delicious weather, grand mountain views, wild rocky valleys, the brightest of bright waters—both fresh and salt; and here at Brodick a graceful crescent-shaped bay of a mile over, with the old castle peering over its woods at one point, and a noble black cliff at the other; and then, beyond the bright gravel of the beach, a sweet deep-green valley, glittering with streams, and tufted all over with groups of waving ash trees, winding away for two miles or more among the roots of the mountains, some of which soar up in bare peaks of gray granite, and others show their detached sides and ends—all seamed with dark gullies stretching down from their notched and jagged summits. There is a description for you, and quite true notwithstanding. And we have attended two preachings in the open air, (worth ten of your idolatrous masses,) and heard the voice of psalms rise softly in the calm air from a scatterry group of plaided and snooded worshippers, and go echoing up among the hills, and down to the answering murmurs of the shore; and I have subscribed £10 to build a new church on the beautiful spot where this con-

gregation met under the canopy of Heaven. As for our hostel, the people are simple and obliging, and we have nice whittings, and occasional salmon, and tough fowls, and good whisky, and bad wine. But the worst is that a fat woman had engaged the best rooms before we came, and one of the supreme judges of the land has actually been condemned to sleep, with his lawful wife, for the last ten days, in a little sultry garret, where it is impossible to stand upright, except in the centre, or to point your toes up when you lie down, for the low slanting roof, which comes crushing down on them. But we are not difficult, or *prideful* you know, and have really suffered no serious discomfort. To me, indeed, the homeliness of the whole scene brings back recollections of a touching and endearing sort; and when I lay down the first night, and saw the moon shining in through the little uncurtained sliding windows in the roof, on the sort of horse rug on the floor, and the naked white walls, and two straw chairs, it brought so freshly to my mind the many similar apartments I had occupied with delight in the lonely wanderings of my school and college days, that I felt all my young enthusiasm revive, and forgot judgeship and politics, and gave myself up to my long cherished dreams of poetry and love. God help us. But we leave this enchanted island on Monday morning at five o'clock, alas! and, if we survive that horror, expect to get to Craigcrook that evening; so write west to Edinburgh.

I am glad to hear that you have been amused, but more glad that you think with pleasure of your return. Home is best, after all, for good people. Why do you stay away from it so long as to 8th August? Innes is an idle fellow, and always exceeds his furloughs. I shall have Murray to reprimand him. In the mean time, God bless you both.—Ever yours.

I am pretty well again, I thank you, and can walk six or seven miles again well enough, either in sunshine or rain

135.—*To John Richardson, Esq.*

Craigcrook, Thursday, 7th September, 1837.

My dear Richardson—I am ashamed to have *two* kind letters to answer, and in my time of vacation, &c.

We ran to Arran for a fortnight with Empson, soon after the courts were over, and we have been entangled ever since with a succession of visitors. We had the Listers for a fortnight; and then the tuneful Sergeant Talfourd; and then Sir J. and Lady A. Dalrymple: and now we have my old friend Mr. W. Morehead, after twelve years of India; and I fear have invited others of whose approach we expect to hear daily, and are not at liberty to disappoint, though I do by no means give up the hope of seeing Kirklands this season. I must therefore free you from all restraint as to your own engagements, and only beg that you would try to put one to Craigcrook as near the top of your list as possible. We shall probably go for a short time to my sister's in Ayrshire, about the end of this month. But except that (and the hope of Kirklands), I see little to disturb our residence here for the remainder of the autumn. Do come therefore with my dear Hope,* and as many more as you can, and let us have a tranquil week, and some pensive and cheerful retrospections among my shades, to soothe our declining days, and enable them the better to stand a comparison with those that are gone by. There are few things would give me so much pleasure, or do me so much good, and I think it would not be disagreeable or hurtful to you, &c.

I have a strong pull at my heart toward Minto,† and what you say of them gives it a fresh tug; but my anchor is too deep in the mud to let me move for the present. Why do none of them ever come here? &c.—Ever affectionately yours.

* Miss Richardson.

† The seat of the Earl of Minto.

136.—*To Mr. Empson.*

Craigcrook, 11th November, 1837.

Postremum hunc Arethusa!

We go to Edinburgh to-morrow, and I shall indite no more to you this year from rustic towers and coloured woods. They have been very lonely and tranquil all day, and with no more sadness than becomes parting lovers; and now there is a glorious full moon, looking from the brightest pale sea-green sky you ever saw in your life. I was peevish, I think, when I wrote last to you; and I fancy you think so too, since you have taken no notice of me since. But I have been long out of that mood, so you need not resent it any longer, and I really do not require any castigation for my amendment, for it is not a common mood of *my* mind, and shall not come back soon. I do not quite like this move, though I believe my chief repugnance is to the early rising which awaits me, and for which I have been training myself for the last fortnight by regularly remaining in bed till after ten o'clock. You cannot think with what a pious longing I shall now look forward to Sundays. In the last week, I have read all *Burns's* life and works—not without many tears, for the life especially. What touches me most is the pitiable poverty in which that gifted being (and his noble-minded father) passed his early days—the painful frugality to which their innocence was doomed, and the thought how small a share of the useless luxuries in which *we* (such comparatively poor creatures) indulge, would have sufficed to shed joy and cheerfulness in their dwellings, and perhaps to have saved that glorious spirit from the trials and temptations under which he fell so prematurely. Oh my dear Empson, there must be something *terribly* wrong in the present arrangements of the universe, when those things can happen and be thought natural. I could lie down in the dirt, and cry and grovel there, I think, for a

century, to save such a soul as Burns from the suffering and the contamination and the *degradation* which these same arrangements imposed upon him; and I fancy that, if I could but have known him, in my present state of wealth and influence, I might have saved, and reclaimed, and preserved him, even to the present day. He would not have been so old as my brother judge, Lord Glenlee, or Lord Lynedoch, or a dozen others that one meets daily in society. And what a creature, not only in genius, but in nobleness of character; potentially, at least, if right models had been put *gently* before him. But we must not dwell on it. You south Saxons cannot value him rightly, and miss half the pathos and more than half the sweetness. There is no such mistake as that your chief miss is in the *humour* or the shrewd sense. It is in far higher and more delicate elements—God help you! We shall be up to the whole, I trust, in another world. When I think of *his* position, I have no feeling for the *ideal* poverty of your Wordsworths and Coleridges; comfortable, flattered, very spoiled, capricious, idle beings, fantastically discontented because they cannot make an easy tour to Italy, and buy casts and cameos; and what poor, peddling, whining drivellers in comparison with him! But I will have no uncharity. They, too, should have been richer.

Do you know *Berchat*, a patriot and poet, of course an exile, of Lombardy? He has come home for the winter, partly to superintend the studies of a young Marchese D'Arcanate, and partly to diversify his exile. He dined here yesterday, and seems a vigorous cosmopolitish man; but I do not know his poetry. He was a friend of Manzini and Foscolo, and knew Pecchio very well. I think he will be acceptable to the judicious, and I am sure you will be glad to see him, &c.—Ever yours.

137.—*To Mr. Empson.*

Edinburgh, 26th November, 1837.

My dear E.—I should like to be in town now in these chopping and changing times. Our pilot made an ugly yaw on first leaving his moorings; and, with tide and time of his own choosing, fairly ran on a reef before he was well under weigh. This lift of the wave among the *pensions* seems, however, to have floated him off again; and we are now in smooth water, I hope, without much more danger than a bit of our false keel or so torn off. Still it was an awkward accident, and abates one's confidence considerably as to any foul weather that may be brewing for us. Do write me what is expected. I fear the "fierce democracy" of our constitution is now to be separated from its more emollient ingredients—and presented in pure extract—as embodying its whole virtue. I have no such faith in Dr. Wakely as to taste a bit of it upon his recommendation. But I am afraid many will be rash enough to make the experiment; and who can answer for the danger? I wish somebody would write a good paper on the nature and degree of *authority* which is requisite for any thing like a permanent government, and upon the plain danger of doing what might be right for a *perfectly instructed* society, for one just enough instructed to think itself fit for any thing. I am myself inclined to doubt, I own, whether any degree of instruction would make it safe to give equal political power to the large poor classes of a fully peopled country as to the smaller and more wealthy; though the experience of America might encourage one as to this, if there were only a little more poverty, and a little more press of population, to test the experiment. But we shall see. With us the change could not be peaceable, and I do not think could be made at all; the chances being that we should pass at once from civil war to a canting military despotism.

I am very sorry about your London University schismatics; and am rather mortified that Arnold should be so sticklish. But if he means only that your classical graduates should know the unclassical Greek of the N. T., as well as that of Plato and Xenophon, I think you should not hesitate to indulge him. If the examination is to be in the *doctrine*, as well as the *language*—and truly an examination in the *theology* rather than in *classics*—the difficulty no doubt will be greater, and his unreasonableness more surprising. Yet even then (though I feel that the advice may seem cowardly,) seeing the ruinous, and even *fatal* consequences that would follow from the secession of all your *clerical* associates, I believe your better course will be to comply—making the best terms you can for tender consciences and special cases. I do not much like the counsel I give you, and shall be glad if you find you can do justice to the institution by following an opposite one. But I do not see how.

I am much touched with what you say of Wishaw. I was not at all aware that his sight was so very much decayed. But I think he is fortunate beyond most unmarried men, in being the object of more cordial kindness than such solitaries usually attract; and in having so great a society of persons, of all ages, sexes, and occupations, willing to occupy themselves about him. His kindness, I do think, has *fructified* more than that of most people, and been the cause of kindness in others to a larger extent. Do remember me to him, and assure him of the interest I shall always take in him.

138.—*To Mr. Empson,*

(Who had sent him a letter from Mr. Macaulay, stating reasons for preferring a literary to a political life.)

Edinburgh, 19th December, 1837.

My dear E.—I return Macaulay's.

It is a very striking and interesting letter; and certainly puts the *pros* and *cons* as to public life in a powerful way for the latter. But, after all, will either human motives or human duties ever bear such a dissection? and should we not all become Hownynyms or Quakers, and selfish cowardly fellows, if we were to act on views so systematic? Who the devil would ever have any thing to do with love or war, nay, who would venture himself on the sea, or on a galloping horse, if he were to calculate in this way the chances of shortening life or forfeiting comfort by such venturesome doings? And is there not a vocation in the gifts which fit us for particular stations to which it is a duty to listen? Addison and Gibbon did well to write, because they *could* not speak in public. But is that any rule for M.? And then as to the tranquillity of an author's life, I confess I have no sort of faith in it, and am sure that as eloquent a picture might be drawn of its cares, and fears, and mortifications, its feverish anxieties, humiliating rivalries and jealousies, and heart-sinking exhaustion, as he has set before us of a statesman. And as to fame, if an author's is now and then more lasting, it is generally longer withheld, and, except in a few rare cases, it is of a less pervading or elevating description. A great poet, or great *original* writer, is above all other glory. But who would give much for such a glory as Gibbon's. Besides, I believe it is in the inward glow and pride of consciously influencing the great destinies of mankind, much more than in the sense of personal reputation, that the delight of either poet or statesman chiefly consists.

Shakspeare plainly cared nothing about his glory, and Milton referred it to other ages. And, after all, why not be *both* statesmen and authors, like Burke and Clarendon. I do not know why I write all this, for I really am very busy, and it is such idle talking. Come, and we shall have the talk out more comfortably. It is very warm here for the last four days. The thermometer always above fifty. With kindest remembrances to Marianne.—Ever yours.

139.—*To the Solicitor-General (Rutherford).*

Northallerton, Tuesday Evening,
22d March, 1838.

My dear Solicitor—On very well you see; through a blustering cold equinoctial day as might be. The roads rather heavy, from recent repairs, and severe wet, but nothing extraordinary. Very good indeed from Haddington to Berwick, and quite sound all along; patches of snow in corners till past Morpeth. We made Alnwick before eight last night. Here to-night half an hour later, though earlier off. The English roads the most hilly. Mr. Hirst keeps capital fires, and the prize ox at Rushyford furnished an admirable cold sirloin. I have been reading Sir Walter's last volume* with great interest, and growing love for his real kindness of nature. It does one good to find some of the coarsenesses of the former volumes so nobly redeemed in this. Poor Scott! could we but have him back, it seems to me as if we would make more of him. I have had strong pullings at the heart home-wards again, and feel half as if I were too old and lazy for any other place now. But there is room in London for quiet lookers on, as well as for the more spirited actors; and there is no place, I believe, where a good listener and indulgent spectator is more popular. You are decorating yourself at this moment, I suppose, to grace Lady G.'s

* Of his Life.

racketty ball. If you wish to please her, stay very late, and drink a great deal of noisy champagne. Write to say when we may look for you.

140.—*To Mrs. Empson,*

(Who had left him, some weeks after her marriage.)

Edinburgh, Thursday, one o'clock,

13th September, 1838.

My dear Charley—You have had a nice time of it. Calm and warm all night, and now bright balmy summer, with no more wind than just to wave the awning under which I now see you sitting, looking out on the clear sea, and the varying shore, and leaning, not *too* tenderly I hope, on Empson! We got over yesterday very well. I believe I was the most disturbed of the party; but a kind of horror of the water, and anxiety about your safety, made part of my uneasiness. It was a relief when the servants came back, and reported that you were safe, and not uncomfortable aboard, and that you had found a *dandie*, who was to supply the loss of poor Witchy. Your mother drank two bumpers of claret, and slept on the sofa. I read Peter M'Culloch, though with something of a wavering attention. The most pathetic occurrence of the evening was poor Witchy* bouncing out of our bed when I went up to it, and running to the door leading to your little old deserted room, and howling low and sweet at it for some time. She had missed you down stairs, and had evidently been struck with the notion that you were down there, sick, and neglected of all but her! We soothed her as well as we could, and took her to our bosoms, where she lay like a dead dog, still and dispirited, the whole night. She is rather out of sorts still this morning. I am glad it is bright again; for though I defy skyey influences, and am pleased with such weather as

* A little dog.

pleases God, I feel that there is something cheerful in mild clear sunshine. It is really very sweet to-day. The thermometer is sixty-one, and, after the dewing of yesterday, every thing is so fresh and fragrant! How is it in New Street? Your spring gardens will stand no comparison with our autumn one. And yet the Park will be pretty, especially in this season of London solitude, &c.

How is Whitey? Her Scotch voice, I hope, will not soon grow distasteful to your ears. Bless you.—Ever yours.

141.—*To the Lord Advocate (Rutherford).*

Craigcrook, Monday, 8d June, 1839.

My dear R.—Why the devil do you not say something in Parliament, while yet it is called to-day, and before the night cometh, when no man can speak? Let your mouth then be opened, if it were only for once, like that of Balaam's ass, and let my cudgel provoke you, if not the abundance of the heart! I glance over every newspaper, in hopes of finding your name at the top of a long column—broken with cheers; but there you are mute as a fish, and only figuring in the miraculous draft of a large division. If you cannot get your Scotch Voters' Bill on soon, you should speak on the *Education* question—on which speeches enough, I fear, will be needed. But it is properly a *Scotch* question; for why the devil should our *Presbyterian* party be taxed to support schools exclusively *Episcopal*? I wish they had left the accredited *Bibles* in possession of their monopoly; and if *this* were conceded, I cannot but think that the great difficulty would be got over.

Macaulay has got on beautifully here, and not only delighted all true and reasonable Whigs, but surprisingly mollified both Tories and Radicals. They will give him no trouble to-morrow, unless some blackguard radicals should hold up their dirty hands and bellow at the nomi-

nation. But I think there is no chance of this. The more he is known, however, the more he is liked. He relies a great deal on you, for counsel and information on all local questions; and I have undertaken that you shall not grudge him your assistance.

We have no news here now that the Venerable has closed its sittings; the most memorable, and likely to be remembered, since 1638.*

God bless you my dear R. I find nobody here to fill your place, though I am generous enough not to wish you back before August.

142.—*To George J. Bell, Esq.*

Craigcrook, Sunday Evening, 7th July, 1839.

My dear Bell—It is very pleasing to have such letters written to one's friend, and of one's profession and country; and still more pleasant to think that we (in some sort) deserve to be so written of. If we were all as zealous and unwearied in the discharge of our duties as you are, we should have more of the latter feeling. As it is, it must be chastised, I fear in most, by many compunctious visitings. But you may always look back to such memorials as this without a pang of self-reproach.† God bless you.—Ever faithfully yours.

143.—*To Mrs. Rutherford.*

Craigcrook, 14th July, 1839.

My sweet, gentle, and long-suffering Sophia—Your (just) resentment is terrible enough at a distance; but it would kill me at hand, and therefore I must mollify it, in some way or another, before you come down; for you know I could never live to see you “into terror turn your counte-

* The General Assembly, called the Venerable.

† Mr. Bell had sent him two letters, written by Kent and Story, the eminent American lawyers, on their receiving copies of Bell's “Principles.”

nance, too severe to behold!" What, then, shall I say to appease you? What, but that I am a miserable sinner? and yet more miserable than sinning, for I am old and indolent, and yet forced to work like a young tiger, and obliged to walk to keep my stagnating blood in motion, till, with toil and *early rising*, I am overtaken with sleep in the afternoons, and have scarcely time and vigour for my necessary labours. "Ah little think the gay licentious proud!" And then I have grown (and high time too) so conscious of my failings, and diffident of my powers of pleasing, and so possessed with the dread of your increased fastidiousness in that great scornful London, and of the *odiousness* of the comparisons to which I would subject myself, that, altogether, and upon the whole, you see, it has been as it were, or as you would say, impossible, or at least not easy, to answer your kind and entertaining letter with any thing but kindness; which I thought might be despised or not thought good enough for you, and so forth! And so you understand all about it, and *must* forgive me whether you will or not; and pity me into the bargain—with that pity which melts the soul to love—and so we are friends again. And you shall be received into my heart, whenever you like, and if you see any thing there that offends you, I shall give you leave to pluck it out.

We baptized little Charley yesterday, with perfect success. It would have done your heart good to have seen with what earnestness she renounced the devil, and the vain pomp and glory of the world, as she lay sputtering off the cold water, in the arms of the Rev. C. Terrot. The ceremony was at two o'clock, and then we had lunch and champagne, and then all the party reeled out, some to the greenwood shade, and some to the bowling-green—where I won three shillings from Cockburn (quite fairly) by the sweat of my brow, and then we had a jolly dinner—and the loveliest summer day ever seen so far to the north. But I have said all this to Rutherford already, and fear I

am falling into dotage. Her Majesty's ship, the *Benbow*, of 74 guns, has been lying in our roadstead for three weeks, and is visited daily by incredible crowds of idle people. Last Sunday there were no fewer than 3000. I do not ask you to believe that on my word, but on that of the gallant Captain Houston Stewart, who told me so, as I sat by him at a drunken dinner of the Northern Lights last Thursday, and, moreover, assured me that he had never used more than two dozen of champagne on any one day—(Josy Hume should be told how our naval stores go.) I hate the water too much to follow the multitude; but Charley (*the first*) had not so much sense, and went one day with Lady Bell. Charley (*the second*) was wiser, and staid with me. Moreover, Lady Bell and her husband have almost fixed on building a little cottage on the corner of my Clermiston farm, close to my boundary on the west, near the open space where there are cottages, and a very fine view. But they say the chief charm is, that they can see Ratho* from it. Ah! poor deserted Ratho! and when not deserted, destined to be filled with all the corrupt overflowings of London, and the Houses of Parliament: and to resound to the echo of metropolitan riot and intemperate insolence! Oh peaceful shades! oh fields beloved in *vain*! where once my careless Sophy strayed, a stranger yet to *Town*! God help us. But you will come back, and I may find a soft evening hour to revive these innocent recollections. Lowry Cockburn has been down for a few days, and has gone again to London. His mother says, he is paying them another visit before encountering another shipwreck. But I do not see the good of having the pain of a third parting. She was rather low, I thought, yesterday, though full of motherly kindness to all us young people. The Murrays go towards Strachur on Thursday

* A place a few miles from Edinburgh, which the Rutherfurds had lease of.

—full of projects for furnishing, fishing, and beautifying. I hope she is rather better. Lauder is very happy with his new appointment. M'Bean has renewed his wig, and looks as young as a viper who has just cast his enamelled skin.

144.—*To the Lord Advocate (Rutherford).*

Craigcrook, Tuesday, 18th August, 1839.

My dear R.—You must be coming back to us at last. “Time and the hours run through the roughest day ;” and I reckon fully on seeing you here before my spell in the bill-chamber, *vice* Glenlee, is over, on the 26th, &c.

We are still very quiet and patriarchal here, and our tranquillity has not yet been disturbed by the Chartist rites of the sacred month, or any other of their unhallowed doings. Yet I have a deep and painful impression that it cannot end now without bloodshed, and that not by dribblets on the scaffold, but by gushes on the field. It is miserable ; but I see no other issue, and can only pray that those who are sure to suffer may be first put *flagrantly* in the wrong.

I am disappointed that the session is to close without your having given the Commons a taste of your quality, and only hope that the length of your silent noviciate will not make you more unwilling to speak when your tongue is at last loosened. The Lords will have done something to keep you in wind. I fancy you have had stiff work there, &c.

I was delighted to see Sophia's fair hand again, but had no idea how frightfully ill she had been. I have a letter of the same strain from fair Theresa Lister, who seems to have been still worse. But I trust both are out of the scrape now, and will have purchased a long holiday by this rough service. There is something voluptuous in a steady and idle convalescence in fine weather, and among kind people. “The common air, the sun, the sky, &c.”

I suspect you will find Edinburgh a desert. Even Douce Davy* has hidden himself in shades, and gone for a whole month to the country: for the first time, I believe, since he was a W. S. But you have had enough of *town*, I fancy, and will be glad enough to meditate in the fields at eventide with me, at Ratho or Craighcrook; unless, indeed, you were to break a spear at the *tournament*, which seems to me a very operose piece of dullness.

Well, come quickly! *quid plura*, &c.—Ever yours.

145.—*To Mrs. Craig.*

Dunkeld, Friday, 20th September, 1839.

My dearest Jane—I thought I should have written to you from Rothiemurchus!† Would not that have been nice? But I cannot get any nearer. I have resolved to visit E. Ellice at Invereshie, when I certainly should have made a pilgrimage to the Doun, but I was stopped by visitors I could not decline, and now must hurry back for certain judicial duties, which the new law has put on our vacation, and for which I must be at my post next Monday. It is something, however, to have peeped even so far into the threshold of your central highlands, to have smelt the peat smoke of your cottages, heard the sweet chime of your rocky cascades, and seen your shiny cliffs starting from every birch and dark pine, and the blue ridges of your distant hills melting into the inland sky. I need not tell *you* what recollections are awakened by these objects, nor how fresh, at such moments, all the visions of youth, and the deeper tinted, and scarcely less glorious, dreams of manhood, come back upon the heart. I have been thinking, all day, of one of the last, I rather think it was *the* last, time I saw you at Rothiemurchus, and of a long rambling ride we had, upon ponies, through the solemn

* Mr. David Claghorn, Crown-Agent, a most excellent man.

† The seat of Mrs. Craig's family.

twilight of a dark autumnal day. The birches and oak copses were all of a deep tawny yellow, the pines, spreading far over the plains, of an inky blue, a broad band of saffron light gleaming sadly in the west, and the Spey sweeping and sounding hoarsely below us, as we paused, for a long time, on a height near the gamekeeper's house. Have you any recollection of that same? I remember it as if it were yesterday, or rather feel it as if it were still before me. Why, or how, I cannot tell. But there it is; as vivid, and clear, and real, as when it was present to my senses. And it is as real and true, if memory and feeling be as much parts of our nature as our senses, and give us the same assurance of the existence of their objects. But I did not mean to write thus to you, but to answer your letter as it ought to be answered. The air of your mountains has disordered me, but I am sober again and proceed, &c.

146.—*To Mrs. Empson.*

Edinburgh, 28d January, 1840.

Thank you for your pleasant letter of Tuesday, and for liking Dollylolly. I wonder you are not more struck with the likeness to papa; except indeed that she is so much handsomer. *R.* says you are looking peculiarly well, and ventures to add, that he thinks you *every way improved*, which conveys an insinuation against your Scotch breeding and *façons*, which I do not entirely relish. I hope you will never improve out of your old simplicity and unambitious sweetness, or even out of those thoughtful traits of nationality, which I think (and you used to think) so loveable. Give me assurance, if you please, of this. Before I forget, let me give you, my love, a little exhortation against over anxiety about Empson's health, which I have several times resolved lately to address to you. I fear you have something of this spirit in your nature, or at least in your habits, which it is really of great consequence to repress, and if

possible, eradicate. It is very much a matter of habit, and, if not altogether voluntary, capable at least of being very much restrained by a steady volition and effort against it. It is a source of great and useless misery,—the vigilance requisite for all practicable precautions being perfectly consistent with a habit of hopefulness and trust, and with the power of distracting the mind from the contemplation of contingent disasters. Even when danger is pretty imminent, and the odds considerable on its side, there is great virtue, and I need not say relief, in this power of abstraction and compulsory forgetfulness. But to dwell habitually upon remote and improbable calamities, is not only a weakness and a misery, but a vice; and so “pray be not over exquisite (as the divine Milton hath it) to cast the shadows of uncertain evils;”—and so I have done. But do not laugh at this, but recal it, and make an effort, when you are tempted to fall into those gloomy views. God bless you. I dined with Macaulay yesterday at the Provost’s, where we *dualized*. The talk very much as at —’s. But, except on those two occasions, I have scarcely seen him, so much is he distracted by meetings, deputations, and correspondence. The election went off quietly to-day; no show of opposition, and as the day was bad, no great attendance, and short speaking. They were taking down the hustings when I came out of court at half-past four. His speech on Tuesday, I hear, was admirable. We send you a copy of the *Caledonian*.* He is to have a great dinner to-day, and to be off by the evening mail, and may see you as soon as this. I am sorry I had so little of him. But I expected no better. Dolly perfect still; very fond of sweet wine; and bites and sucks my finger, long after she has licked off what has stuck to it. She likes one to murmur softly into her ears, and to have her face lightly brushed by my gray hair. I cannot tell you yet to what Tory the gown will be offered; but I may to-morrow.

* *Caledonian Mercury*, an Edinburgh newspaper.

147.—*To Mrs. C. Innes.*

Edinburgh, Thursday, 6th February, 1840.

My dear Mrs. Innes—

I forgot to applaud your purpose of entering on that best study. But I do not believe you could ever doubt that I would applaud it. O yes! read, and read, in those Scriptures, as often, as largely, and *as carefully*, as you can; only take care not to surfeit yourself, by taking too much sweet at a time; and still more, beware of stupifying yourself by poring and plodding in search of a profound meaning, which you fear you may not have seen, or a latent beauty which you fancy may have escaped you. There are no such hidden mysteries in Shakspeare. He is level to all capacities, and “speaks, with every tongue, to every purpose.” The diction, which is mostly that of his age, may occasionally perplex those who are not familiar with it at first. But that is soon got over, and then you have only to give him and yourself *fair play*, by reading when you are in the right mood, and that with reasonable attention, which one who likes flowers and fine scenery will always give to such things when they are around his path, instead of hurrying on unobservant to the journey’s end. It is of some consequence, perhaps, if you are really to go through the whole series of plays (which I earnestly recommend), to know with which you had best begin. But I am not sure that I know enough of your tastes, and probable repugnances, to be able to advise you.

The single play which has more of the prodigality of high fancy, united with infinite discrimination of character, and moral wisdom and pathos, than any other, is *Hamlet*. But then it has so much of what is wayward and unaccountable, that, if you are apt to be perplexed with such things, you might probably do best to begin with *Othello*, which, with less exuberance and variety, is full of deep feeling, force, and dignity; and all perfectly consistent,

smooth, and intelligible. And then take *Macbeth*, which, in spite of its witches and goblins, has the same recommendation of not startling you with strangeness and wild fancies, but keeps the solemn tenor of its way, right on to the grand conclusion. For the comedies, the two Parts of *Henry IV.* and the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, are about the best; though *As You Like It* is more airy, graceful, and elegant, and, to my taste, though less powerful and inventive, on the whole more agreeable. But now, if you rejoice in the sweet diction and delicate fancies of the truly poetical parts of these plays, you may proceed to the more ethereal revelations of the *Tempest* and the *Midsummer's Dream*, and all the bright magic of *Ariel* and *Titania*. And what things these are! and how they have illumined and perfumed our lower world, by the play of their sweet immortality, and the wafture of their shining wings! Then that best romance of youth and love—the *Romeo and Juliet*—and the gracious Idyll of *Perdita*, and the great sea of tears poured out in *Lear*, and the sweet austere composure and purity of Isabella in *Measure for Measure*, and the sublime misanthropy of *Timon*; and—but there is no end to this—and those are the best of them. Only I must say a word for the glorious and gorgeous abandonment of *Antony and Cleopatra*, through the whole of which you breathe an atmosphere of intoxication and heroic voluptuousness; and the gentle majesty of *Brutus* and his *Portia*, in contrast with the stern and noble pride and indignation of *Coriolanus*. There, now, you see what it is to set me off upon Shakspeare! But it is to set you on him, and that must be my apology; besides that I could not help it. To end my lecture, I will only say, do not read too fast. Two days to one play will not be too much; and look back to them again as often as you please. And do not read every day, unless you have a call that way. And so God prosper your pleasant studies, and bless them for your good.

I do not think I have any news for you. I hope you were satisfied with *the Division*, and are not in such despair about the Government as you were lately, though there is still need enough to join trembling with your mirth. I was really shocked at your confession of *Tory* propensities. What could have given a disposition like yours a bias to so hard-hearted and insolent a creed? But I hope you are now thoroughly converted from the error of your ways, and look with proper humiliation on the sins of your youth, &c.

Our Dolly has got a fifth tooth! and as easily as all the former. She saw her own blood for the first time yesterday, and was much pleased with its fine colour, which she daubed all over the table-cloth and my face with much hearty laughter, having cut her finger with a bit of sharp glass. For my part, I do not understand how the little wretch's blood comes to be so red, when she has never eaten any thing but white milk! Can you expound that mystery? &c.—Ever very affectionately yours.

148.—*To Mrs. Empson.*

Edinburgh, Thursday, 20th February, 1840.

I had a lonely thoughtful walk to-day—after leaving the court—first among the strange narrow gloomy little lanes, running down from the High Street, which I used to frequent in my boyish days, and in which I am offended with various mean *new* houses which have come in place of the old tumble-down black fetid piles, which were my acquaintances of yore; and then out round the skirts of Arthur's Seat and the Craggs, where there are far fewer traces of recent innovation, but a great entireness and fixity of old loneliness and beauty, and old associations. I looked rather mournfully to a steep ascent, up which I escorted your mother to the craggy summit just about thirty years ago, (and so some few years before you were born,) and formed

a bold resolution to climb it again with her the first fine day;—but to-day is not fine nor any day this week. It is east wind still, and has been dropping small siftings of snow or hail through the black sky for the last forty-eight hours. Thermometer about forty. Dolly is perfect—with a perpendicular ridge up her forehead like the sharp edge of a wig-block. You understand? very funny though—and her hair growing nicely, of a bright metallic lustre, and reasonably thick on the *apex* of her head, though peaked at the temples still, as you may see in the picture. God bless you, dearest. In about a month shall we not be coming to you? and this is the shortest month too of all.—Ever yours.

149.—*To Mr. Empson.*

Edinburgh, Wednesday, 4th May, 1840.

I do not believe your Frenchman who says that a Napoleon—that is, a Napoleon feeding on *derived* claims and memories—could have any chance, if there was an open competition for French sovereignty. What *another incarnation* of the last potent spirit might do in France, or anywhere, is another question. But I do not believe there is any such hankering after *conscriptio*ns and a *military despotism* (for that is the synonym of military glory, and well enough understood) among the really influential classes in France, as to give any chance for a mere military chief, much less for an alien who has achieved no glory for himself. All that is mere chatter, and only proves that there is much discontent and much loose thinking and talking on great subjects, which we scarcely needed a man to come across the channel and tell us. How odd it is that there can be *no strong governments* now in free countries! I think I see the theory of this, and it would make a pretty *pendant* to yours of *open questions*, and belongs to the same category. Do you see the bearings? or shall I take half a sheet by-and-by and unfold them? You see, the

Tory lords are pressing government now for an act to settle our despised Non-intrusion friends, and the bishops taking part in it, too, and wishing the abuses of patronage to be repressed by the legislature in England, as well as in Scotland! Bravo! But if we in the north are not to get more protection from that abuse than your English bishops will support for you, we must go to our hill-sides and conventicles again. But we will get enow, and *must*, or it will be *taken*: I hear nothing authentic of Perthshire to-day, except that both sides talk big, which may be believed on slight testimony. Fox Maule coming in person is worth fifty votes at least—an admirable canvasser, and so personally popular.

150.—*To Mrs. C. Innes.*

Edinburgh, Tuesday, 2d June, 1840.

My dear Mrs. Innes—Though I have nothing new to tell you, I feel that I must write to say that I hope you were gratified, or at least *relieved*, by the tidings I brought to Innes yesterday.* It is small promotion, certainly; but there is something tranquillizing in the sense of *security*, and I trust it is but the harbinger of future good. Progress and hope, in worldly affairs at least, are far better than ultimate prosperity; and the moderate and successive advances by which patient merit makes its way to distinction and opulence are a thousand times more enviable than the dull possession of them by those to whom they have always been familiar.

There is no post to-day, so that there will be no formal communication till to-morrow. But I can no longer have any doubt about the result, &c.

Lord Meadowbank's sick daughter is dead, poor thing. How life steals or starts away from us! and how little it alters some people, I mean internally, in its course. I

* Or his being made Sheriff of Morayshire.

can remember the events, and look back on the feelings of *half a century*, and I do not feel that I am different, in any material respect, from what I was when I went to College at Glasgow, in 1790. I ought to be ashamed, I suppose, at not having improved more in that long time; but I cannot help it. Do you think any thing can be done for me yet? &c. *

I do not get on very well with my work, and am afraid this half Craigerook life is against it, though I should grudge abridging it for C.'s sake and Dolly's; both are so well there, and enjoy it so much, &c.

I have been in Exchequer till near four, and have scarcely time to do what is needful; so, with kindest love to all your loving household, believe me also your loving friend.

151.—*To Mr. Empson.*

Edinburgh, Saturday, 27th June, 1840.

You know that no man can well care less for the pretensions of churches, or be less disposed to abet them than I am; and if it were a mere question of church against patrons or judges, my dispositions would rank me on the side of the latter. But it is from my strong impression of the *social* and *political* mischiefs which this unconciliatory spirit is likely to breed, that I very deeply deplore any thing that tends to excite it. If the advocates of *Intrusion*, or those who are now so called, are permitted to go on, the result will be the secession, from the Established Church, of the better half (in all senses) of its present pastors, and, probably, as large a proportion of their flocks. There are already more than a fourth of the population in the ranks of *Presbyterian* dissent, and if this result occurs, they will be a decided majority, and the Established Church, drawing all the tithes and monopolising the whole benefices, will be *the church of a minority, as in Ireland*. The effect of such a state of things on

the peace and temper of the people, we have only to look to that country to learn. And here, the same consequences would infallibly follow, with *increased* discontent and heartburning, from the knowledge of the fact that the schism was produced, not by any radical and irreconcilable difference of *creed*, but solely for the sake of maintaining the civil, and utterly worthless, rights of a few lay patrons in their harshest and most unmitigated form. It will not do to mock at follies leading to such consequences as those. God bless you.—Ever affectionately yours.

152.—*To Mrs. C. Innes.*

Dunkeld, Thursday Night,
13th August, 1840.

My dear Mrs. Innes—I wrote to you last Saturday, and here I am writing to you again, not because I have any thing very interesting to tell you, but (I suppose) because I am some sixty miles nearer you than I was then, and so more under the influence of the elective affinities. Then it is such beautiful weather in these northern latitudes of ours, and all the rest have gone to their lazy beds and left me alone in this splendid parlour of the Bridge Inn, with the broad Tay shining like quicksilver before its windows, under the loveliest and brightest moon you ever saw, hanging over dark mountains and gray cathedrals among dark woods.

Well, we left Craigcrook on Tuesday with Dolly,* and Witchy,† and Dover,‡ and Peter, and dropped Aunt Bee§ at Queensferry, where I plucked a sweet-pea from your deserted garden, and came on well to Perth, where we walked on the *Inch*, and admired the fair *trampers* dancing in their tubs, on the edge of the twilight river, and the salmon fishers, with their red wizard looking lights, in their creaking cobbles. Then had an excellent dinner, after which

* His eldest grand-daughter.

† A little dog.

‡ A servant

§ Mr. Innes's sister.

I aired myself on the lonely bridge, and saw the moon rise majestically behind the darkness of Kinnoull Hill; and then we all lounged at our quiet back windows, listening to the soft roar of the stream, and admiring the sweet effect of the moonlight on the long stretch of pale arches, with the sheety water beyond. After breakfast yesterday we drove out to Kinfauns, which is really a finer thing, both for pictures and collections within, and scenery without, than I had recollected it. And on our return set off for this prettiest of all places, where we arrived before four o'clock, and soon enough to have a most delightful walk for two or three miles up the river, on the *Inver* side, which I have always thought the most beautiful, besides being free from the vexation of stupid guides and paltry locked gates, things which disturb my enjoyment of sweet places so much, that I rather think I shall not expose myself to their plague while I am here.

To-day we left Dolly to take her ease in her inn, (and to improve her acquaintance with a very sociable kitten and a most solemn cat, which divide her affections between them,) and drove up to Killiecrankie, where we got out of the carriage and walked down by the bridge and *the old* Blair road, which give you the only good views of that most magnificent ravine, and then drove back here again, through the grounds of Faskally, and, I am sorry to say, close by the windows of its fine new house. You know all these places, do not you? If you do, you will think this list of them a very dull piece of prose; and if you do not, you will not be much the wiser for reading it. I have not been at Killiecrankie for twenty years, I believe.

I hope you continue to like Knockomie (how came it by so strange a name?). But you do not tell me how long you are to stay there, nor where you are to go when you leave it, nor how Innes has been received in his kingdom,*

* Mr. Innes had recently been made Sheriff of Morayshire.

nor whether he bears his faculties meekly, nor whether he has held any courts, or dismissed any substitutes, or convicted any culprits, nor whether you get any bribes to use your influence with him to prevent the course of justice, nor whether you are going to Kilravock, nor in what you feel changed when you compare yourself of yore, in your childish days, with yourself of the day that is. Lady ———, I take it, is much more changed in the interval than you are. I am glad you like ———, for it is always happy and right to love where we can. But she will need mending, I suspect, before she is thoroughly amiable. For my part, I have no notion of any child being agreeable whose predominant impression is not that of its own insignificance except as an object of affection. And pray do not imbibe any of its mother's little *amertume*; entertaining as it sometimes is. It hardens the heart, and proceeds most commonly from a heart which disappointment has hardened already. I am afraid this is its true source, poor thing, with her; and though one cannot but pity and wish to see it dispelled by returning happiness, it must be owned not to be the most blessed of the fruits of affliction. May you, my dear child, have none of them to reap, even of a milder relish! We set out on our return to-morrow, and run to sleep at Kinross, and get early to Craigcrook on Sunday, and on Tuesday we go, for the rest of the week, to Ayrshire.

It is rather colder to-day, and I have a little clear fire gleaming opposite to the moon and the bright river. We have the Irish stories and a volume of Shakspeare with us, but have not read a great deal. I am afraid your studies, too, will be interrupted by your rambling.

Though we have been living a most abstemious life, and always in the open air, I am as dyspeptic as a lazy alderman. Some sportsmen left young grouse for us this forenoon. Has Innes done any murder among those innocents?

and now good night, and with love to all around you.—
Believe me always, very affectionately yours.

153.—*To John Richardson, Esq.*

Hayleybury, Thursday, 15th October, 1840.

My dear Richardson—Many thanks for your kind letter and invitation. Few things would give us more pleasure than coming to you at Kirklands. But our days are now so numbered that we must not let ourselves think of it for the present, &c.

Though we cannot meet, however, at Kirklands in October, we shall, I hope, before Christmas, in Edinburgh. When the leaves are all gone, and your darling trees have given over growing for the season, you will be able to tear yourself from your shades, and if Hopey and her sister can be persuaded to come sooner, we shall be most happy to see them without you.

We have had the most lovely ten days that I ever remember, and I hope this second summer is not yet over. I have often heard of fine Octobers, but I do not think I ever saw one before, and we have enjoyed it thoroughly in this quiet, retired, and beautiful country, which hides in its recesses more fine woodland scenery, and even more lovely and magnificent residences than are dreamed of by those who merely pass along the highways. We returned only yesterday from a four days' run to Cambridge and Ely, where we were entertained with academical sumptuousness, and delighted with the palace-like colleges, and venerable and gigantic elms, to say nothing of the smooth sliding and silvery Cam, and its many Venetian-looking bridges, buttressed by vast umbrageous weeping willows. We are going to-day to St. Albans, to kneel at the shrine of Bacon, and see the statue over his grave. On Saturday we all go to London, and on Tuesday or Wednesday the Edinburgh party must take the rail to Lancaster; and so passes the glory of the world; and another season of en-

joyment is struck off the small remnant that is left for us. No matter; we should not be troubled at these things, and though the thought of them does come more frequently to my mind, I am not sensible that they bring with them, or leave behind any gloom or apprehension. Your estimate of life, my dear friend, is the true one, and its best enjoyment I really believe is, when ambition has run its course, and anxiety for worldly success is at an end, provided always that there is tolerable health, and objects of love around us, &c.—Ever very affectionately yours.

154.—*To Mrs. Empson.*

Edinburgh, 6th December, 1840.

I have been down at the Duke's pier with Rutherford, and so have only time for a word to-day again. But I cannot deprive you of my *Sunday blessing*, and all its blessed effects. May it be realized and perpetuated on you, and all that are dear to you, for ever! I have not passed the whole day profanely either; for, after your mother and Aunt Bee went to church, I read for a good hour in the life of Dr. Adam Clarke, with much interest and edification. Did I not tell you, that my poor hopeless Shetland poetess had at last found a refuge in the house of a pious lady at Hackney (I think, or Stoke Newington?) Well, this good lady, hearing from her *protégée* of my good deeds to her in former days, has indited a very primitive and sweet letter to me, and begged my acceptance of a copy of the life of the said Dr. A. Clarke, *who was her father*; which I received gratefully, and am perusing, I hope, not without profit—I am sure not without pleasure. He was not a man of powerful understanding, rather the reverse, and occasionally very dreamy and absurd; but of apostolical simplicity and purity, and with the zeal and devotedness, not only of an apostle, but a martyr. And he meets with so many good and kind people, and is himself so gentle and modest and candid, that

it does one good to go through all his benevolent and enthusiastic twaddle; though a learned man also. And so God bless you always, my beloved infant. Your mother is to write. But Sorley is perfect still, without blemish and without spot.—Ever yours.

155.—*To Mr. Empson.*

Edinburgh, Wednesday, 16th December, 1840.

I have read Harriet's* first volume, and give in my adhesion to her *Black Prince*, with all my heart and soul. The book is really not only beautiful and touching, but *noble*; and I do not recollect when I have been more charmed, both by very sweet and eloquent writing, glowing description, and elevated as well as tender sentiments. To be sure, I do not at all believe that the worthy people (or any of them) ever spoke or acted as she has so gracefully represented them; and must confess, that, in all the striking scenes, I entirely forgot their complexion, and drove the notion of it from me as often as it recurred. But this does not at all diminish, but rather increases, the merit of her creations. Toussaint himself, I suppose, really was an extraordinary person; though I cannot believe that he actually was such a combination of Scipio and Cato, and Fenelon and Washington, as she seems to have made him out. Is the Henri Christophe of her story the royal correspondent of Wilberforce in 1818? *His* letters, though amiable, are twaddly enough. The book, however, is calculated to make all its readers better, and does great honour to the heart, as well as the talent and fancy, of the author. I would go a long way now to kiss the hem of her garment, or the hand that delineated this glowing and lofty representation of purity and noble virtue. And she must not only be rescued from all debasing anxieties about her subsistence, but be placed in a station of affluence and

* Miss Martineau's *Hour and The Man*.

honour, though I believe she truly cares for none of these things. It is sad to think that she suffers from ill health, and may even be verging to dissolution. God forbid. Tarley* is quite well. She has been going about all day, like the bride of *Thor*, with a great banner in her hand, and sat with me over an hour, cradled in my great chair, and listening to my vivid descriptions of the lions, bears, tigers, and antelopes, whose effigies we turned over before us. She is very easily amused and engrossed with any occupation she takes to, and applies to it seriously and patiently for a long time together, just as you would do to a *code*.

156.—*To Mrs. Empson.*

Edinburgh, Saturday, 21st December, 1840.

Bless your kind heart! I cannot tell you how much I was moved by your account of Whitey's report of the groups she saw in the hospital, and the thoughts they bred in you. Keep that kind, thoughtful Scotch heart always, and do not let *London*, or *Paley*, or *Dolly*, or any thing, dissipate, or philosophize, or seduce you out of it. It is a *Scotch* heart I will maintain against all the world—meaning that such thoughts and feelings are far more common in Scotland than among the English, and sink deeper into the character. You will not find one English servant in a hundred who would have observed and felt what Whitey (who is not naturally contemplative or melting) reported of that visitation, though most of them might be prettier behaved, and more prompt with expressions of sympathy towards their mistresses. So much for my nationality, in which I count on your concurrence. This is the shortest day by the calendar, but has been half an hour longer than any we have seen for the last three weeks, owing to its sun, and strange brightness. It has been all day as clear as crystal, and with lovely skyish distances. I was re-

* His grand-daughter Charlotte.

duced to admire its last glares through my lantern lights in the court; from which, after disposing of seventy-four wrangling motions, I did not get away till after two, and then I drove down, with your mother to Granton Pier, where we walked about till the sun sank beyond Benledi, and then peeped into the Clarence steamer, which was hissing, and packing, and screaming at the quay, and really looked both splendid and inviting, with its spacious cabins, bright fires, and broad mirrors. For a moment I felt tempted to throw myself down on one of the sofas, and let myself be drifted off to the Thames! Would it not have been a nice lark, now, if we had popped in upon you on Monday evening, without bag or baggage, pence in our pockets, or shirts to our backs? And what a sensation, and hue and cry, all over Edinburgh, when we were missed! But I thought of my arrear of unsettled judgments, and so skipped ashore again, and walked back to my post of duty. Thermometer was yesterday at 53. Remember that when the longest day comes, I think it has a fair chance to be colder. To-day it is not so high—only about 48; but still it is very fine. Your mother had a visit from Geo. Napier's lady, and says he looks firmer and better, and talks of himself more cheerfully than she has known him do for years. Fullerton is off this afternoon to Carstairs, and Rutherford to-morrow to Airthrey for two days. He will see no more of our court, I take it, till next November, as he must be up with you before we meet again, and so will lose between £2000 and £3000, though salary and appeals will partly replace it. God bless you, my dearest dear.—Ever yours.

157.—*To Mrs. Empson.*

Kendall, Wednesday evening, 2d March, 1841.

Here you see, and all safe and sound, Dolly rolling and tumbling on the carpet as fresh as a rose, and as nimble as a marmozet. She behaved rather better to-day, slept

more, and certainly cried less; and when awake and not *ingurgitating*, on the whole very good company. Her principal plaything was my head, to be brushed and tickled with the hair of it, and then to clutch first at my ears, and then at my nose and eyes, and finally to thrust her whole hand into my mouth to be bitten, and then to begin all over again with roars of laughter. We have come on excellently to-day, with the help of four horses to be sure, for the worst twenty odd miles of the way, and not stopping for luncheon. We got in half-past five, and might have gone on to Lancaster. But as we do not mean to take the night mail to-morrow, it is better for us all not to hurry; and having bespoken beds and dinner, it would not have been genteel to have run away from them; and an admirable dinner we have had in the ancient King's Arms—with great oaken staircases—uneven floors—and very thin oak pannel—plaster-filled outer walls, but capital new furniture, and the brightest glass, linen, spoons, and china you ever saw. It is the same house in which I once slept about fifty years ago, with the whole company of an ancient stage-coach, which bedded its passengers three times on the way from Edinburgh to London, and called them up by the waiter at six o'clock in the morning to go five slow stages, and then have an hour to breakfast and wash. It is the only vestige I remember of those old ways, and I have not slept in the house since. It certainly looks gayer internally now. Langholm was actually covered with snow when we looked out in the morning, and I had misgivings about Shapfells. But the snow left us in a twinkling within four miles of our starting, and we saw no more of it till we got to the said Fells; and even there, there were but sprinklings and patches, and not a grain on the road, which was plated for our last twenty miles yesterday. This is a great Quaker town you know; but when I walked while they were getting dinner, I could not see a single broad brim, or sad coloured coat; and on asking the waiter

whether there were any Quakers left, he said, "O! dear, Sir, all the *nobility* and gentry of the place are Quakers; but they are all at home dining now, Sir, and you would only see mechanics and such like." This I think is edifying; only I should have wished to have shown Dolly a right home-bred Quaker. We have only forty-five miles to-morrow, and though there are light shakings of hail through the calm air, I think we may reckon on housing at the Victoria, even earlier than to-day, and finding a line from you too—may we not?

God bless you, my love. But stop—before ending let me say that I wish you would let Dr. Ferguson see Dolly the day after she comes, and before you actually dismiss her milk can. She sucks so much, that I have a little fear of the consequences of too sudden and peremptory an *ab-lactation*; and Ferguson is undoubtedly a first authority in such a question. If she was to put herself into a fever, or get some alarming disorder in stomach or bowels, you would never forgive yourself for having acted rashly, and her temperament is irritable enough to have some risk of this kind. Good advice is always cheap when it can be lawfully and surely bought.

158.—*To Mrs. C. Innes.*

21 Wimpole Street,
Saturday, 11th April, 1841.

I begin to fear, from your not taking any notice of me, that you found no amusement in my diary of dissipation, and are beginning to despise me, as one whose heart is set upon vanities. But pray, do not! for it was never more in the way of being sick of them, or had more longings after a more tranquil existence, and the soothing appliances of proved and reliable affection. Why, then, you will say, do I persist in those idle courses? and go out twice or three times (for there is a fashion of late, long and loquacious, *breakfasts* come up, to complete the occupations of

the day) every day I live? *Why*, do you say, my gentle monitress of the shore? *Why*, partly, because people ask me, and it is difficult to refuse; partly, because though it often wearies and disappoints me, it often amuses also; partly, because one is curious to see, and talk to persons of whom one has heard a great deal; partly, because I am more or less flattered by being noticed among *les célébrités*; and because I expect, and am sure indeed on many occasions, to learn things worth knowing in these circles, and sure, at all events, to get true impressions of the actual tone, temper, and habits, of the upper society; but chiefly, and in good earnest, because I think I am laying in stores to enlarge and diversify the recollections, conversations, and reflections of more sober and rational hours, and enabling myself to judge better of the value of the rumours and reputation, that extend to the provinces, than anybody can do who has scarcely been out of them, or carries a provincial atmosphere with him even into London. It is from this rebound indeed, more than from the first impression, that I expect the chief pleasure of my present experiences, &c.—Yours, very affectionately.

159.—*To Mrs. C. Innes.*

21 Wimpole Street,
Friday, 25th April, 1841.

A thousand thanks for your innocent happy letter, and for your violets, which came with all the sweetness of the rocky shore on them. We have lots here from *Covent Garden*, which are sweet enough too, but they do not breathe like those of free waves, and sea-born breezes, and I have not the heart to send you any thing so townish. I am glad, too, that you are going the circuit, and hope you will not lose heart about it, but go, even if Monday morning should be lowering and the babes come clucking under your wings. Inverary is so beautiful! and the best view of all is from the window of the old large inn; and per-

haps you will go over to Strachur too, and go up to Glenbranta, high up, if you please, a mile or more above the house, and turning to the right hand, and not to the left.

It is sweet weather still here, and all the young woods, and even the old horse-chestnuts have started into leaf, and the nightingales into song, as if at a word of command. And yet we are dying for rain, and should be most thankful for what I doubt not you will have to spare in that way before your western ramble is completed. The horses riding over the turf in the park send up clouds of dust from their heels, as if from an unwatered road, and all the gardens are like Arabian deserts. There is no memory of such a season, or of an April without showers. And now will you have more *journal*? It is very kind in you to say that it amuses you. But if it does, I am sure I should be very shabby if I grudged you an amusement which costs me so little. Where were we at? Had I told you of our Good Friday dinner, at *home*, with Lords Denman and Monteagle, and Wrightson, (all schoolfellows of Empson's,) and W.'s wife, and Charlotte's brother-in-law Colden from America? and how we were very natural and social, and passed a long evening very pleasantly? On Saturday we were all at Macaulay's with the French minister, Rogers, Hallam, Mount S. Elphinstone, Austin, &c. Sunday I had a sweet long ramble with Charley in Regent's Park, and sat in gentle discourse with her for more than an hour on those upland seats which look over to Highgate and Hampstead, and are so fresh and airy. I dined afterward at Holland House with rather a large party.

I sat by C. Buller and Lady S. and Lord Holland and T. D. next; and I rather think, from the look of the rest of the party, that we had the best of it. Indeed it is always the best luck to be near Lord Holland; and I never saw him more agreeable. Monday I had a nice quiet family party with the Mintos at the Admiralty. They are always so gay and natural. And I was so glad to see Lady

Mary again, who was a sort of love of mine before her marriage, or rather before their going abroad in 1834; since which time I have never seen her. She is altered in appearance, having in fact been very unwell; but has retained the same gentle, unselfish, thoughtful cheerfulness, which I used to think so charming. She goes to Florence with her husband in the course of next month. Tuesday we all drove down to see the humours of a Greenwich fair, which I had not seen for more than twenty years; and some of the rest not at all. It was a sweet day; and the walk in the park, and under the porticos and terraces of that palatial hospital, was the best of it. The groups of children, chasing apples and oranges down the green slopes under these grand chestnuts, together with the odd dry outbreaks of hot gravel, and the broad gleamy river, studded with all sorts of vessels, mixed with the domes and pillars of the building, and the pinnacles of the Observatory, brought me strongly in mind of the Panorama of Benares and the Ganges, which I had seen, with great admiration, the day before. But I shall never get on, if I go into descriptions. I dined afterwards at Sergeant Talfourd's, &c.

Wednesday we all drove out to Holland House, and had a sweet walk under the cedars and in the garden, where we listened in vain for the nightingales; though both Lord H. and Allen challenged them to answer, by divers fat and asthmatical whistles. We then dined at Rogers's, with Lady C. Lindsay, Sidney Smith, Mount S. Elphinstone, D. Dundas, and two more good men. The talk was more placid and gentle than usual; owing, as I maintained, to the soft darkness of the room, which was only lighted by the reflection of shaded lamps, stuck against the pictures; and I liked it better than the eternal snap and flash of —, and the terse studied aphorisms of —. Yesterday I paid a long round of *suburban* visits,—Lord Dillon, Mrs. Austin, Lady Calcott, and the Macleods,—*on foot*, and

came home delightfully hot and tired. Then we all drove, through a golden afternoon, to dine with the Lansdownes at Richmond. They have a most beautiful villa, just below the Star and Garter, and commanding the same view, with a lovely sloping garden quite down to the water, full of roses and nightingales, and all sorts of fragrant shrubs. . . .

We came home in the sweetest starlight, which we saw clearly reflected in the sheety Thames, which made me think of your broader and more pellucid views at the Ferry. To-day the ther. is 71, and the sky still without a cloud. We dine at Stephen's, the author of that paper about enthusiasm which I advised you to read, but scarcely hope you will like. To say truth, I cannot find anybody to like it but myself. But it certainly suits my *idiosyncrasy* (what do you think *that* is now?) singularly; and I am sure it is more like Plato, both in its lofty mysticism, and its sweet and elegant style, than any thing of modern date. Perhaps Innes may read it on this recommendation: the latter half is by far the best. And now God bless you! I have brought up my sad confessions once more to the ignorant present time, and I daresay you are tired of them. In another week my round of folly will be completed, and you shall have the poor sequel with a sketch of my Hayleybury retreat, waiting for you on your return, if you do not instruct me where I could forward it to you on your progress. Do you encounter the bugs and gas of a Glasgow hotel? I should think not, and then you will be home sooner. Write me at all events from Inverary.—Ever affectionately yours.

160.—*To Lord Cockburn.*

8 Hind Street, 4th May, 1841.

My dear C.—I am farther gone than ever in dissipation, and its concomitant vices—of laziness, neglect of all social duties, and utter want of leisure for the very neces-

sities of existence; so that I cannot afford to give even you the merest outline of a chronicle, such as I used to furnish in the days of my (comparative) innocence, of the cause and progress of this scandalous dissipation. It may be enough, however, to entitle me to the prayers of all just men, to know that I dine out every day, in promiscuous societies of idle men and women. After breakfast in similar assemblies, and generally during the evening with some devil's vespers of a still more crowded, noisy, and questionable description. In this career, too, I labour under the additional scandal of being alone of my house; the three Charlottes* never going forth unless on works of necessity or mercy, and Empson only countenancing me in the most sober and decorous of my outgoings. The houses where I have been oftenest are those of the Widow Holland, the Canon Sidney, the girl Berrys, the poet Samuel, and a few others. However, I have been hospitably entertained, and that more than once, by the Lord Chief Justice, and various others of her Majesty's judges, Rolfe, Coltman, Alderson, and Parke. Moreover, I have assisted at a grand ball at the Lord Chancellor's; been twice invited by the Master of Rolls, as well as by the learned the Attorney-General. I have repeatedly met most of the cabinet, and endeavoured, though I cannot say successfully, to enlighten their sad ignorance of the state and rights of our church. On the whole, I have had pleasant parties, and been most kindly received by men, women, and children. I have seen a great deal of the Listers and their gay bright-hearted Clarendon allies, and though I have renewed my vows to my sweet Mary —, have fallen dangerously in love with that beautiful Mrs. —, who was joint sponsor with me last year for one of Dr. Holland's babes, and the Rev. Mr. Milman, and a few others. I have been engaged every day but one since

* His wife, daughter, and grandchild.

I came up, and yet regret to have been obliged to decline invitations to the Sutherlands, Somersets, Carlises, Greys, and Melbournes, to say nothing of Miss Burdett Coutts and her father. To make amends, however, I have seen a good deal of Tommy Moore, who is luckily here on a visit like my own; of Hallam, who has returned in very good spirits, after eight months' rustication; of Little —, who is altogether as lively and less brusque and dogmatical than formerly; and, above all, of Charles Dickens, with whom I have struck up what I mean to be an eternal and intimate friendship. He lives very near us here, and I often run over and sit an hour *tête-à-tête*, or take a long walk in the park with him—the only way really to know or be known by either man or woman. Taken in this way, I think him very amiable and agreeable. In mixed company, where he is now much sought after as a lion, he is rather reserved, &c. He has dined here, (for Charlotte has taken to giving quiet parties,) and we with him, at rather too sumptuous a dinner for a man with a family, and only beginning to be rich, though selling 44,000 copies of his weekly issues, &c. I have also repeatedly met Taylor, (Philip Von Artefelde.) I have also dined with Talfourd, and had him here with us. Have often visited my mystical friends the Carlises; and made a pilgrimage the other day to the new abode of old George Thomson,* whom I found marvellously entire, though affecting to regret his too late transplantations from Edinburgh. I need not say that I often see Richardson and his two nice daughters; and the Mintos, and all my old friends.

Is it egotism or what that makes me tire you with this idle story of my own poor experience, without saying a word of the great public crisis, in the very midst of which I am writing? If it were more pleasant or hopeful, I

* The correspondent of Burns.

suppose, I should not so shrink from it. But I have no pleasure in thinking of it; and having little to tell that is not known to every body, am not much inclined to speak. The days of the Whig government are numbered; and those of Tory domination about to be resumed, &c.

It is the sweetest weather in the world; thermometer all last week, with the exception of one morning, about seventy; with such fresh breezes and silvery showers, and such a flush of blossom and foliage, that when I sat this morning in a lonely part of Kensington Garden, and gazed on the unsunned freshness of the groves around me, and listened to the shrilling larks in the sky above, and saw the pearl-coloured clouds reflected in the clear sheeted waters at my feet, I wondered how a thinking and feeling man should stoop to care about changes of ministers or such paltry matters, &c.

161.—*To Mrs. C. Innes.*

Haylebury, Saturday 9th May, 1841.

My dear Mrs. Innes—Though we are but twenty miles from London, and go back to it on Monday, I feel as if I had not seen any thing of it for ages, and look back already on my late course of dissipation there as an old recollection, or some dream and imagination, of long past days. We are so rural and quiet here, that there can be no greater contrast. This house is in a cluster of tall shrubs and young trees, with a little bit of smooth lawn sloping to a bright pond, in which old weeping willows are dipping their hair, and rows of young pear trees admiring their blooming faces. Indeed, there never was such a flash of shadowing high hanging flowers as we have around us; and almost all, as it happens, of that pure, silvery, snowy, bridal tint; and we live, like Campbell's sweet Gertrude, "as if beneath a galaxy of overhanging sweets, with blossoms white." There are young horse-chestnuts with flowers half a yard long, fresh, full-clustered, white lilacs, tall

Guelder roses, broad-spreading pear and cherry trees, low thickets of blooming sloe, and crowds of juicy-looking detached thorns, quite covered with their fragrant May flowers, half open, like ivory filigree, and half shut like Indian pearls, and all so fresh and dewy since the milky showers of yesterday; and resounding with nightingales, and thrushes, and sky-larks, shrilling high up, overhead, among the dazzling slow sailing clouds. Not to be named, I know and feel as much as you can do, with your Trosachs, and Loch Lomonds, and Inverarys; but very sweet, and vernal, and soothing, and fit enough to efface all recollections of hot, swarming, whirling, and bustling London from all good minds.

Well, but you do not know that I have had (and have still in a manner) a sort of influenza, which has kept me from doing little more than dawdling about the doors, and may have helped to put all thoughts of my late doings out of my head. It came on two days before I left town with a slight *trachea*, but was considerate enough not to plague me with any feverish feelings till I had fairly got through all my gay engagements, and that very day I wrote last to you, it was beginning to tingle in my veins. It has been but light however, and really has not much interfered with my enjoyment of this sweet season and soft retreat, and innocent domestic life, though I thought it right to have the *college doctor* to wonder at my admirable treatment of myself, and to sanction my sal. vols. and antimonials; and he and I agreed in consultation this morning, that we have effectually turned the flank of the enemy, and that he has begun his retreat. So we still hold our purpose of going to town on Monday, and getting on the rail on Wednesday morning. If we do not, I shall probably write to you again. I have had great comfort in reading over your Inverary letter again, partly from the freshness with which it brings back those long loved mountain bays and promontories, sheety waters, and fragrant

birch woods to my imagination, but chiefly for the picture of your own pure, simple, light-hearted enjoyment. You know how prompt a sympathy I have with happiness in almost all its varieties. But yours is of a kind to attract me beyond all others, breathing, as it does, the sweet spirit of youth, and innocence, and natural taste, and harmony, with the imperishable loveliness of nature. It is the share and relish for this which is still left me, which makes me in some things so much younger than my years; but I am all the better for having it reflected upon me from the hearts of the really young, and it is an infinite consolation to me to think that you are so young, that I shall always be able to have it bright and undimmed from yours while I can feel or care for any thing.

And now, will you have the close of my town journal? It is an old story now, and I have, luckily, I believe, forgotten all but the outlines. But here are the fragments:—Friday, 24th—At Stephen's (I think I did not mention that before) with Macaulay and Mounteagle—(O! but I think I remember that I *did* tell you of that); and how Macaulay exceeded his ordinary excess in talk, and how I could scarcely keep him from pure soliloquy, and how Lord M. fell fairly asleep, and our Platonic host himself *nodded* his applause. But no matter—that was the truth of it, whether told for the first or second time. Saturday—I am sure I did not chronicle before, we were at Lord Denman's with Sidney Smith, Rogers, the Milmans, and that beautiful Mrs. D——, whom I had not seen for years, &c. We went in the evening (at least I did) to Ba——'s great assembly, where I was set upon by Lady ——, and contrived very cleverly to introduce her to Talfourd, and to leave them together, and then fell into the clutches of that crazy, chattering Lady ——, and was only rescued by the kind recognition of poor Lady ——, who is quite paralytic, and is wheeled through the room in a chair, but a very sweet-mannered, elegant, and gracious creature still.

I had talk with various learned persons, and walked home in the cool starlight.

On Sunday, I was asked to be *en famille* at Holland House, but found sixteen people—foreign ambassadors, and everybody; but no ladies but Lady ———, who is always agreeable. Lord H. was full of good talk, and trusted me home with his six days' journal of the conversation at his house in 1814, made as an experiment of what could be done in rivalry of Boswell's Johnson. It is very entertaining, and contains some capital specimens of Grattan, Parr, Frere, Windham, and Erskine; but I quite agree with him that it would not have been fair to continue it. Monday—We had a party at home—the Listers, Stephens, Northamptons, and Macleods. It was very hot, but came off perfectly, everybody being in good humour. Charley looking very nice, and getting on charmingly, with Mr. Elphinstone on one side, and Lord Northampton on the other, with both of whom she is at ease. Tuesday—The two Charlottes and I were at Holland House again, (Empson being obliged to be at College,) and again a large party. I had the honour of sitting between Lord Melbourne and Lord Duncannon, with Lord H. but one off, so we had the best of the talk. My lady being between the French and the Prussian ambassadors, and calling often in vain for our assistance on one side, and Lord John Russell on the other, who was busy with C. Buller. The Charlottes were delighted with Lord H., who had them both by him, and talked to them all the time of dinner with so much gayety and good humour. My lady they thought very amusing after dinner, and full of kindness to them. I had some good talk with Guizot after coffee, and a little about Dr. Alison and our Scotch poor with Lord John, and came home late. Wednesday—We were all with Mr. Justice and Lady Coltman, where we had Baron Maule, the Attorney, and Lady S., and, in short, rather a professional party, with the exception of F. Lewis, and Jo. Romilly, and Lady

———, who writes books. Lady C. is very agreeable, though a zealous Unitarian, and I rather think the only truly agreeable person I know of that persuasion. Thursday—A party again at home, and mostly ladies. The Denmans, Richardsons, Campbells, &c., with Baron Rolfe, and others. It was very hot again, and there were people in the evening. Cracrofts, Calverts, and others you do not know, and I have not time to describe. Friday—I did a great deal of work—drove out to the new Horticultural Gardens at Chiswick, and walked about among its blossoms an hour—came home in an open carriage, (and got my trachea,) then at six went to stand sponsor to Lord Holland's last baby, along with Lady Park, and my pretty Mrs. ———. Sidney officiated, and was somehow so much moved that he could scarcely get through, and was obliged to finish the ceremony sitting. I then hurried off to dinner with the Campbells at Paddington, where we had the Bishop of Llandaff and the Dean of Carlisle, invited on purpose to meet *me*. So you see in what esteem my orthodoxy is held among the sages of the south. But not to end the day too sanctimoniously, Empson carried me at night to a grand city *ball*, in Draper's Hall; not a public ball, however, but a rich friend of his lives in the adjoining house, and got leave to light the antique premises for his party. The rooms are very grand and imposing, but being finished with dark carved oak, and mostly carpeted with ancient Turkey, looked rather sombre for a ball. However, there were 300 people, and a grand supper, from which, however, we ran away. It is one symptom of the enormous wealth of this place, that a quiet plain man, who has no pretensions to fashion or display, should thus spend £500 on one night's dull gayety. Saturday—We breakfasted in Regent's Park with Miss Rogers—a most lovely morning, where we had the poet C. Murray, (the hero of the Pawnees,) the Milmans, and Sir C. and Lady Bell. Mrs. ——— was looking very pretty, and in her nice

bright pale green gown, and hanging flowers, looked like a lily of the valley just pushing out of its delicate sheath. We drove afterward and saw Joanna Baillie at Hampstead, and had another party at dinner (I agree with you in the extravagance and folly of it) *at home*. The Macaulays, and Trevyllians, Rogers, Austins, Polgraves.

Sunday—We went early to Bushy Park and Hampton Court—a most splendid day, though the east wind rather sharp for my poor *trachea*. We walked about, (too long for its good,) the horse-chestnuts all in flower, but the leaves scarcely fully unfurled. The Hampton Court Gardens are really beautiful, and so gay with well-dressed, moral-looking, happy people. Empson and I then went to dine with W. Murray* at the Temple, where we had excellent turtle and champagne—Lord Denman, Mr. Elphinstone, and Sir Geo. Philips—only less wine than usual, and a long talk after coffee, with Elphinstone especially, till my feet got cold, and the *trachea* took half my voice away, when we came home inglorious, in a cab. Monday—I went to the exhibitions, and dined at ——— with a great *Yorkshire* party—Lord Tyrconnel and spouse, Lady F. Grahame, some Beresfords, a Mrs. Somebody who sat by me, and took me all the time of dinner for *the Bishop of Ripon*, in spite of my brown coat and white waistcoat, and laughed like a hyæna when she found out the mistake. The bishop's wife was sitting opposite, but he was detained in the Lords, and did not come till dinner was over. I thought him the most agreeable bishop I ever saw, and very good looking, and I hope he will come to show himself to you in Scotland. We had my old friends, Sir George Cayley, and Miss too, and Lady Worsley and her daughter in the evening. I like all the Cayleys. I called to bid the Berrys farewell on my way home, but found they had gone to Richmond for the season that morning; so I came home, and here at last

* William Murray, Esq. of Henderland.

ends the history of my five weeks' London experiences, more faithfully and largely recited than such things ever were before, or ever will, or deserve to be recited again. Next morning I had your letter, and wrote to you, and came down here with a great deal of languid fever about me. But we drove through the sweet shades of Panshanger on Wednesday, and sat under their grand oak. We have been altogether and delightfully alone ever since, and, in spite of some little languor, I have enjoyed it thoroughly. The country road is wavy and woody, very green, and bounded by a ridge of hills, though low enough to be all cultivated and wooded. The streams clear, for England, running over beds of green flags or grass, and pretty rapid. And now God bless you. I am sure I have been a good correspondent—better perhaps than you could bargain for again, but no matter. I hope you went to Strachur, and up by Loch Eck, and Ardentinnny, and that you are at home now, and as happy as when you were wandering. With kindest love to all your house from all ours here. If I were in town I would send you a stamped cover, but they have not yet reached these distant parts.—Ever affectionately yours.

162.—*To John Richardson, Esq.*

E. I. College, Monday, 1st November, 1841.

My dear Richardson—I really cannot *wish you joy* of your impending loss of such a daughter as my gentle, sensible, dutiful, and cheerful Hopey,* and I do not know that I can even wish *her* joy of such a separation. Yet I feel assured that there will be joy, lasting and growing, for you all, and that in no long time we shall wonder that anybody thought of murmuring at so happy a dispensation. In the mean time, however, the only person I can

* Who was going to be married to Henry Reeve, Esq.

candidly congratulate is Mr. Reeve, whom I think far better entitled to the name of "the fortunate youth" than any to whom it has ever been applied. I have scarcely the honour of his acquaintance, (though, if I live, I hope to have;) but I perfectly remember of meeting him at dinner at your house, and being struck with his vivacity and talent, and also of breaking in upon him in a morning call on Hokey and her sister, when certain vague suspicions and envyings did pass across my imagination. Do tell my dear Hokey how earnestly I wish and pray for her happiness, and that I hope she will not entirely cut me now that she is to become the centre of a separate circle, &c.—Ever affectionately yours.

163.—*To Mrs. Rutherford.*

Torquay, Friday Evening, 29th April, 1842.

My very dear Sophia—I had actually begun a letter of consolation to you, in your widowed solitude of Colme Street or Craigie Hall, when I heard from Harriet Brown that you had taken the wings of the morning, and flown away to your native bowers in the far west; so I thought you would need no immediate consolation, and might hold my tediousness too cheap. But as I am coming home at last, after a weary absence of nine long months, I must bring myself a little to your recollection, that we may not meet as absolute strangers, and also that you may be prepared for some of the unhappy changes I am afraid you will find in me. In my heart, and my love to you, I think you will find none; and it is through these that I hope to retain my identity. But you will find me some years *older* than when we parted; with whiter hair, a slower and more infirm step, "most weak hams," as the satirical scene has it,—a weaker voice, and a greater inability to eat, drink, or sleep; so that, though I am not yet, "sans teeth, sans eyes, sans breath, sans every thing," and do not drop

much amber or plum-tree gum from my eyelids,—I am verging, with unreasonable celerity, to decay, and am already in a condition which will require all the indulgence I now bespeak of you. So you must be a good girl, and play the *Nelly* to me, now and then, keeping me out of scrapes, and cheering my failing spirit with the spectacle of your brightness, and sustaining it by the strength of your affection; and this you do promise and engage, as God shall bless and assist you? To be sure you do; and there is no more to be said about it.

Were you ever here at Torquay? A most beautiful place I think it is, and lovely both at sea and on shore; though the east wind has found us out even here, and blown upon us indeed ever since we fled so far before it. But it has blown, it must be confessed, with a gentleness unknown to the vernal *Eurus* of Edinburgh, or even of London, and through a sky, and over a sea of the most dazzling and unsullied blue, and barely stirring the tender green leaves and crimson apple-blossoms, which, in spite of its warnings, are flushing all over the country. We tired of the racket of the hotels after two days' trial, and were lucky enough then to find very nice lodgings in a detached house, about a mile beyond the town, which stands in a sort of lawn, immediately over the beach, and in the centre of a beautiful bay, bounded by two headlands of dark-red, caverned rock, not a quarter of a mile asunder; against which the great waves come bursting and thundering all day long, and then waste themselves, in long lines of silver, on the smooth sands at our feet. You have no idea how much I have enjoyed the perfect solitude and profound repose of this situation, with the lovely moonlight, and eternal brightness, with which it has been cheered for the last ten days. To give my poor trachea all the chances that are left in it, we shall linger here till Monday (2d), and then start for Hayleybury, where, however, we shall stay but a very few days; and, after stop-

ping but two days in town for a farewell consultation of my doctors, embark on the rail for Lancaster in time to reach Edinburgh on the 13th or 14th.

You will be back, too, about that time, will you not? and I shall see you soon after my arrival. I have misgivings about being able to resume my work, after all. But the final experiment *must* now be tried, and I feel that I shall not be at all cast down by its failure. I am sure that there can be no failure in the other experiment—of returning to the society of the friends on whose kindness I rely; and that makes every thing else indifferent. I can tell you nothing of your truant husband. He has never had the grace to write to me, though I heard from Lady Theresa, the other day, that he had appeared before her in great health and spirits. He would probably tell you of Lister himself, for whom I cannot help having great apprehensions; and I can see that, with all her buoyancy of hope and spirits, she is not without deep anxiety.

We know nobody here but a brother of Macaulay's, who married a very sweet and beautiful daughter of Lord Denman's last December, and has been honeymooning with her here ever since. He has the robust spirits, and stout and kind heart of his brother, though without any of his fine understanding, and, indeed, is chiefly remarkable *for being alive*, after a ten years' residence at Sierra Leone. However, they are very easy people to live with, and, besides the constant spectacle of happiness with which they delight me, have carried us to all their lover's walks, and whispering places in the ocean caves, and we have driven together to Dartmouth and Dawlish, and laid in the germs of many pleasant recollections. I sometimes think that I am rather better too, since I have come to these milder regions; and when I run out as I generally do ("on my printless feet") to "chase the ebbing Neptune, and to fly him when he comes back," for a few minutes before breakfast, and then come back to the airy quietude of our octa-

gon drawing-room, with its two sunny windows, letting in silent stripes of green light through its Venitians, and the shady one wide open, I think I should like to stay here always, and fade gently away, with the last flowers of autumn. But things will be as they are appointed; and having all my life been contented to move passively with the quiet current, which *will* bear us all on its destined course, whether we struggle against it or not, I do not think of any feeble movements to modify its direction in these last days of the voyage; and so, God bless and keep you always, my very dear Sophia.

If you write, immediately on receiving this, to E. I. College, near Hertford, I shall get your letter before starting. If not, I shall hope to come to the contact of your *written* or *living* hand, immediately on my arrival at Edinburgh. C. sends her best love, and our little Scottish girl also, whom we carry back with us to Edinburgh. Ever, most affectionately yours.

164.—*To Andrew Rutherford, Esq.*

Edinburgh, Saturday, 11th July, 1842.

My dear R.—A word only to thank you for your kind letters, before I go to keep tryst with Cockburn on the green at Craigherook. This is the first fair Saturday we have had this month, and the last of our sessional *Saturnalia*. We shall have Charley back, however, before the next, and you and Sophia may I not hope before one or two more? But, oh dear, *voluntur anni*! You do not care, for there are many coming to you before your score (of three score and ten) is up. But when the current is visibly almost out, and when every whirl of the Fates' swift spindle shows the dark weed through the few remaining coils of grizzly wool, the reflection is not so pleasant. It does not oppress me much, however, though it comes oftener than it used to do. But this is not Saturnalian

language, and I do not know how I fell into it. "Talk not of fate; ah—change the theme: talk of odours, talk of wine;" and so we shall—at dinner, and with you too when you come to dine with us.

We have not had a club since you went; and if you do not come back soon, that venerable institution will be not sleeping but dead.

165.—*To Mr. Empson.*

[It is not dated, and hence is misplaced here; but it was written early in 1840, some time prior to the passing of the 3d and 4th of Victoria, chapter 9.]

Sic cogitavit.—F. J.

I suppose you admit that *there is privilege*, as to some things, and that we have now nothing to do with the question whether *there ought to be*? whether the rights and powers of House of Commons, or Lords, or of legislature itself, *should be* subordinated, as in America, to the judiciary, or be, to some extent, independent? And yet there is a hankering after the American rule, and a constant raising of the question of *what ought to be* in all the anti-privilege argument.

But, *assuming* that there is privilege within certain limits, the question really comes to be, *who* is the judge of these limits? *who* to determine when they have been exceeded?—to fix, in short, the distinction between *the use and the abuse*?

Now, considering either the *actual origin* of privilege, or *the nature* of that sense of public advantage, or *quasi* necessity, which has led to its *assumption*, I have always thought that the power (and the right) of judging to what cases it should apply, *can only* be in the body which possesses it. It is easy to say that if this be so, *any thing* may be declared a breach of privilege, and *every thing*

left to the mercy of an irresponsible despotism, and to state extreme cases in which startling acts of injustice and cruelty may have actually been perpetrated under this principle. But this is poor, and I cannot but think very palpable, nonsense.

Is it not answered at once, and quite as sufficiently as it deserves, by directing the same *twaddle* against the courts of law? If *they* are always to judge what is within privilege, may they not at any time determine that there is *nothing* within it? If by leaving the question to the H. of C. *every thing* may be brought within privilege, is it not equally clear that, by leaving it to the courts of law, all privilege may be entirely annihilated?

The short of it is, that while men are but men, we must be at the mercy of a fallible and irresponsible despotism at last; and if I had to choose, as in an open question, I should not hesitate to say that I would far rather have the House of Commons for my despot than the courts of law.

No reasoning is so puerile as that from extreme (or morally *impossible*) cases. They may be of use sometimes to test an abstract proposition of law; but, as make weights in a *practical* question, they are absolutely contemptible. I do not think it makes much difference whether they are purely imaginary, or borrowed from antiquated precedents, and either way they may always be retorted on those who adduce them. Are there no cases of atrocious oppression and injustice in the decisions of those courts of law to whose infallibility you would have recourse from the *privileged* oppressions of Parliament? Are there no such cases in the acts of the *legislature itself*, which we must all admit to be without remedy? Nay, will any man tell me that there is the smallest chance of any *such* oppression being attempted by the present H. of C., as has been over and over again inflicted by the whole legislative body?

Then, again, as to the quibble, that, in the exercise of privilege, the H. of C. is at once party and judge,—I say, that in all cases of disputed *jurisdiction* or contempt, (which is precisely the case here,) the court is always both party and judge; and that courts of law have much more of the *esprit du corps*—the unfair leaning to their order—than any other bodies whatever.

I confess, too, that I can see no ground on which the courts have recently overruled the privilege of the H. of C., that might not justify their overruling it, in the cases in which it has been held best established, and has not yet been questioned. Take the privilege, for example, of members not being answerable, anywhere, for words spoken in Parliament. It is possible that such words may not only be ruinously defamatory, but capable of being clearly proved to have been dictated by the basest and most abominable personal malice. Why, then, should not the Court of Queen's Bench, on the grounds lately asserted, allow an action for damages on offer of such proof? The case of an alleged defamation being *published* by the deliberate order and authority of the whole House, seems to me a *far stronger* case for the assertion (or allowance) of privilege, than that of a spiteful individual sheltering himself under that shield; and so, in all the other *admitted* cases under which it would be easy enough to *imagine* the most infamous injustice.

If it be said that there is *established usage* and precedent for such cases, but none for those recently brought forward, I answer that there is no such series of precedents as would justify these admitted and established cases, on the ground of authority and prescription, without justifying at the same time a great number of other cases, which no one now pretends to justify; that, in point of fact, there are more precedents for a confessedly unjustifiable exercise of privilege than for that which is now *universally* allowed to be just and necessary, and

that these established cases have accordingly been so established, *not* on the footing of long usage, but on the general (*not judicial*) recognition of the H. of C. having rightly adjudged them to be *necessary* for the due performance of their all-important functions and duties.

It is to this necessity accordingly, and to their own enlightened and conscientious sense of it, that the House of Commons has always referred its assertion of privilege, either in former or recent times; and if, in their improved and cautious application of *the principle*, they have seen cause to abandon and recede from many precedents to be found on their records, why or how should they be restrained from now extending it to any new and emerging cases, (if any such actually occur,) while they feel and are convinced that it is at least as applicable as to any to which it had been previously applied?

If it be admitted then (and I do not see how it can be denied) that, independent altogether either of *precise* precedent, or near analogy, it is right and fit that privilege should exist (always meaning by that, not merely the right of adjudging and ordering, in the first instance, but the *absolute exclusion of all interference, review, or control*,) whenever it is necessary for the right performance of the highest of all public functions, as those of legislation; then the only question is, whether *the right of judging of this necessity* should (or must) be in the respective legislative bodies themselves, or in the courts of common law? To my mind there can be but one answer.

In the first place, this right has, in point of fact, *always been assumed and exercised*; and in a vast majority of cases, without challenge, by these bodies, on their own proper authority; and all their existing and admitted privileges have accordingly grown up and been established upon this assumption of inherent right; and *never* in any case on the strength of any grant or recognition of them in any other quarter. Then, though the courts have oc-

casionally brought them into question, and refused to recognize them, I believe there is no instance in which their right to do so has been acknowledged by these bodies. For, though I am aware that there are one or two (at most) in which, after such disallowances by the courts, they have abstained from proceeding against the offenders—yet I believe it will be found that this was always done on an avowed change of their own opinions as to the necessity of such proceedings, and not on any deference or submission to the judicial authority. But if all existing privilege has thus originated in assumption alone, why should any other title be now required? or is it not *ridiculous* to pretend that under the present constitution of the House of Commons, and the growing power of public opinion, there can be any serious dangers from its exercise?

But if the matter were open for reasoning, can anybody doubt that, when the question is, whether an occasion has actually arisen in which the assertion of privilege is necessary to the right and effectual exercise of the legislative functions, the only body that ever can be competent to decide on it, must be that in which the occasion has so arisen? who alone can be aware of the obstructions that might otherwise impede them; and who must not only know all about it far better than any other can ever be made to know, but must often have their best and safest motives suggested by that *feeling* and *conscientia* of their position and embarrassment, which no proof or explanation can ever make intelligible to another? that other especially being a body accustomed only to the application of technical and inflexible rules, and of whom a great part have probably had no experience of the working, or *requisites*, of preparatory legislation? I must add, too, a body which has almost always been hostile to popular rights, and disposed to be obsequious to authority, and of whose interference with constitutional questions it is right

therefore to be jealous. The House of Commons has no doubt often used its privilege in subservience to aristocratic or regal propensities; yet not so uniformly or basely as the courts of law; and though both are improved in this respect, the improvement undoubtedly is far greater (especially since the Reform Bill) in the House of Commons than in the courts.

As to ——'s argument as to the *insufficiency* of the remedy by privilege,—as the House of Commons can only imprison during its session, and no sentence or execution can proceed in recess, I can only say, that it has no bearing whatever on *the merits* of the question, and is well enough answered by suggesting, that imprisonment during a long session is no very light infliction, and that the fear of it must operate (as we have seen it operate) to deter many from beginning, or persisting in opposition to the resolutions of the House. The most remarkable thing about that argument, however, is the contrast it presents to the exaggerated views which have been taken of the terrible consequences of these occasional assertions of privilege, and the ridicule, indeed, which it throws on their fantastic alarms. It is certainly edifying to see one leading assailant of this claim maintaining that, if not instantly crushed, it will lay the property and constitution of the country at the feet of a many-headed despot; and another holding it up to contempt as a puny demonstration of impotent anger, which can give no real distinction to what it affects to repress.

Upon these views generally, you will at once see that I hold all references to past instances of admitted abuse as of no account whatever in the argument; and still less, of course, any objection to the wisdom, propriety, or even consistency, of any recent resolution that a case *had* occurred for the assertion of privilege. The issue in all such cases being, whether such assertion was, or was not necessary, (or highly expedient) in each particular case,

for the explication and due performance of legislative duties, a difference of opinion, on the part of a present minority (or of a vast majority of an after generation), can no more bring into question the right of the general body to decide, and act upon its decision, in the case of the H. of C., than in any other case of doubtful or erroneous decision. The legislature has often enough passed absurd and sanguinary statutes; courts of law (including the House of Lords) have still oftener pronounced arbitrary and foolish and corrupt judgments, and no doubt have made oppressive and vindictive commitments for alleged contempt. But no one, I suppose, has ever maintained, that the citation of such instances afforded any argument against the existence of the legislative and judicial powers in these several bodies, or had the slightest relevancy indeed in such an argument.

But though *I* should, as a judge, hold the solemn assertion of privilege by the House of Commons as sufficient to *stop* all courts from thwarting or interfering with it, I cannot disguise from myself that many excellent persons, as well as almost all other *judges*, do in fact think differently;—and that a question of *jurisdiction* being once raised, on which they are bound to decide, it is difficult to say that they are not entitled to give out and maintain their conscientious decision, although its enforcement may conflict directly with the orders of one of the Houses of Parliament. *Both* parties, in short, as in all cases of disputed jurisdiction, may not only be right *in foro poli*, but be under an indispensable obligation to enforce their conflicting decisions. You in England may have generally been able to get out of the difficulty by appeal to the Lords. But with us in Scotland it is truly as inextricable in this contest about privilege, as in the case of conflict between the Session and Justiciary, and in the late memorable *lutte* between Session and General Assembly;—both Justiciary and Assembly being absolutely final, and ad-

mitting of no appeal to any other tribunal. In many respects, indeed, these cases are strikingly parallel to the present; for as there is no review of the decisions of the Commons by appeal to the Lords, and as, in point of fact, these conflicts upon privilege have often been *with the Lords themselves*, it is obviously quite absurd to suppose that they either ever would, or *ought* ever to recognize any higher jurisdiction in the appellate law court, than in those lower ones with which their conflict may have begun. It may be doubted whether it was wise even to plead to the *jurisdiction* in these courts; but of course they never could plead to anything else, nor without a full disclamation of any obligation to stand by the decision.

The only remedy, then, for this conflict must be by *legislation*; and though I foresee infinite difficulty in adjusting the terms of any enactment on the subject, I confess I do not go along with those high advocates of privilege who maintain that they ought to resist any attempt to bring in *even an unobjectionable statute* in regard to it. Even they, I should think, would scarcely maintain that it would not be for their ease and dignity, as well as for the general good, that an act should be passed *interdicting and enjoining the courts of law* from entertaining any suit importing a disallowance of any assertion of privilege by the House of Commons as to certain matters and things; and I confess *this* would be the leading and main enactment of any statute I should like to see proposed on the subject. But I should have no objection to its also containing a disclamation of all claim of privilege, in those cases of admitted abuse which have actually occurred, and in such other cases as might be agreed upon; and though it might be difficult to come to an agreement, yet I do not think it altogether hopeless, considering the constant vexation of such discussions as the present; and above all, I can see no reason why the House should refuse to enter upon the consideration, as they are quite certain that no

act can ever pass except with their full and deliberate assent to everything it contains.

Craigcrook, Thursday.—I had not room on the margin yesterday to say all I wished as to the House of Commons being more of a *party* than the courts in questions of privilege, and of the *greater responsibility* of the latter; and the chief thing omitted was—that almost all the cases in which the House appears as a party—as in punishing for libel on House or members, or partial publication of evidence pending certain inquiries—it is admitted, both by — and —, that the assertion of privilege is *clearly right*, and may be necessary; while in the recent cases, on which all —'s invective is showered, the House does not at all appear as a party, and is a party no otherwise than the *courts* are, when they afterwards do take up these same cases. The parties to all these cases are individuals injured, and slanderers, and they come before the House as a proper judicial body by petition, either for leave to sue the action, or for an order to have injunction against its proceeding, in which the question of the conflicting claims of *the House* on one hand, and *the courts on the other*, to the executive disposal of such cases, is no doubt raised by these parties, and judgment demanded on it, in either; the relation in which the House and the courts stand to these parties, and to the cause, being precisely identical in all respects in the two tribunals, and being in no way different from what must subsist in every case of *disputed jurisdiction* which may be successively (or even simultaneously) brought by the proper parties before the courts whom it concerns.

I should have liked, too, to have pressed more distinctly on you, that the very basis and whole ground of my opinion being on the proposition that there is and *must be* an uncontrolled and irresponsible privilege, wherever its exercise is necessary or *material* to the due discharge of

legislative functions—and, consequently, that the *only* question that can ever be raised in any particular case, is, whether it actually presents such a case of moral necessity? And considering how large, and loose, and broad, such a question must always be, I think it must at once occur that it is peculiarly unfit for a court used only to deal with precise and definite principles, and can only be safely trusted to a body necessarily and *exclusively* acquainted with all the special circumstances out of which the necessity may arise;—and that the H. of C. being alone such a body, its decision upon it is far more likely to be right than that of a court of law. Both, I have already said, are truly *in pari casu*, as to being *parties* or judging in their own cause; and the only real question is, as to which should give way, or be of paramount authority, on the assertion of its jurisdiction? Looking only to the description of the two bodies, I cannot think this doubtful; the one, a small handful of *royal nominees*, presumed to be without party bias, and to have it as their first duty to *agree and be unanimous*,—the other, a large assembly, including, of course, all those best acquainted with constitutional law and principle, but so divided by party, as to be most unlikely to agree by any great majority in any thing not clearly right, and far more under the influence of enlightened public opinion than any other body ever can be, and having really no common interest to pervert their judgment. If a jury of twelve men is thought the safest ultimate judge of most such questions—for the small chance it holds out of having some of these qualities,—is not a H. of C., chosen as ours now is, far better than such a jury? But I have taxed you too much about this already—and *liberavi animum*.

Here is my last word about privilege:—

You do not admit that the House of Commons has right to exercise (without control) all the powers which *it thinks necessary* for its legislative functions. But I think you do,

and *must*, admit, that it has and ought to have, all that *are* truly necessary for that purpose; and the sole question therefore is, *who* is to judge what are so necessary? Upon all *constitutional and rational grounds* I hold the House of Commons much fitter and safer than any court of law, or the whole twelve nominees of the crown in a body. Though you do not admit *my principle* to this extent, you must admit (if you have a particle of candour) that, for the purpose of settling what is, and should be, privilege, the *principle, test, and rule of judgment*, must be what *is* truly necessary, or very material, for the best discharge of legislative duties? and that all reference either to *precedents* or *abuses* is wholly and generically *irrelevant*. If you do not admit this, I think you are not to be argued with; and the admission brings the case at once to the point I have mentioned.

This is the *first stage* of my argument, and in substance there is but another; and that is, that the whole question, as I have now stated it, being plainly and rigorously a question of *conflicting jurisdiction*, each of the courts or bodies must have an *equal right* (or duty) to adjudicate upon it, when brought before *them*, and be equally liable to the temptation of deciding it in their own favour—the *matter* to be adjudged being, in all cases, the same—viz., Whether the privilege asserted or questioned in any particular case, is truly essential to the right exercise of legislative functions? which, again, is plainly either a question of *fact* and experience, or of mere *constitutional policy*, and never, in any just sense, a question of *law*.

This is the sum of my argument; and I think I am right in saying that it is not so much as touched by ——'s declamation, and but slightly by the details and reasonings of ——.

The whole, then, resolving into a conflict of independent and supreme jurisdiction, I agree that there is no final or practical solution but by *legislation*, upon the assumption

(now, I fear, but too necessary) that neither party will be convinced by the reasonings of the other. I do not therefore go at all along with those who hold legislative interference incompetent or unconstitutional—which, indeed, cannot, I think, be even consistently asserted. But the question for the legislature is necessarily a question of *state policy*, and nothing else, and one upon which public opinion ought to be previously matured by large public discussion.

This may be one answer to your pragmatistical and empirical question, why the two Houses, having common cause, and substantial power over the crown, do not at once settle the matter by an act, which they evidently may have all their own way? The necessity of taking public opinion with them is one answer. But, practically, there are many others. 1st. The two Houses are jealous of each other, and not likely to have the same specific questions of privilege before them at the same time; and so, might justly apprehend unreasonable, factious, and unfair interference mutually; and 2d. To do any good, the statute should embody a full *code* of privilege, which it would obviously be infinitely difficult to digest, while a successive settling of special questions by consecutive enactments would not go to the root of the *conflict*, and would every day lead to greater risk of inconsistency and injustice; yet I think such a course will soon be inevitable.

166.—*To Mrs. Empson.*

Craigcrook, Sunday (1842).

One other *Scottish* Sunday blessing on you, before we cross the border; and a sweet, soothing, Sabbath-quiet day it is, with little sun, and some bright showers, but a silver sky, and a heavenly listening calm in the air, and a milky temperature of 67; with low-flying swallows, and loud-bleating lambs, and sleepy murmuring of bees round the

heavyheaded flowers, and freshness and fragrance all about. Granny* went to the Free Church at Muttonhole, and Tarley† and I had our wonted walk of speculation—I showing her over again, how the silk, and the muslin, and the flannel of her raiment were prepared; with how much trouble and ingenuity; and then to the building of houses in all their details; and to the exchange of commodities from one country to another—woollen cloth for sugar, and knives and forks for wine, &c.; all which she followed and listened to with the most intelligent eagerness. She then had six gooseberries, of my selection, in the garden, and then she went up to Ali.‡ I went to meet Granny, on her way from the Free, whom I found just issuing from it, with the ancient pastor's wife,—the worthy Doctor himself having prayed and preached, with great animation, for better than two hours, in the 82d year of his age!§ Soon after we came home, Rutherford came up from Lauriston, and we strolled about for a good while, when Charlotte and I conducted him on his way back, and are just come in at five o'clock. An innocent day it has been, at any rate, I think; and yet the heart is not right, and I have no feeling of health throughout the twenty-four hours. But I do not suffer, and am really alert and cheerful when the spasms are off, and have an existence of many enjoyments. Though the malady is in the circulation, I have little doubt that the immediate cause is dyspepsia; and therefore I think it may be obviated, or at all events relieved.

It would do *any* heart good to see the health and happiness of these children! The smiling, all-enduring, good humour of little Nancy, and the bounding spirits, quick

* Mrs. Jeffrey.

† Charlotte, his eldest grandchild, born 7th April, 1838.

‡ A nursery maid.

§ The Rev. Dr. Muirhead, formerly the Established, then the Free, minister of Cramond.

sensibility, and redundant vitality, of Tarley. I sent you cautions about Meggie, and her voyages and travels, yesterday; to which, if she goes before we come, I hope you will attend, and not laugh at a grandpapa's anxieties. I had a nice letter from Empson last night (just a week old), and was glad to find from it, that his stay by the fountains* was to be so much shorter than I had imagined. He talks of coming away about the 7th, in which case he would be with you in ten days after we came, which would be delightful. I had feared he would not be coming till September. Now, if we hold our purpose of moving on Friday, *this* will be the last letter you can answer to Edinburgh. But we shall tell you to-morrow how you are to address after. I hope your heats are abated. With us the air is quite cool to-day, ther. only at 67; and I think there will be more showers. I wish you could see our roses, and my glorious white lilies, which I kiss every morning with a saint's devotion. We have been cutting out evergreens, and extending our turf, in the approach; and it looks a great deal more airy and extensive. Would you could have come to see it! But it will be still better next year, when you must and shall come. Heaven bless you!

167.—*To Miss Berry.*

Craigcrook, Sunday, 24th July, 1842.

My dear Miss Berry—I think you will like to hear that your old fellow-sufferer has got through his spell of summer work, and is at least as well as when he began it. I hope, too, that you will expect to hear that he is most anxious to learn whether you have got as well through your spell of summer idleness? for, though he has not been entirely without tidings of you since he saw you, they have of late been scanty, and never had the authenticity which belongs to the *autograph* of the party concerned, &c.

* Mr. Empson was at Wiesbaden.

You will understand, then, that I want to know about your health and spirits generally, and how you have been employing yourself, and what you intend to do with the remainder of the season, and with what views you look before and after, upon this shifting pageant of life? For my part, I think I grow more tranquil and contented, and I fancy, too, more indulgent to others, and certainly not less affectionate to those from whom I look for affection. But I want a few lessons still from you, and should be glad to be confirmed in what is right, and warned against what is wrong, in my estimate of the duties and enjoyments that may remain for declining age, &c. What a number of people have died since I was nearly given over, and in the fullness of time, too, last Christmas! And so many that seemed entitled to reckon on long years, and of happy existence! It is very sad to think of; and I can seldom contrast their fate with my own without feeling as if I had unjustly usurped a larger share of our common vitality than I had any right to; and more especially when I feel that I shall make no good use of what has been so lavished on me, &c.

I hope you are not quite so much alarmed as I am at this wide spread and lasting distress of the country, and wish you could give me comfort upon that, as well as other causes of anxiety. But my fears I acknowledge, "stick deep," because I see in the gloomy aspect of affairs not so much the fruit of any mistaken policy or injudicious tenacity of mischievous restrictions, as the symptoms of that *inevitable* decay, which I have long anticipated from the loss of that *monopoly of the market* of the world which we have enjoyed for the last eighty years, and of which the growing skill and industry of other nations must, sooner or later, have deprived us. The crisis may have been accelerated by bad management, and may be softened, or warded off, for a short time, (long enough, though, I hope for you and me,) by good. But I do not see that it can be pre-

vented, and am persuaded that within twenty years, and probably much sooner, we are doomed to a greater *revolution* than is yet recorded in our history. Do satisfy me, if you can, that these are the dreams of a poor provincial invalid, and, at all events, persuade *yourself* that they are, if it would give you any serious uneasiness to think otherwise, &c.—God bless you, and ever very faithfully yours.

168.—*To Charles Dickens, Esq.*

Craigcrook, 16th October, 1842.

My dear Dickens—A thousand thanks to you for your charming book !* and for all the pleasure, profit, and *relief* it has afforded me. You *have* been very tender to our sensitive friends beyond sea, and really said nothing which should give any serious offence to any moderately rational patriot among them. The *Slavers*, of course, will give you no quarter, and I suppose you did not expect they should. But I do not think you could have said less, and my whole heart goes along with every word you have written. Some people will be angry too, that you have been so strict to observe their *spitting*, and neglect of ablutions, &c. And more, that you should have spoken with so little reverence of their courts of law and state legislature, and even of their grand Congress itself. But all this latter part is done in such a spirit of good-humoured playfulness, and so mixed up with clear intimations that you have quite as little veneration for things of the same sort *at home*, that it will not be easy to represent it as the fruit of *English* insolence and envy.

As to the rest, I think you have perfectly accomplished all that you profess or undertake to do ; and that the world has never yet seen a more faithful, graphic, amusing, kind-

* On America.

hearted narrative than you have now bestowed on it. Always graceful and lively, and sparkling and indulgent, and yet relieved, or rather (in the *French* sense of the word) *exalted* by so many suggestions of deep thought, and so many touches of tender and generous sympathy, (caught at once, and recognised like the signs of free masonry, by all whose hearts have been instructed in these mysteries,) that it must be our own faults if we are not as much improved as delighted by the perusal. Your account of the silent or solitary imprisonment system is as pathetic and powerful a piece of writing as I have ever seen; and your sweet, airy little snatch of the happy little woman, taking her new babe home to her young husband, and your manly and feeling appeal in behalf of the poor Irish, (or rather of the affectionate poor of all races and tongues,) who are patient and tender to their children, under circumstances which would make half the exemplary parents among the rich monsters of selfishness and discontent, remind us that we have still among us the creator of Nelly, and Smike, and the schoolmaster, and his dying pupil, &c.; and must continue to win for you still more of that homage of the heart, that love and esteem of the just and the good, which, though it *should* never be disjoined from them, I think you must already feel to be better than fortune or fame.

Well, I have no doubt your 3000 copies will be sold in a week, and I hope you will tell me that they have put £1000 at least into your pocket. Many people will say that the work is a slight one, and say it perhaps truly. But every body will read it; and read it with pleasure to themselves, and growing regard for the author. More—and perhaps with *better* reason, for I am myself in the number—will think there is rather too much of Laura Bridgman and penitentiaries, &c., in general. But that, I believe, is chiefly because we grudge being so long parted from the personal presence of our entertainer as we are

by these interludes, and therefore we hope to be forgiven by him.

And so God bless you! and prosper you in all your undertakings, and with best love and heartiest congratulations to my dear Mrs. Dickens (for here is an Exchequer process come in for me to dispose of).—Believe me always very affectionately yours.

Having got my head out of Exchequer sooner than I expected, I will not let this go without telling you that I continue tolerably well, though not without apprehension of the depressing effects of the coming winter, and great reliance, therefore, on the cordial you have almost promised to administer before its deepest gloom is over. I do not wish to let you forget this promise,—but can never wish, as you must know, that you should keep it with any inconvenience to yourself. I have strong hopes of living to see you in London in spring.

We had letters the other day from New York, where your memory, and the love of you, is still as fresh as ever. Good bye!

169.—*To John Richardson, Esq.*

Edinburgh, Wednesday Evening,
30th November, 1842.

My dear Richardson—A great sorrow has fallen upon you,* and you must bear it! and what more is there to say? I need not tell you that we mourn over you, and over the extinction of that young life, and the sudden vanishing of those opening prospects and innocent hopes that shed a cheering influence on our old hearts, and seemed yet to connect us, in sympathy and affection, with a futurity which we were not ourselves very likely to see. And all this is over, and she is gone! and we are left to

* By the death of his daughter, Mrs. Reeve.

wonder and repine, and yet to cling to what is left us of existence, and to feel that there are duties and affections that yet remain to us, and interests and sources of enjoyment too, that will spring up anew when this blight and darkening have passed over. God help us! We must be as we are, and we must suffer and wait for healing, and do what we can to anticipate the time of our restoration, and force ourselves therefore to dwell most on those considerations, which, though belonging to impressions which must still engross us, are likely to give them some character of soothing and comfort. All her past life was happy, and blameless, and amiable. It must always be grateful (and a cause of gratitude) to think of this. Then you did your duty, gently and faithfully, to her, and much of her enjoyment was owing to your kindness and watchful love. There must be unspeakable and unfailing comfort in that reflection. But you know all this, and I am persuaded you feel it, and I only twaddle in speaking thus to you. Yet my heart is full of the subject, and I cannot help saying something. Charlotte has been more moved than I have seen her since the death of her father; and indeed the grief and sympathy which this sad event has called forth has been deeper and more universal than I almost ever remember.

I hope Helen* has not suffered in her health, and that you are all now reasonably tranquil. You have fortunately dear and affectionate children still around you, and you must, and will comfort each other.

God bless and support you, my dear and kind-hearted old friend.—Ever, affectionately yours.

* Mr. Richardson's second daughter.

170.—*To John Ramsey M'Culloch, Esq.*

Edinburgh, 12th December, 1842.

My dear M'Culloch—I received your obliging letter of the 9th yesterday, and thank you for it. I have also read carefully the little pamphlet you enclose, with the whole drift and tenor of which I entirely agree, and think it indeed very admirably thought and expressed. I cannot say, however, that I go so thoroughly along with all the views in your letter, and wish I could feel the same assurance you seem to do, as to our being in no danger from foreign competition, assisted and aggravated in its effects (as we may surely reckon that it will be) by national jealousies and erroneous notions of self-interest. Indeed, if it were not for this competition, I do not clearly see how the increase of our manufacturing population should be a subject of regret or alarm, or on what grounds any serious or permanent distress need be apprehended, among these classes in particular. I quite sympathise with you, however, in your wish that we could be allowed to see more than we are likely to do, of the actual working of the causes that are now in operation, and the movements that are visibly begun.* I am more modest, however, in my prayer for the gift of prescience than you are, and should be satisfied to have a clear vision of the condition of this country some time about the year 1900, before which, I feel persuaded, the problems we are puzzled about will all be substantially resolved. Indeed (if it were the same thing to the power who can alone grant such prayers,) I should prefer being *allowed to live and see the results*, in their actual accomplishment, rather than wonder at them in a prophetic dream. But I should be glad to have either of the boons!

* Mr. M'Culloch had expressed a wish that he could come back in about three hundred years, to see the result of the political and economical principles now in action.

I continue pretty well, I thank you, and certainly feel much relieved by the later hours which my Inner House* duties allow me to indulge in. I also get on very comfortably with my new associates; and not having been one day out of court since May, expect to get through this long session without much annoyance, and to see you in town in April, in nearly as good condition as in former years, &c.—Ever, very faithfully yours.

171.—*To Lord Cockburn.*

Hayleybury, 26th March, 1843.

My dear C.—A thousand thanks for your nice letter which I found on my return yesterday from a two days' *lark* to London; in the course of which I saw, in forty-eight short hours, ten times as many male friends (and missed as many female, for the most part my old friends, however,) as I see in Edinburgh in a year. Empson and I ran up on Thursday, and I contrived before dinner to see poor Richardson in his den; rather low, at first, but busy, as usual, and very kind, and affectionately anxious for all his friends. Helen has been pining, and he means to send her, under the escort of Reeve, for a fortnight or so to Paris. I, likewise, left my card for Bright and the Berrys, and then went to dine, you will allow very thankfully, at my doctor's (Holland), where we had a grand party—Lady Holland and Allen, Hallam and Rogers, and the Cunliffes, Crews, and other dignitaries, and much pleasant talk. A great assembly in the evening—the Sidney Smiths—my Lords Campbell, Montague, and Mahon, with their spouses, Ladies Morley, Dunstanville, Charlemont, &c., with lots of other people, by whom I was caressed and complimented on my *youth and beauty*, in a style of which you frozen Muscovites of

* The Court he had now removed to.

the north have no conception. Next morning, we had a charming breakfast with Rogers, with only Lord John Russell and Tommy Moore, both most gentle, sociable, and pleasant; and we all sat till near one, when I called on my friends the Cayleys—then on Lady T. Lister—then to the Carlisles, whom I did not find—then to Lady Holland's, and to Macaulay's and Lord Melbourne's. Dined at the Monteagles' with the Aubrey de Veres, my excellent friend Stephens, Milman, John Milnes, and the Bishop of Norwich, whom I carried down in a cab to the Berrys—had much talk with Lady Morley and Dillon, and Mrs. Dawson Damer, till ——— burst in, in a state of frenzy of high spirits, and roared and rattled in a way that was almost frightful, till he drove Macaulay and other quiet people away.

If I had stayed, I should have dined at Lady Holland's to meet the Lansdownes and Morpeths, &c.; but I had a warning of trachea, and resolved to fly from it and regain my shades. And so, after breakfasting with Macaulay, and making him read a bit of his history, I went up to Lockhart's to see Lady Gifford, and called in vain on Dickens, and we set off about three o'clock and got here quietly to dinner, and shall stay here for at least a week to come.

172.—*To Charles Dickens, Esq.*

Edinburgh, 26th December, 1843.

Blessings on your kind heart, my dear Dickens! and may it always be as light and full as it is kind, and a fountain of kindness to all within reach of its beatings! We are all charmed with your Carol; chiefly, I think, for the genuine *goodness* which breathes all through it, and is the true inspiring angel by which its genius has been awakened. The whole scene of the Cratchetts is like the dream of a beneficent angel in spite of its broad reality;

and little *Tiny Tim*, in life and death almost as sweet and as touching as Nelly. And then the school-day scene, with that large-hearted, delicate sister, and her true inheritor, with his gall-lacking liver, and milk of human-kindness for blood, and yet all so natural and so humbly and serenely happy ! Well, you should be happy yourself, for you may be sure you have done more good, and not only fastened more kindly feelings, but prompted more positive acts of beneficence, by this little publication, than can be traced to all the pulpits and confessionals in Christendom, since Christmas 1842.

And is not this better than caricaturing American knaveries, or lavishing your great gifts of fancy and observation on Pecksniffs, Dodgers, Bailleys, and Moulds. Nor is this a mere crotchet of mine, for nine-tenths of your readers, I am convinced, are of the same opinion ; and, accordingly, I prophesy that you will sell three times as many of this moral and pathetic Carol as of your grotesque and fantastical Chuzzlewits.

I hope you have not fancied that I think less frequently of you, or love you less, because I have not lately written to you. Indeed, it is not so ; but I have been poorly in health for the last five months, and advancing age makes me lazy and, perhaps, forgetful. But I do not forget my benefactors, and I owe too much to you not to have you constantly in my thoughts. I scarcely know a single individual to whom I am indebted for so much pleasure, and the means, at least, of being made better. I wish you had not made such an onslaught on the Americans. Even if it were all merited, it does mischief, and no good. Besides, you know that there are many exceptions ; and, if ten righteous might have saved a city once, there are surely innocent and amiable men and women, and besides boys and girls, enough in that vast region to arrest the proscription of a nation. I cannot but hope, therefore, that you will relent, before you have done with them, and

contrast your deep shadings with some redeeming touches. God bless you. I must not say more to-day.—With most kind love to Mrs. Dickens, always very affectionately yours, &c.

Since writing this in the morning, and just as I was going to seal it, in comes another copy of the Carol, with a flattering autograph on the blank page, and an address in your own “fine Roman hand.” I thank you with all my heart for this proof of your remembrance, and am pleased to think that, while I was so occupied about you, you had not been forgetful of me. Heaven bless you, and all that are dear to you.—Ever yours, &c.

173.—*To Charles Dickens, Esq.*

Edinburgh, 1st February, 1844.

My dear Dickens—In *the second* place, thanks for your kind letter. But, *imprimis*, still warmer thanks for your two charming chapters of Tom Pinch, which are in the old and true vein, which no man but yourself either knows where to look for, or how to work, after it has been laid open to all the world, &c.

It is not *that* at all I wish to say to you. No, no; it is about that most flattering wish, or, more probably, passing fancy, of that dear Kate* of yours, to associate my name with yours over the baptismal font of your new-come boy. My first impression was, that it was a mere piece of kind badinage of hers (or perhaps your own,) and not meant to be seriously taken, and consequently that it would be foolish to take any notice of it. But it has since occurred to me, that, if you had really meditated so great an honour for me, you would naturally think it strange, if I did not in some way acknowledge it, and express the deep sense I should certainly have of such an act of kindness. And so

* Mrs. Dickens.

I write now, to say, in all fulness and simplicity of heart, that, if such a thing is indeed in your contemplation, it would be more flattering and agreeable to me than most things that have befallen me in this mortal pilgrimage; while, if it was but the sportful expression of a happy and confiding playfulness, I shall still feel grateful for the communication, and return you a smile as cordial as your own, and with full permission to both of you to smile at the simplicity which could not distinguish jest from earnest. And such being the object of the missive, I shall not plague you with any smaller matters for the present; only I shall not be satisfied, if the profits of the Carol do not ultimately come up to my estimate, &c.

I want amazingly to see you rich, and independent of all irksome exertions; and really, if you go on having more boys, (and naming them after poor Scotch plebeians,) you must make good bargains and lucky hits, and, above all, accommodate yourself oftener to that deeper and higher tone of human feeling, which, *you now see experimentally*, is more surely and steadily popular than any display of fancy, or magical power of observation and description combined. And so God be with you, &c.—Always very affectionately yours.

174.—*To Mrs. Empson.*

Tuesday, 27th February, 1844.

Seven o'clock.—No afternoon letters yet, though we have had neither snow nor blow since last night. However, we have had your Saturday's despatch this morning, and are thankful. It brightened, and grew very cold last night, and I went to sleep under five blankets! with thermometer at twenty-one, and a fierce twinkling moon very far to the north. But it relented before morning, and this day has been sweet and vernal—a soft south wind and a cheerful sun; and, except that the melting snow made things sloppy,

every thing very amiable. Thermometer at 'forty-one. We drove down to the pier,* and resumed our terraqueous promenade after a five days' interruption. Very gay and grand also, the bright waves leaping and clapping their hands beneath us, and the shores rising sunny and speckly, with tracts of bright snow and black woodland, on the near slopes, and the remoter mountains shining like summer clouds in their untainted whiteness, &c.

We had two cases adjusted to-day, and yet out early, so that I had near an hour at the Exhibition,† and saw many things to admire. The two pictures that interested me most were both very Scottish, and I think would touch your simple Scotch heart, as they did mine. One is a shepherd's funeral;‡ the coffin journeying, in a still, dullish autumn day, in a slight made cart, across a true Scottish upland, with an ancient feeble driver, and the stiff pensive *colly*, stepping languidly by his side, a worn out rough old pony in the harness, and a long train of plaided mourners, of all ages, wending soberly behind. It is really very well painted, and has been sold for £250. The other is still more *pathetic* to my feelings. It is the departure of a company of Highland emigrants for foreign shores—a beautiful, though bare and rugged Highland landscape, with a soft summer sea sleeping among the rocks, and under the light haze of the dawning. The large emigrant ship looms dim and dark in the soft mist, and a large barge is rowing towards it, in which plaided and snooded figures are crowded, waving bonnets and hands; while on the beach is the broken-down and deserted grandfather, stooping with his bald temples and clasped hands, in an attitude of speechless sorrow, while the ancient dame sits crouching before him, with her plaid drawn close round her head,

* Of Leith.

† The Annual Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy of Painting, &c.

‡ By Mr. George Harvey, Edinburgh.

unable to bear the sight of that parting; and a beautiful young sheep-dog is howling, with his nose in the air, at the furthest point of the promontory. I have seldom seen a picture I should like more to have, though I could not look at it without tears.* No post yet, &c.—Ever yours.

175.—*To Mrs. A. Rutherford.*

E. I. College, Thursday, 9th May, 1844.

I am a great deal better, and really *angry* at myself for having been so ill as to give you so much uneasiness. For ten days, to be sure, I was ill enough, and after near a fortnight in bed cannot be supposed to be very strong yet. But the fever I think is gone, and the cough I hope going, and I now actually contemplate being able to embark in the train of Wednesday next for Lancaster, which will bring me to Edinburgh with all my little ones on Saturday, just time enough to be ready for our meeting on Tuesday, &c.

These warnings come thick, you see, my Sophy, and if the next should usher in *the actual striking of the hour*, it cannot be said to have come without notice. But I am very calm and tranquil with all this consciousness; and never was more cheerful, and indeed inwardly happy, than I have been through all this last visitation.

I should have written to you as soon as I was able to write, had I not been quite in the dark as to your whereabouts. As it was, I wrote to Cockburn on the first distinct mending, and I hope he will have communicated with you before this can reach you.

I hope you are yourself quite well and enjoying this beautiful weather—all the mornings at least at Lauriston. Here it has been rather too hot. Ther. in the shade at this moment 76, and the nightingales thundering as loud

* It was by Mr. J. C. Brown, Edinburgh.

as the cuckoo. God bless you always, my very dear Sophia.—Ever affectionately yours.

176.—*To Mrs. Fletcher.*

(The widow of the late Archd. Fletcher, Esq., Advocate.)

Berwick, Friday Night, 14th —, 1844.

My dear Mrs. Fletcher—You will see from this date that we cannot avail ourselves this time of your most kind offer of a meeting at Kendal, &c.

I was sure you would like Empson's Memorial of Arnold. There was so much of true heart in it, that it could not but go to all true hearts. I do not think he ever loved or venerated a living creature so deeply as he does his memory; and I believe he has not yet done with him, as you may probably see in the next number of the Edinburgh.

Alas, for poor Sidney! and poor Bobus* has gone swiftly after him! What havoc death has been making among the seniors since last Christmas! I hope he will now hold his hand a little, or, at all events, allow you and me to look upon one another once more through the eyes of the flesh, however dim some of them may be waxing. There is no sight, I am sure, that would rejoice mine so much. For of all that are left me from the old days of our youth, there is no one whom I love so tenderly, trust so entirely, or respect so uniformly, as you; and if you do not know it, why you scarcely deserve to have it said or thought of you.

My friends have been very kind to me in coming to my simple haphazard little assemblies. To me they were undoubtedly very pleasant, and partly, I daresay, to that sort of revival of old usages to which you refer; and I think they could not have been unpleasant to those who came back to them so frequently and freely, &c.—Ever, my dear Mrs. Fletcher, very affectionately yours.

* Mr. Sidney Smith's brother.

177.—*To Mrs. Empson.*

July, 1844.

Well, ——— and I had our walk all over the fields, and gathered a good basket of mushrooms. Our talk* to-day was of the difference between plants and animals, and of the half-life and volition that were indicated by the former; and of the goodness of God, in making flowers so beautiful to the eye, and us capable of receiving pleasure from their beauty, which the other animals are not; and then a picture by me of the first trial flights and adventures of a brood of young birds, when first encouraged by their mother to trust themselves to the air—which excited great interest, especially the dialogue parts between the mother and the young. She has got a tame jackdaw, whose voracity in gobbling slips of raw meat, cut into the semblance of worms, she very much admires, as well as his pale blue eyes. She was pleased to tell me yesterday, with furious bursts of laughter, that I was “an old man,” “very old;” and was with difficulty persuaded to admit that Flush† (the true original old man) was a good deal older.

I hope I am better; though I am very glad to think, that in three weeks more I shall be free from the courts. I am as much as possible in the open air, and still have my evening walks, even when it is chilly.

I have got Arnold's Life, &c.; but have scarcely had time to read any of it yet, the courts taking a good deal of time, and my out-door lounges no little. But I shall begin it seriously to-night. I could not stop reading that admirable review of Stephens on the Clapham Worthies, which is all charmingly written, and many passages inimitably.

* With his grandchild Charlotte.

† An old dog.

The sketches of Granville Sharpe, C. Simeon, and Lord Teignmouth, are, beyond comparison, superior to any of ———'s elaborate portraits, or even any of Macaulay's stronger pictures, in vivacity and force of colouring, as well as in that soft tone of angelic pity and indulgence, which gives its character to the whole piece. The eulogies of H. Thornton and H. Martyn are rather overdone, I think; but Zac. Macaulay is excellent, and so are the slighter sketches of Will. Smith and the paternal Stephens. I hope they will give you as much pleasure as they have given me. They are so much in accordance, indeed, with all I love and admire in human writings, that I feel as if they had been intended for my especial gratification. I have also read a volume of the *Mysteries of Paris*, and been much touched and delighted with the gentle and innocent pictures, but tempted to pass over much of the horrors. It is a book of genius undoubtedly; but how utterly regardless is that class of writers of not the probable only, but the *possible!* and how much does the superiority of Sir Walter appear in his producing equal effects, without such sacrifices. Heaven bless you.—Ever most affectionately yours.

178.—*To Mr. Dickens.*

Edinburgh, 12th December, 1844.

Blessings on your kind heart, my dearest Dickens, for *that*, after all, is your great talisman, and the gift for which you will be not only most loved, but longest remembered. Your kind and courageous advocacy of the rights of the poor—your generous assertion, and touching displays, of their virtues, and the delicacy as well as the warmth of their affections, have done more to soothe desponding worth—to waken sleeping (almost dead) humanities—and to shame even selfish brutality, than all the other

writings of the age, and make it, and all that are to come after, your debtors.

Well, you understand from this (though it was all true before) that the music of your chimes had reached me, and resounded through my heart, and that I thank you with all that is left of it.

I think I need not say that I have been charmed with them, or even after what fashion, or by what notes principally. You know me well enough to make that out without prompting. But I could not *reserve* my tears for your third part. From the meeting with Will on the street, they flowed and ebbed at your bidding; and I know you will forgive me for saying that my interest in the story *began* there. Your opening chorus of the church-going wind is full of poetry and painting, and the meeting of Trotty and Meg very sweet and graceful. But I do not care about your Alderman and his twaddling friends, and think their long prosing in the street dull and unnatural. But after Will and Lillian come on the scene, it is all delicious, every bit of it—the vision as well as the reality; and the stern and terrible pictures of (the visionary) Will and the child, as well as the angel sweetness of Meg, and the expiating agony of poor Lillian. The delicacy with which *her* story is left mostly in shadow, and the thrilling pathos of both her dialogues with Meg, are beyond the reach of any pen but your own, and *it* never did any thing better. And yet I have felt the pathos of those parts, and indeed throughout, almost painfully oppressive. Sannative, I dare say, to the spirit, but making us despise and loathe ourselves for passing our days in luxury, while better and gentler creatures are living such lives as make us wonder that such things can be in a society of human beings, or even in the world of a good God.

Your Bell spirits, and all the secrets of their race, is a fine German extravaganza, and shows that if you did not prefer “stooping to truth, and moralizing your song,” you

could easily beat all the Teutonic mystics and ghost seers to sticks at their own weapons. It is a better contrived, and far more richly adorned, machinery than the Christmas incarnations that exercised the demon of ———, though, by the way, there is less poetical justice in frightening poor innocent Trotty with such a tissue of horrors as might be requisite to soften the stony heart of the miser.

I run no risk in predicting that you will have a great run, and may start with 10,000 copies. Yet there will be more objections this time than the last. The aldermen, and justices, friends, and fathers, &c., and in short all the tribe of selfishness, and cowardice, and cant, will hate you in their hearts, and cavil when they can; will accuse you of wicked exaggeration, and excitement to discontent, and what they pleasantly call disaffection! But never mind—the good and the brave are with you, and the truth also, and in that sign you will conquer.

I started when I found you dating from London, and can scarcely believe that you have really been there and back again! But I do hope you are back safely, and have not been snuffed out, and pulled from under the snow, by the St. Bernard retrievers. Do not cross those ridges again though, in mid-winter. I am charmed with your accounts of my boy, and hope his sweet mother loves him as much as you do. I hope too that she likes Italy, and yet does not forget Britain. I can excuse her preferring her present abode for the winter. But when our own mild, moist, ever-green summer comes, you must all return to us. I am in better hope of living till then than I was when I came here in October. Neither the winter nor the work have done me any harm, but good rather; and, though a poor enough creature still, I am better than I was, and live a very tranquil and rather happy sort of life. And so God bless you, and your true-hearted Catherine, and my boy, and all of you!—Ever affectionately yours.

179.—*To Lord Cockburn.*

East Indian Cottage, Hertford,

26th March, 1845.

My dear C.—I think I should like to hear from you; and so I make it a duty, by thus writing to you. You have heard, of course, of our safe arrival, after the pains and perils of our wintry journey. I have little to tell you of the quiet, innocent patriarchal life, we have been since living, in peace, love, and humility, and utterly undisturbed by the vices and vanities, the luxuries and ambitions, that prey upon you men of the world. The college, too, is luckily in vacation, which helps the deep tranquillity of our contemplative existence. And so I have been reading the *Leviathan* and the *Odyssey*, and the works of Sir H. Vane, and Milton, political prose, and trudging about on the upland commons, which are all sprinkled with lambs, and under a sky all alive with larks, and meditating at eve, and holding large discourse with Empson, upon things past and future, and present and possible; eating little, and drinking less, and sleeping least of all; but possessing my heart in patience, and envying the robustious as little as I can. We are to have my eloquent dreamy friend Stephens for some days after Saturday, and perhaps Hallam; and in the mean time I have occasional colloquies with Jones on political economy, and the prospects of the world when machinery has superseded all labour but that of engine-makers, and when there is an end of established churches. We have got spring at last, though every thing is very backward, and I never saw these meadows so little green, or these woods so utterly dead. How are you at Bonaly?

Has anybody thought of taking up my Tuesday and Friday evenings? which, upon looking back to them, seem to me like a faint, but not quite unsuccessful, revival of a

style of society which was thought to have some attraction in the hands of Dugald Stewart and some others ; though, I fear, we have now fallen in an age too late for such a revival, and that nothing but an amiable consideration for my infirmities could have given it the success it had. We have had bad accounts of poor Macvey Napier,* and should like to hear from some authentic quarter how he really is. The Rutherfurds, I understand, will soon be in these latitudes. When do you go on your circuit? and how does Jane and your Australian wanderer come on? Frank, I am happy to find, has fully maintained his character for steadiness and heroic adherence to duty. Now, let me have a good large sheet, full of gossip, and queries, and admonitions.

180.—*To Mrs. Sidney Smith.*

Craigcrook, 14th June, 1845.

My dear Mrs. Smith—I do not systematically destroy my letters, but I take no care of them, and very few I fear have been preserved, or remain accessible. I shall make a search, however, and send you all I can recover.

I was very glad to hear, some little time ago, that Moore had agreed to assist in preparing the Memorial† about which you are naturally so much interested. He will do it, I am sure, in a right spirit, and with the feeling that we are all anxious to see brought to its execution. Then, he writes gracefully, and is so great a favourite with the public, that the addition of his name cannot fail to be a great recommendation.

If it occurs to me, on reflection, that if there is any thing I can contribute, in the way you suggest, I shall be most happy to have my name associated with his on such an occasion.

* His success in editing the Review.

† Of her husband.

You know it must always be a pleasure to me to comply with any request of yours ; and the form in which you ask this to be done is certainly that which I should prefer to any other ; yet the models to which you refer might well deter me from attempting any thing that might lead to a comparison.

I am glad to think of you at Munden rather than in Green Street in this charming weather, and beg to be most kindly remembered there to my beloved Emily, and all her belongings, &c.—Ever very affectionately yours.

181.—*To Sir George Sinclair.*

Craigcrook, Blackhall,
Saturday, 1st August, 1846.

My dear Sir George—Indeed, indeed, you have mistaken, or done me wrong. I am not at all changed to you, and have the same belief in your kind heart, large philanthropy, and unutterable sweetness of temper, as I ever had ; and the same sense, too, of your invariable kindness to me. But our ways of life have lately been more apart, and for some years back my health has been so much broken, that I have rarely been able for more than the indispensable duties of my place, and had therefore, I doubt not, to neglect many other duties, which are at least as important.

I have no distinct recollection of your ever having called on me, without *an attempt* at least, on my part to see you, and I am sure, never without *a wish* for our meeting.

On the occasion you mention, I think I must have been indisposed, though I do remember having gone once at least, if not oftener, to look for you, and being mortified on finding that you had already left the town.

But you are surely a little uncharitable in construing a circumstance like this, even if there were no explanation

of it, into proof of such a change of sentiment on my part as would imply, not only a contemptible levity of character, but (I must say, because I feel it,) a very hateful coldness and ingratitude of nature. But we need not go back upon these things. I feel that you will believe me when I say that you have been mistaken—that I have never ceased to regard you with the same affection which arose in my mind, from your first remarkable introduction to me by the old Duchess of Gordon—and which was riveted and confirmed by all the intercourse we had while we sat in Parliament together—that I was touched, even to weeping, by the extreme tenderness of some expressions in your letter to my wife—and that she, knowing well how I have always felt and spoken of you, though not so much hurt as I was by your complaint of altered feelings, really was not less *surprised* at it.

But I must have done with this. We are friends again, now at least, and must have no more misunderstandings.

I heard of your domestic afflictions, and felt for you I think as I ought. But while I hear also of the good you continue to do in your neighbourhood, and the popularity you enjoy, I cannot allow myself to think that your existence is without its consolations and even its enjoyments, and these not of the lowest order. Neither can I entirely approve of your sequestering yourself for ever in that remote corner. A man with so many friends has a wider sphere, both of duty and beneficence; and I am persuaded that you will soon feel this, and act upon it.

For my own part, my health, I am happy to say, is now about as good as it generally is. I am liable to frequent little attacks, which, at my age, are alarming, but not often attended with much suffering, and which I have learned to bear with, I hope, very tolerable patience. I manage, I think, to extract a fair enough share of comfort, and even of enjoyment, from a very reduced allowance of vitality. If you ever feel that you want a lesson in this art, I shall

be too happy to give you the benefit of my precept and example.

I am here now with my daughter and her husband and their four children, and flatter myself that we make a very pretty patriarchal household, and with as much affection and as little *ennui* among us, as in any patriarchal establishment since the deluge, or before it. I wish you would come and see. You would like Empson, I am sure, the gentleness of whose disposition and the kindness of his heart often remind me of you. I can scarcely offer you a bed while they are with me; but you could board here, and easily have a lodging in the neighbourhood.

And so God bless you, my dear Sir George; and for the rest of our lives believe me, with all good wishes, very affectionately yours.

182.—*To Mrs. E. Cayley.*

Craigerook, Blackhall, Edinburgh,

Thursday, 6th August, 1846.

My dear Emma—It is unaccountable to myself why I have not answered your letter long ago. Can you explain this to me? I was thankful enough for it, I am sure, and, indeed, both touched and flattered by it, more than I shall now try to tell you, and I did mean to write immediately, only one grows old, and good for nothing, I fear! and so you must even be contented to love me a little as I am, and to know that I love you, and shall always, as long as there is any life left in the heart of this poor carcass.

I cannot tell you whether anybody finds my old age *beautiful*, but I am sure it is *not unhappy*; and I really do not think it ought, for I have as ready a sympathy as ever for the happiness of others, and as great a capacity for loving, and as great a desire to be loved. And though my health is a good deal broken, and my animal vitality rather low, I rather think that both my intellectual and social

alacrity are as great as when we were first acquainted. I read more, I believe, than I ever did, (though I fancy I forget more of what I read,) and *talk* (I am afraid) nearly as much; and though I have given up dining out, or going much into general society, a great many people are kind enough to come to me; and my days are at least as cheerful as when more of my hours were spent in company. I have now my four grandchildren and their parents, all under my roof again, and I think we live a very exemplary, and not unenviable patriarchal life together, with as much affection, and as little *ennui* among us as could be found in any patriarchal establishment since the deluge, or before it.

I tell you all this, partly because you ask me to tell you all about myself, but chiefly because I believe you to have a very genuine relish for the patriarchal life yourself, and will not dislike to hear that you cannot look for the full enjoyment of all its innocent pleasures till you are old enough to share them with *the second generation* of your descendants. In the mean time, however, it is very pleasing to me to know that you have so much satisfaction in the first; and I pray and trust that this may go on increasing, till, in the fulness of time, the second shall come still further to increase it. I am very much obliged to Edward for the kind lift his partiality led him to lend me in the estimation of his son, though my conscience certainly does whisper me that the judgment of the junior is, in this matter, the most correct. I rejoice, too, to find that you still retain unimpaired that delight in the beautiful aspects of external nature, which I really believe forms a very large part of the enjoyment of good people, and which, when once confirmed, not only does not decay, like most other emotions which come through the senses, but seems rather to grow more lively with the decay of every thing else. I hope, too, that E. has got quite over the shock which the sudden loss of his father must have occasioned. Will this event lead you to leave Wydale? or materially

affect your worldly position? When you write again, (which I hope you will do soon,) tell me about Sir George and all the rest. You know I take a brother's interest in the whole genealogy, and also about Mary Agnes, of whom I had a glimpse in April, and was half provoked to see how importantly happy she looked in her married state.

And so God bless you, my very dear Emma, and with all good wishes, believe me, ever very affectionately yours.

183.—*To the Hon. the Lady John Russell.*

Edinburgh, 21st December, 1846.

My dear Lady John—I feel quite obliged to Mr. Fraser for bringing me to your recollection; and must, therefore, give you as favourable an account of him as possible, &c.

I rejoice with you in the thaw; though I cannot say that I suffered (except a little in mere sensation) from the frost, and have been able to go through my court work and my little evening receptions quite as well as last year. It is very good in you to remember my sentiments to you in the hotel. I never pass by its windows, in these winter twilights, without thinking of you, and of the lessons of cheerful magnanimity (as well as of other things) I used to learn by your couch; though I am delighted to learn that you are no longer in the way of improving the world by the special example of these virtues.

The Murrays and Rutherfurds are particularly well. The latter will soon be up among you, and at his post, for the opening of a campaign of no common interest and anxiety. For my part, I am terribly frightened, for the first time in my life. Lord John, I believe, does not know what fear is. *Sans peur* as *sans reproche*. But it must be a comfort to know, that even he thinks we can get out of the mess in Ireland without some dreadful calamity; and how ugly, in fact, do things look all round the world!

In spite of all this, I must wish you a merry Christmas!

and, as we have now got to the darkest day of the physical year, desire you to hope that we may also find ourselves at our social and political mid-winter, and try to believe that brighter days are coming. And so, with all good wishes, ever, my dear Lady John, your obliged and faithful, &c.

184.—*To Mr. Empson.*

Craigcrook, Sunday, 30th May.

Bless you all, my darlings! and keep you well, and loving, and happy! The world looks happy here, this morning, for May is going out rather more like herself than she came in, or has hitherto progressed. There was a glorious moon last night and a bright sun this morning, and the ther. is up to sixty-two, (which, as it is only ten o'clock yet, we think a great deal,) and there is but little wind, and the grass is of a deeper green, and the new leafing of the trees so light, and tender, and graceful, and the sheep so well washed by the thunder-showers of yesterday morning, so white and foam-like, as they lie in tufts on the lawn, and the boy is full of egg, and Tarley of bacon, and Granny does not go to church, but Ali instead, and the horses and donkey, too, have a holiday, and we are to walk all together over the hills and under the greenwood, and not to do work, or have lessons more than we like, and we have no spite, or envy, or ambition among us, and no pains (to speak of) in our bodies, and no remorse, or ennuies, or want of alacrity in our minds, and so we have reason, I think, for thankfulness and content.

If you were here with me, I could help you, I think, to some purpose, with the Review;* but, at this distance, I can do little good. I told you yesterday that St. Francis had rather disappointed me, and that I liked Tancred very

* Which Mr. Empson now conducted.

well, and, as yet, that is all I have seen. I have no doubt that the time you have spent on Burton and Bailey will turn out very well spent. I think you have a better knack, *even than me*, in touching in lights and bringing out effects, by such revisals, as I have less patience to watch the capacities of improvement, and was more given to dash out and substitute, by wholesale, than to interweave graces or lace seams; besides that, your method has the advantage of startling the original authors less, and may often leave them, indeed, unconscious (and unthankful) of the regeneration thus gradually wrought in them; only do not make yourself sick, nor neglect your other duties, for the reformation of those sinners.

I have had a walk since I wrote this, and met Granny and the babes on the hill, and brought them home to dinner; and now Ali has returned to her post and the boy has nestled again in her bosom, though he never seemed to miss her absence. It is but poor summer yet, and May will depart, after all, without honour or blessings. There is more wind than I thought of, and the feeling of the air is chilly, even at three o'clock. Ther. only sixty-three. Why the devil do you keep so much of the heat to yourselves? Yet our lilies are very superior, but will be over before you can see them; and we have some china roses, both red and yellow, and plenty of honeysuckle, and some splendid azalias, and good peonies—though these, too, will not wait your coming—and fair promise of rhododendrons and gentians, still in matchless glory, though hardly a flower on the geraniums. You see, I have been taking a correct survey of our flora; and, in truth, there is scarcely a plant that I have not visited in the leisurely stroll of this morning. Granny being home, I have had no theology, or philosophy, with Tarley, but have commenced very peacefully with myself.

185.—*To Mrs. Empson.*

Edinburgh, Sunday.

Your Sunday's blessing, is it? That you may be well sure of; and here it is for you, as warm and hearty and earnest as I can give it; and much good may it do your good heart, as I feel it will, and to mine too, that is not a penny the poorer for giving it. A nice Sunday, too, it is, though more autumnal than it has been—thermometer down to 44, and wind a little off the north; but a bright, cheerful day, with clear distances all round, and brilliant effects of light and shade on tower and tree, and hill and water. Granny went to church, and I read a very interesting little volume of "Irish Ballad Poetry," published by that poor Duffy of the Nation, who died so prematurely the other day. There are some most pathetic, and many most spirited, pieces; and all, with scarcely an exception, so entirely *national*. Do get the book, and read it. I am most struck with *Loggarth Aroon*, after the two first stanzas; and a long, racy, authentic, sounding dirge for the Tyrconnel Princes. (p. 103.) But you had better begin with the Irish Emigrant, and the Girl of Loch Dan, which immediately follows, which will break you in more gently to the wilder and more impassioned parts. It is published in 1845, and as a part of "Duffy's Library of Ireland." You see what a helpless victim I still am to these enchanters of the lyre. I did not mean to say but a word of this book to you, and here I am furnishing you with extracts. But God bless all poets! and you will not grudge them a share even of your Sunday benedictions. Meggie is charming. She and Buckley* had a long ramble, and Tusculan disputation, I doubt not, in our classic back garden, among falling leaves and falling waters; and she

* A nursery maid.

has since had a good dinner; and now she is busked up very fine with all Granny's bracelets and necklaces, with a bright handkerchief, turban fashion, on her head, and her petticoats looped up, to show off one very resplendent garter; and in all that finery I left her insisting on being hired as a maid of all work,—she would scour all the kettles, and sleep contentedly in the ashes! I have no news.

186.—*To Mr. Charles Dickens.*

Edinburgh, 31st January, 1847.

Oh, my dear, dear Dickens! what a No. 5 you have now given us! I have so cried and sobbed over it last night, and again this morning; and felt my heart purified by those tears, and blessed and loved you for making me shed them; and I never can bless and love you enough. Since that divine Nelly was found dead on her humble couch, beneath the snow and the ivy, there has been nothing like the actual dying of that sweet Paul, in the summer sunshine of that lofty room. And the long vista that leads us so gently and sadly, and yet so gracefully and winningly, to that plain consummation! Every trait so true, and so touching—and yet lightened by that fearless innocence which goes *playfully* to the brink of the grave, and that pure affection which bears the unstained spirit, on its soft and lambent flash, at once to its source in eternity. In reading of these delightful children, how deeply do we feel that “of such is the kingdom of Heaven;” and how ashamed of the contaminations which *our* manhood has received from the contact of the earth, and wonder how *you* should have been admitted into that pure communion, and so “presumed, an earthly guest, and drawn Empyrean air,” though for our benefit and instruction. Well, I did not mean to say all this; but this I must say, and you will believe it, that of the many thousand hearts that will melt

and swell over these pages, there can be few that will feel their chain so deeply as mine, and scarcely any so *gratefully*. But after reaching this climax in the fifth number, what are you to do with the fifteen that are to follow?—"The wine of life is drawn, and nothing left but the dull dregs for this poor world to brag of." So I shall say, and fear for any other adventurer. But I have unbounded trust in your resources, though I have a feeling that you will have nothing in the sequel, if indeed in your whole life, equal to the pathos and poetry, the truth and the tenderness, of the four last pages of this number, for those, at least, who feel and judge like me. I am most anxious and impatient, however, to see how you get on, and begin already to conceive how you may fulfil your formerly incredible prediction, that I should come to take an interest in *Dombey* himself. Now, that you have got his stony heart into the terrible crucible of affliction, though I still retain my incredulity as to Miss Tox and the Major, I feel that I (as well as they) am but clay in the hands of the potter, and may be moulded at your will. It is not worth while, perhaps, to go back to the Battle of Life; but I wish to say, that on reading it over a second time, I was so charmed with the sweet writing and generous sentiments, as *partly* to forget the faults of the story, and to feel that if you had had time and space enough to develope and bring out your conception, you must probably have disarmed most of your censors. But the general voice, I fancy, persists in refusing it a place among your best pieces. This *Dombey*, however, will set all right, and make even the envious and jealous ashamed of saying any thing against you.

But I forget to thank you for your most kind and interesting letter of December 27th. I certainly did not mean to ask you for the full and clear, if not every way satisfactory, statement you have trusted me with. But I do feel the full value of that confidence, and wish I had any

better return to make to it than mere thanks, and idle, because general advice. I am rather disappointed, I must own, at finding your *embankment* still so small. But it is a great thing to have made a beginning, and laid a foundation; and you are young enough to reckon on living many years under the proud roof of the completed structure, which even I expect to see ascending in its splendour. But when I consider that the public has, upon a moderate computation, paid at least £100,000 for your works, (and had a good bargain too at the money,) it is rather provoking to think that the author should not now have ——— in bank, and have never received, I suspect, above ———. There must have been some mismanagement, I think, as well as ill-luck, to have occasioned this result—not extravagance on your part, my dear Dickens—nor even excessive beneficence—but improvident arrangements with publishers—and too careless a control of their proceedings. But you are wiser now; and, with Foster's kind and judicious help, will soon redeem the effects of your not ungenerous errors. I am as far as possible from grudging you the elegances and indulgences which are suitable to your tasteful and liberal nature, and which you have so fully earned; and should indeed be grieved not to see you surrounded, and your children growing up, in the midst of the refinements, which not only gratify the relishes, but improve the capacities, of a cultivated mind. All I venture to press on you is the infinite importance, and unspeakable comfort, of an achieved and secure *independence*; taking away all anxiety about decay of health or mental alacrity, or even that impatience of task work which is apt to steal upon free spirits who would work harder and better, if redeemed from the yoke of necessity. But this is twaddle enough, and must be charitably set down to the score of my paternal anxiety and senile caution.

How funny that *besoin* of yours for midnight rambling in city streets, and how curious that Macaulay should have

the same taste or fancy. If I thought there was any such inspiration as yours to be caught by the practice, I should expose my poor irritable *trachea*, I think, to a nocturnal pilgrimage without scruple. But I fear I should have my venture for my pains. I wish I had time to discuss the grounds and *extent* of my preference of your soft and tender characters, to the humorous and grotesque; but I can only say now, that I am as far as possible from undervaluing the merit, and even the charm of the latter; only it is a lower and more imitable style. I have always thought Quilp and Swiveller great marvels of art; and yet I should have admired the last far less, had it not been for his redeeming gratitude to the Marchioness, and that inimitable convalescent repast, with his hand locked in hers, and her *tears* of delight. If you will only own that you are prouder of that scene, than of any of his antecedent fantasticals, I shall be satisfied with the conformity of our judgments. And so God bless you, and your dear Kate, and my charming boy, and all his brothers and sisters, and all whom you love, and love you—with you, or at a distance. I have been pretty well all this winter, and better, I think, on the whole, than last year. So that I hope to be able to go south in spring, and see you early in April. Charlotte is quite well, and all my grandchildren, of whom the little delicate fairy one is still with us, and sometimes brings me rather painfully in mind of your poor little Paul—both from her fragility, and strong old-fashioned affectionate sagacity. But she is improving in health, and I hope will not re-enact that sweet tragedy amongst us. Give my kind love to Kate, and do not let her forget me. Name me, too, sometimes to the boy. And so my dear Dickens, ever, very affectionately yours.

P. S.—Harriet Brown is here now, and much flattered by your remembrance of her. Will you net come and have another *tête-à-tête* in the rumble? Do think of it for next summer.

187.—*To Mr. Empson.*

Edinburgh, 31st January, 1847.

Bless you, great and small, and all that are dear to you—near at hand or far off. Your Friday letters not yet come.

5½.—Here are your letters. But here is uncle John and Harry; and now dinner—and so.

7.—Very nice parched haddock, and loin of roast pork from Rossie, with apple sauce and tomata.—Very well;—but you take my warning about Prince Arthur* too seriously. I am sure you will do what is right and kind, and nothing else. But I think the chances are against him, and that it will be long enough before he gets £800 a year in England, or be as rich at the end of the next ten years by staying here as by going there, however small the riches may be either way. But there is a Providence to whom the shaping of our ends must be left after all, and in whom I am for putting trust cheerfully. Only teach him habits of economy and self-denial, which are the humble elements of proud independence, and I doubt not he will do very well. I return you your letters and ——— Stephens to me, though I would withhold it from all but you; both because these barings of the heart should not be shown, except to one's *other self*, and because there are expressions of tenderness and affection for me which it would be vainglorious in me to exhibit in any other quarter. But you will not so judge, nor doubt me, when I say that I was as much surprised as gratified by those expressions, which I had called out by only a few words of simple and hearty sympathy with his late affliction, and of regard for himself. There is something very touching in his fond and partial (is it not?) account of the poor boy,—though

* A nephew of Mr. Empson.

he probably gave you something like it when you saw him. I am better to-day, and have had a walk with Harriet Brown and by myself. A snow shower in the morning, but the day bright; thermometer 33, and a glorious sunset.

188.—*To Mrs. Fletcher.*

Shanklin, Isle of Wight,
Tuesday, 20th April, 1847.

My ever dear Mrs. Fletcher—

I would have run up to Ryde, and crossed the stormy water to look once more on your affectionate eyes, and hear the kind throb of your long-remembered voice. But I dare not venture as it is, and can only say God bless you ever.

I did not get your kind note till it was too late to answer it by the post of yesterday. We are all very well here, but the poor patriarch who is telling you so—though he is generally in no very compassionate state, and has every reason to be gratified by the prompt and never-failing kindness of those about him, and is sometimes, he fears, rather flattered by the veneration with which he is treated, as the Methuselah of the family, by the imps of the third generation. We have got a very nice house here with a pretty lawn sloping down before it: over the shrubs of which, and the tufts of wood beyond, we have two separate peeps of the blue and lonely sea. The village is very small and scattery, all mixed up with trees, and lying among sweet airy falls and swells of ground, which finally rise up behind to breezy downs 800 feet high and sink down in front to the edge of the varying cliffs, which overhang a pretty beach of fine sand, and are approachable by a very striking wooded ravine which they call the *Chine*. I wish you could have come here and enjoyed the rural solitude and air of sweet repose which is the chief charm of the place

in my eyes. I hope you have had a pleasant meeting with Mrs. Taylor, to whom I beg to be kindly remembered. To Mary I will not send less than my love. We shall stay here till 3d or 4th May, and then go for a week to Haileybury, again before starting for the north. Is there no chance of our meeting before we put the Border between us? At all events, let me know the plan of your summer campaign. I shall be in quarters at Craigcrook, I believe, from May till November; and so with entire respect, and what is much better, most true love, believe me always, my dear Mrs. Fletcher, very affectionately yours.

189.—*To Mrs. Empson.*

Craigcrook, Sunday, 23d May, 1847.

Bless you ever! and this is my first right earnest, tranquil, Sunday blessing, since my return; for, the day after my arrival, I was in a worry with heaps of unanswered letters and neglected arrangements. But to-day I have got back to my old Sabbath feeling of peace, love, and seclusion. Granny has gone to church, and the babes and doggies are out walking; and I have paced leisurely round my garden, to the songs of hundreds of hymning blackbirds and thrushes, and stepped stately along my terrace, among the bleaters in the lawn below, and possessed my heart in quietness, and felt that there was sweetness in solitude, and that the world, whether to be left, or to be yet awhile lived in, is a world to be loved, and only to be enjoyed by those who find objects of love in it. And this is the sum of the matter; and the first and last and only enduring condition of all good people, when their fits of vanity and ambition are off them, or finally sinking to repose. Well, but here has been Tarley, come, of her own sweet will, to tell me, with a blush and a smile, and ever so little of a stammer, that she would like if I would walk with her; and we have been walking, hand in hand, down to the

bottom of the quarry, where the water is growing, though slowly, and up to the Keith's sweetbriar alley, very sweet and resonant with music of birds, and rich with cowslips and orchis; and over the style back to our domains; and been sitting in the warm corner by the gardener's house, and taking cognisance of the promise of gooseberries and currants, of which we are to have pies, I think, next week; and gazing at the glorious brightness of the gentians, and the rival brightness of the peacock's neck; and discoursing of lambs and children, and goodness and happiness, and their elements and connections. Less discussion, though, than usual, in our Sunday Tusculans, and more simple chat, as from one friend to another. And now she has gone to sharpen her teeth for dinner, and tell as much as she likes of our disceptations; and I come back to my letter. We met the boy and Ali early in our ramble, and he took my other hand for a while; but Ali would not trust him in the quarry, and so we parted—on the brink of perdition—and he roared lustily at sight of our peril. You beat us terribly as to weather still; for last night was positively cold with us, ther. at midnight down to 44, and a keen, clear, sharp-looking sky. To-day it has not yet been above 50, and there are but scanty sun-gleams. All which forebodes, if it does not ensure, a late harvest, which will this year be as great a calamity as a scanty one, which it is likely enough to be also. I fear the most of the mortality from famine; and pestilence is still to come even for this year; and it is too painful to think of. I persist in my early rising, and am down at breakfast every morning at 9½; so that you had better be putting yourselves in training, if you mean, as I hope you do, to join with me in the rites of that national meal. I rather think, too, that I am better than my average at Shanklin; though I do not ascribe this either to those virtuous exertions, or the sanitary influence of my court

work, and should be at a loss, indeed, to point out any specific amendment. A line from Harriet Brown this morning: all very well.

190.—*To Mr. Empson.*

Craigcrook, Sunday, 1st June, 1847.

All as well here as yesterday, and all joining in Sunday's blessings on you, and all that is near and dear to you. And is not this enough for a Sunday letter? and a good example—a pattern for you, when you are pleased to soothe and cheer us with your pencillings? I have really very little else to tell you. It was showery this morning, so that Tarley and I had not our usual tête-à-tête ramble. But we had a long and pleasant confabulation, notwithstanding, in which I initiated her into the mysteries of numeration, and pretty well taught her the forms as well as the names of all the cyphers, from 1 to 10, with which she was much interested; and after that we had a disputation on the uses and pleasures of reading, and of the good and object of going to church, though I confined my views chiefly to the *moral* rather than to the religious effects.*

After Mam. returned I read an hour, with much and deep interest, in Arnold's Life and Letters. He must have been a noble fellow, though even he could never have made the system of our public schools other than most mischievous. I wish to heaven I had had the pleasure of knowing him, and hope I may yet, where there will be no doubt about creeds, and no real disagreement among good people. After it cleared up, we all walked together towards Lauriston, &c.

A great man has fallen in Israel! Poor Chalmers was

* This dear child died on the 4th of August, 1850, aged twelve, having survived her grandfather, who would probably not have survived her so long, about six months.

found dead in his bed yesterday morning. He had preached the day before, and sat up rather late preparing to make an important statement in Free Church General Assembly that very day. He was, I think, a great and a good man ; and the most simple, natural, and unassuming religionist I have ever known. I am very sorry that I shall hear his voice no more.—Ever yours.

191.—*To Mrs. A. Rutherford.*

Craigerook, Monday, 21st June, 1847.

My ever dear Sophia—You cannot write a stupid letter if you tried. But I shall show you that I can, and without any extraordinary effort either, as appeareth by this following. I have no news to tell you, and no gossip, nor scandal. Our weather has been summerish of late, but never quite summer. The thermometer seldom up to 60; and many showers. But we are very green and blossomy, and what we hermits call very beautiful. More fastidious people would say this of Lauriston, which was never in greater glory, though a glory I fear the first flush and freshness of which will have departed before you can see it. We have trespassed on its enchanted solitude several times of late, and I have enjoyed several lonely and stately paces along your terrace, in the company of thoughts which did no wrong to its absent mistress. I need not say that we miss you, nor even that we miss no one so much, or that there is no one left whom we should miss so much if he (or she) were to go. Well, but you are coming back, and though midsummer is already past, you will bring brightness and warmth to arrest the chilling of the year.

This you must know is our sweet Maggie's birthday. Six pleasant years being over, during which she has blossomed (through all seasons) by our side, and been all that time the light of our eyes, and the love of our hearts. We have piled up a great bonfire in her honour, round which

the other children, with Maggie Rutherford and her brother (who have been much with us of late), are to dance and sing, when it is lighted after dinner; and we have also hung out a great flag on our topmost tower, which is waving proudly in the wind, and announcing to all the country that this is a day of festival and genial wishes with all who live under its shadow. Does your London finery arm itself with a disdainful smile at our poor village holidaying? Never mind;—one fête in the long run is pretty much as good as another, and the best perhaps is that which gives the least trouble.

I am glad you are well, and expect to be much interested and egayé by the little bits of your London experiences, with which I reckon on your entrusting me when we get within whispering distance of each other once more. How long it does seem since you went, and how short my look forward now is, to the day when we must part for a longer time! I am very tolerably well though, and not a bit more alarmed at the prospect than the six-year old of the day, and the young band that is to celebrate that small anniversary. We expect the residuary Empsons in the first week of July, and fear they will then be soon enough to welcome your return. They leave here about the 28th, but are to stop a week in Yorkshire with his relations.

The Cockburns seem very happy with their Indian revenant George and his little wife, who is about to produce a new grandchild for them, &c.

And so, God bless you, my dear, and send you soon back to your loving friends, and your own quiet, pure, and innocent shades! Have I kept my word with you? and sent you a nice bit of amiable twaddle, and all quite naturally.

Charlotte is down at the sea with the children. We have three female Moreheads here with us—all very agreeable, and one very sick, but I hope on the way of recovery. Ever and ever affectionately yours.

192.—*To a Grandchild.*

Craigcrook, 21st June, 1847.

A high day ! and a holiday ! the longest and the brightest of the year ! the very middle day of the summer—and the very day when Maggie first opened her sweet eyes on the light ! Bless you ever, my darling, and bonny bairn. You have now blossomed beside us for six pleasant years, and been all that time the light of our eyes, and the love of our hearts—at first the cause of some tender fears from your weakness and delicacy—then of some little provocation, from your too great love, as we thought, of your own will and amusement—but now only of love and admiration for your gentle obedience to your parents, and your sweet yielding to the wishes of your younger sister and brother. God bless and keep you then for ever, my delightful and ever improving child, and make you, not only gay and happy, as an angel without sin and sorrow, but meek and mild, like that heavenly child, who was once sent down to earth for our example.

Well, the sun is shining brightly on our towers and trees, and the great bonfire is all piled up and ready to be lighted, when we come out after drinking your health at dinner ; and we have got a great blue and yellow flag hung out on the tower, waving proudly in the wind, and telling all the country around, that this is a day of rejoicing and thanksgiving, and wishes of happiness, with all who live under its shadow. And the servants are all to have a fine dinner, and wine and whisky to drink to your health, and all the young Christies (that is the new gardener's children,) will be taught to repeat your name with blessings ; and, when they are drawn up round the bonfire, will wonder a little, I daresay, what sort of a creature this Miss Maggie can be, that we are making all this fuss about ! and so you must take care, when you

come, to be good enough, and pretty enough, to make them understand why we all so love and honour you.

Frankie and Tarley have been talking a great deal about you this morning already, and Granny is going to take them and Maggie Rutherford and her brother down to the sea at Cramond—that they may tell the fishes and the distant shores what a happy and hopeful day it is to them, and to us all. And so bless you again, my sweet one, for this and all future years. Think kindly of one who thinks always of you; and believe, that of all who love you, there is none who has loved you better or longer, or more constantly, than your loving Grandpa.

193.—*To the Lord Provost of Edinburgh.*

Craigcrook, Thursday Evening,

1st July, 1847.

My dear Lord Provost—My health will not allow me to be at your meeting;* but there will be no one there more truly anxious for its success.

I must confess, however, that it was a great mortification to me, and will ever be a cause of regret, that it should have been found necessary thus to set on foot a new association for carrying into effect the objects which I certainly understood to have been contemplated in Mr. Guthrie's beautiful and admirable appeal, and that I was not in the least prepared for those recent proceedings of the committees to which their promotion was entrusted, by which (whatever may have been intended) it is now apparent and undeniable that a large and very necessitous

* A public meeting of the subscribers to the Original Ragged School; called for the purpose of having it clearly ascertained, whether it was true that the establishment was to be so exclusively Protestant that, practically, Roman Catholic children would not be allowed, or could not be expected, to attend it. The result was the erection of that admirable institution, *The United Industrial School*.

portion of those for whom such schools were required, will be practically excluded from the benefit of them.

I cannot and do not presume to question the perfect purity of the motives by which such men as Mr. Guthrie, Mr. Sheriff Spiers, and their many excellent associates, must have been actuated; nor can I doubt that, under their management, much good will still be effected, though in a far narrower field than that which I expected to see profiting by their zeal, wisdom, and charity. I do not repent, therefore, in any degree, that I had placed a moderate subscription in their hands, before I was aware of the partial disappointment that was impending; and I do not mean or wish to withdraw any part of that subscription.

But when I find men so eminently liberal, conscientious, and judicious, unable to devise any plan for so combining religious with secular instruction, as to avoid offending and alienating others as liberal, conscientious, and judicious as themselves, I must say that I am confirmed and *riveted* in the conviction I have long entertained, that no such combination is possible in the public teaching or administration of any school to be supported by the public at large, or by contributions from all classes of the community; and hold, indeed, the same principle to apply to all endowments or grants in aid of such schools, by the general government of the country. In so far as they are public or general schools, to which the children of all communions are entitled and invited to resort, I think they should aim only at imparting secular instruction, and that their ordinary teachers should meddle with nothing beyond.

It will not, I trust, be inferred from this, that I think lightly of the importance, or indeed question the absolute necessity of early religious instruction. On the contrary, I am decidedly of opinion that no merely intellectual training would be of any value without it, and might often, indeed, be positively pernicious; and so deep is my con-

viction on this point, that I should not object to see it made *imperative* on the parents (or patrons) of all the children sent to these schools, to show that adequate provision had been made for their training in religious knowledge and feelings. But the difference between this and that secular information to which I would confine the general or public teaching, is, that the latter may be best given in common, and at one and the same time, to all who stand in need of it; while the other can never be given, either in peace or with effect, except to each sect or communion of religionists apart.

Why this should be so, or how it should have proved so impracticable to contrive some system of Christian instruction so elementary, and so pure from topics of controversy, as to be acceptable to all who are Christians, is not for me to explain. But it is enough that every day's experience, and the proceedings that have led to the present meeting, afford *absolute demonstration* of the fact. And it is upon this conviction that the experiment of keeping the two kinds of instruction entirely separate, and undertaking only the secular department in the public schools, is, I understand, to be recommended to the meeting.

In this recommendation I most cordially and earnestly concur; and cannot but hope that, if wisely conducted, it may set an example which the growing conviction of reflecting and observing men will soon cause to be followed in every quarter of the land.

I take the liberty of annexing a draft for £25, as my present contribution to the undertaking.—And am always, my dear Lord Provost, very faithfully yours.

194.—*To Mr. Charles Dickens.*

Craigcrook, Blackhall, Edinburgh,
Monday, 5th July, 1847.

My ever dear Dickens—You know I am your *Critic Laureate*; and, by rights, should present you with a birthday offering, on the appearance of every new number. But your births come so fast, that my poor hobbling chronicle cannot keep up with them; and you are far more prolific of bright inventions than I can afford to be of dull remarks. But I thank you, and bless you, not the less (internally) for every new benefaction, and feel that I must thank you this time in words, even though it should tire you; for I am always afraid of falling somewhat out of your remembrance; or rather, perhaps, of your fancying that I am getting too old and stupid to relish and value you as I ought; but, indeed, I am not, and am, in every way, quite as worthy of your remembrance as ever.

I cannot tell you how much I have been charmed with your last number, and what gentle sobs and delightful tears it has cost me. It is the most finished, perhaps, in diction; and in the delicacy and fineness of its touches, both of pleasantry and pathos, of any you have ever given us; while it rises to higher and deeper passions; not resting, like most of the former, in sweet thoughtfulness, and thrilling and attractive tenderness, but boldly wielding all the lofty and terrible elements of tragedy, and bringing before us the appalling struggles of a proud, scornful, and repentant spirit. I am proud that you should thus show us new views of your genius—but I shall always love its gentler magic the most; and never leave Nelly and Paul and Florence for Edith, with whatever potent spells you may invest her; though I am prepared for great things from her. I must thank you, too, for the true and pathetic *poetry* of many passages in this number—*Dombey's* brief

vision in the after dinner table, for instance, and that grand and solemn progress, so full of fancy and feeling, of dawn and night shadows, over the funeral church. I am prepared too, in some degree, for being softened towards Dombey; for you *have* made me feel sincere pity for Miss Tox; though, to be sure, only by making her the victim of a still more hateful and heartless creature than herself; and I do not know where you are to find any thing more hateful and heartless than Dombey. For all I have yet seen, it should only require to see him insulted, beggared, and disgraced.

Perhaps I hate Carker even more, already; so much, indeed, that it would be a relief to me if you could do without him. And I must tell you, too, that I think him the least natural of all the characters you have ever exhibited (for I do not consider Quilp, or Dick Swiveller, as at all out of nature); but it seems to me that a Knight Templar in the disguise of a waiter, is not a more extravagant fiction, than a man of high gifts and rare accomplishments, bred and working hard every day as a subordinate manager or head clerk in a merchant's counting-house. One might pass his extreme wickedness and malignity, though they, too, are quite above his position; but the genius and attainments, the manners and scope of thought, do strike me as not reconcileable with any thing one has yet heard of his history, or seen of his occupations. But I must submit, I see, to take a great interest in him, and only hope you will not end by making me love him too.

Well; but how have you been? And how is the poor child who was so cruelly hustled against the portals of life at his entry? And his dear mother? And my bright boy? And all the rest of the happy circle? And where are you now? And where to be for the summer? And will you not come to see us here (where we shall be constantly with the Empsons, after to-morrow, I hope till October, and after that by ourselves till November)? And

how does the People's Edition prosper? And how does *the embankment* proceed? And do you begin to feel the germs of a prudent avarice, and anticipated pride of purse, working themselves into your breast? And whom do you mostly live with? or wish to live with? And among whom, and in what condition, do you most aspire to die? Though I am not exactly your father confessor, you know I always put you through your Catechism; and I do expect and require an answer to all these interrogatives.

I have been tolerably well since I saw you, though a little more disordered than usual for the last fortnight. However, we have our long holidays after the 20th; and I expect my daughter, with the rest of my grandchildren (we brought two down with us) to-morrow, or next day. We have had quite a cool summer, but are now looking very green and leafy, and with roses in my garden as I should be quite proud to crown you with. But here are people come in upon me, and I have no hope of getting rid of them before the post goes. So God bless you! my dear Dickens; and with the truest love to my true-hearted Kate and all true Dickenses, believe me always, ever and ever yours.

195.—*To Charles Dickens, Esq.*

Craigcrook, Blackhall,

Sunday, 12th September, 1847.

My dear Dickens—I have had a horrid *phlegmon* on my cheek, which, after keeping me in a sleepless fever for a full week, was savagely cut into only four days ago, and is not quite cured yet. Nothing else could have kept back my little laureate offering on your last happy birth, and my thanks for all the pleasure it has given, and all the good it has done me. That first chapter, and the scenes with *Florence* and *Edith*, are done with your finest and happiest hand; so soft and so graceful, and with such de-

licate touches of deep feeling, and passing intimations of coming griefs, and woman's loveliness, and loving nature, shown in such contrasted embodiments of gentle innocence and passionate pride; and yet all brought under the potent spell of one great master, and harmonized by the grace as well as the power of his genius, into a picture in which every one must recognise, not only the truth of each individual figure, but the magic effect of their grouping. You have the force and the nature of Scott in his pathetic parts, without his occasional coarseness and wordiness, and the searching disclosure of inward agonies of Byron, without a trait of his wickedness.

Well, now, but what are you going to do? Somebody was saying the other day, that you were expected in Scotland; but I think you would not have withheld so pleasant a piece of information from me, if you had had it to give. Yet you did tell me something about a possible dinner at Glasgow; and the season cannot be said to be yet over. At all events, let me know.

My daughter and her children (all but my own adopted one) leave us, I grieve to say, in a few days; and after that, we who are left may go for a week into Ayrshire, to divert our *delaissment*; but, after that, we shall be steadily here till November, and I am sure I need not say how glad I shall be to see you. I am still but weak and washy; and feel that it is no light thing for an old gentleman to have a great hole dug in his cheek, with a hard swelling round it, as large as a cross-bun at Easter. The truth is, I fear, that I am very old; and a little thing unsettles, and a little more will overthrow me. And yet my low sun looks lovingly on the world it is leaving, and will sink gently, I hope, and rather in brightness than gloom.

God bless you, and all who are dear to you!—Ever and ever, my dear Dickens, affectionately yours.

196.—*To Mrs. Empson.*

Edinburgh, Friday Night,
7th November, 1847.

Here we are, banished (for a season) from our Paradise, and feeling as Adam and Eve did, the first night they passed in the lower world. I certainly was never so sorry to part from my shades, and never left them so lovely, or so entire, &c.

Well, we came in with sweet Maggie and the birds, just about sunset, and the town looked dark and *wicked*. Your Wednesday letters were our best consolation, and the thought that we should now get them more regularly and earlier.

We left Lady Bell at Craigcrook, waiting for Sophy Rutherford to take her to Lauriston, where there is to be a great dinner to Lord John, Lord James Stewart, and others. Granny and I dined quietly in our duality, and cheered up comfortably enough, at our repast, and over the *resumé* of all our old town divertissements with Maggie, who was bright as an angel, and as happy. We had the play of the red sofa cushion child, and the shadows on the wall, and the wilful mistake of poet Gay for Sir Walter, and the identification of all the handmaidens in the figures of the large pictures over the chimney, besides tossing and dancing, till Buckley came to impose silence on our revels. Granny has not slept any, and I only mused with my head covered, on the sofa. Then we had tea gaily, and some pleasant chat, till I happened to go up stairs, and passing into our room, saw the door open of that little one where *you* used to sleep, and the very bed waiting there for you, so silent and desolate, that all the love, and the *miss* of you, which fell so sadly on my heart the first night of your desertion, came back upon it so heavily and darkly, that I was obliged to shut myself in, and cry over the recollec-

tion, as if all the interval had been annihilated, and *that* loss and sorrow were still fresh and unsubdued before me; and though the fit went off before long, I feel still that I must vent my heart by telling you of it, and therefore sit down now to write all this to you, and get rid of feelings that would otherwise be more likely to haunt my vigils of the night. It will not give you pain, I think, to hear of it; for the pain is over, long over, with me, and you know that I have no regrets now, nor any thing but self-gratulations, and a deep and soothing conviction, to which every day adds strength, that what has been, and is, is best and happiest for all of us, and in all respects what we should have wished and prayed for, except only for the engagements which keep us so much asunder. But recollections will arise, and scenes rush back on the heart, which can only be charmed back to repose by unburdening itself to hearts that understand it; and now the spell has done its work, and I return to the common world.

197.—*To Mrs. Fletcher.*

Craigcrook, Thursday, 18th, 1847.

My dear Mrs. Fletcher—Your kind letter of the 12th did not reach Hayleybury till we were across the Border, and was only forwarded to me last night, &c.

I am very much interested about what you tell me of the early days of poor Allen, and wish I could repay you by any accounts you would care about of his latter days. His life, I have no doubt, on the whole was a happy one, and blameless and amiable. Kind and ever generous in his nature, though somewhat cold, and in appearance only *intellectual*; in his manners and views he enjoyed the respect of all men, and the cordial esteem and confidence of all to whom he was intimately known. I did dine with Lady Holland within four days of his death, when there had been apparent improvement in his symptoms, and she

indulged in sanguine hopes of his recovery. He had undertaken to make a review of Horner's book, but had made but little progress beyond reading it carefully, and making a few notes on the points on which he thought of making observations, &c.

When I said that I had no anecdotes to tell you of Allen, I had forgotten that you might not have heard of his request to be buried at Ampthill, and the motive of it. When the Hollands lost a very sweet young girl, many years ago, Allen was very deeply afflicted, as she had always been a favourite, and a sort of pupil, and never went afterward with the family to Ampthill without going and sitting alone for an hour in the vault where she was laid; and it was in an adjoining vault, which he had constructed at the time, that he ultimately directed his own body to be placed. He also gave white frocks and black ribbons to twenty young girls of the neighbourhood, such as he had dressed and marshalled to assist at her funeral. I think you will like to hear this of your old friend, who had grown very unlike "a young Greek" certainly, and had the air, to most people, of a very unromantic person. I cannot tell you how much we all miss you from our neighbourhood, and how much we secretly cherish a hope that you may in time come to think Edinburgh a fitter place (in winter, at least) than the windy vales of Westmoreland. But I am busy to-day, and can only say, ever, very affectionately yours.

198.—*To Mr. Empson.*

Edinburgh, Saturday, 26th —, 1848.

What the devil are we *to believe* about this new French revolution? nothing but electric telegraphs subsequent to Guizot's resignation, and no information by whom the messages are sent, or how they come. I give no absolute credit, therefore, to any thing said to have happened since,

and positively disbelieve a great part of it. But *there is a revolution*, I take it, and France certainly, and the continent most probably, and England not improbably, are in for a new period of convulsion! It is scarcely possible, I fear, that things should settle down this time as quietly as they did in 1830; and though one must rejoice, in the first instance, at the failure of this insane assertion of arbitrary power, and even at the downfall of a government which has been gradually verging toward illiberal and despotic principles, I cannot say that I augur any thing but evil (in the first instance at least, and to the liberal party in this country) from this outbreak. An example of successful democratic insurrections against regular authority are feared and eschewed by the timid, the cautious, and, generally speaking, by the prudent, moderate, and comfortabler classes among us; and these in peaceful times must always be the leading classes, and, in truth, the only *safe* leaders at any time; and it would require a far greater outrage than that of suppressing the banquets, &c. to make this class in any way tolerant of mobs breaking into senate houses and palaces—burning the fine furniture, and parading the vacated throne in mockery about the streets—and still less of a sudden proclamation of the abolition of monarchy, and the adoption of a full democracy. And so, though I do not think we shall join in a new holy alliance for the restoration of legitimate sovereignty by foreign bayonets, I do expect that conservation will again be in the ascendant, and all advance in liberal or popular legislation arrested, or pushed back among us for a long time, by the alarm and repugnance that this coarse triumph of a Parisian populace will excite. The whole affair is nearly as much a mystery to me as ever; but I now incline to believe that the ultimate catastrophe is to be ascribed rather to the *relenting* of old Louis P. than to his being actually overmastered—my theory being that he reckoned (most foolishly and GUILTILY, when there was any risk at all) on his vast force

detering the discontented from any actual resistance ; and that when he found they could not be got under (when joined by the National Guard) by a sanguinary conflict, he shrank from butchering 10,000 or 20,000 of his subjects by his regular army ; and though probably quite sure of ultimately gaining a complete and bloody victory, thought it better, when brought to this dreadful alternative, rather to try the effect of compassion, or even submission, than go to an issue under which the most complete success must have made Paris uninhabitable for him or his descendants, and himself an object of loathing and deserved infamy to all succeeding generations. He has probably failed in the attempt to compromise, but even then, I would fain hope, has not repented the resolution, at all events, to avoid that savage effusion of blood ; and with that resolution, I do trust that his conquerors, if indeed he is conquered, will sympathize with and copy him. It also strikes me that this furious outbreak is truly to be traced to the want of that very electoral reform which its authors were so unwisely baffled in seeking by other means—it being but one more example of the general truth, that in all intelligent communities, public opinion, if refused its legitimate vents, will burst its way through the close system of the government ; but here, luckily for you, is dinner. Good-bye.

7½.—It is very foolish writing up this to you, from the provinces ; but it is difficult to think of any thing else, and I must write to you all that I am thinking. Granny writes also, however, and will supply the domestic chapter. Not out of court till four, Saturday though it be. A good large party last night. All our snow gone, and weather vernal again, though not quite so fine as you make yours. Heaven bless you all.—Ever, yours.

199.—*To Mrs. A. Rutherford.*

Hayleybury, Friday, May 1848.

My ever dear Sophia—I write to you with a heavier heart than ever I did before.* But it helps to lighten it that I am sure of your sympathy, and perhaps I take a gloomier view of our position than is reasonable. Bright came last night. He thinks the disease still progressing, though slowly, but is satisfied that the cure must now be a work of time; and therefore thinks it better that she should make an effort to go to Craigcrook at once rather than wait till moving might be less safe, and staying here indefinitely liable to many objections; and is of opinion that no material hurt can come of her now going, either by easy railway stages, or by water, and I think we have now pretty much fixed that she shall go by sea next Wednesday evening, either with her own maid and good motherly White to help her, or with White, and Maggie, and Mrs. Buckley, while I go by train the same morning, either with Maggie and Buckley, or with the three other children and their mother and maids, leaving poor Empson to follow alone, when his holidays will let him, about a fortnight after.

The last scheme is most in favour to-day and would certainly be most agreeable to us all except for its unfairness to E., who is too kind and generous to say any thing against it. But one way or another, if no impediment arises, I think there will be a move to the north next Wednesday, and would to heaven it were well over, for I cannot yet contemplate it and the temporary separation it implies without great anxiety. I was resolved at first to embark with C., but she was earnest against it, and the recollection of my liability to sinking and faintness on any violent in-

* Mrs. Jeffrey was very ill.

testinal disturbance, has made me feel that the experiment of encountering sea-sickness would be too rash, and might frighten and disturb poor C. more than my poor presence could comfort her; and, with two attendants, I do trust that she will be at least as well off as if I was with her. We of the train will stop a night at Carlisle, and be home to prepare for the voyagers.

The poor patient bears up as yet delightfully, and I hope her charming constitutional cheerfulness will still remain with her, though she is a little low by fits already, and often, I fear, uncomfortable. But they talk of long courses of mercury, &c., and I dread she has much to go through. She is perfectly aware that she may have a long confinement, &c., but I do not think reckons on much suffering, and seems to make no question of an ultimate recovery, and of course we take care not to frighten her.

This is very sad, and almost unfair to you, my dear Sophia. But you see how I lean on your indulgence. I am myself tolerably well, though those things do me no good. I shall probably write again before we actually start. All the rest are well, and so God bless you always, my dear, and believe me ever and ever yours.

200.—*To a Grandchild.*

Craigcrook, 20th June, 1848.

My sonsy Nancy!—I love you very much, and think very often of your dimples, and your pimples; and your funny little plays, and all your pretty ways; and I send you my blessing, and wish I were kissing, your sweet rosy lips, or your fat finger tips; and that you were here, so that I could hear, your stammering words, from a mouthful of curds; and a great purple tongue (as broad as it's long;) and see your round eyes, open wide with surprise, and your wondering look, to find yourself at Craigcrook! To-morrow is Maggie's *birthday*, and we have built up a

great bonfire in honour of it; and Maggie Rutherford (do you remember her at all?) is coming out to dance round it; and all the servants are to drink her health, and wish her many happy days with you and Frankie; and all the mammys and pappys, whether grand or not grand. We are very glad to hear that she and you love each other so well, and are happy in making each other happy; and that you do not forget dear Tarley or Frankie, when they are out of sight, nor Granny either—or even old Granny pa, who is in most danger of being forgotten, he thinks. We have had showery weather here, but the garden is full of flowers; and Frankie has a new wheel-barrow, and does a great deal of work, and *some mischief* now and then. All the dogs are very well; and Foxey is mine, and Froggy is Tarley's, and Frankie has taken up with great white Neddy—so that nothing is left for Granny but old barking Jacky and Dover when the carriage comes. The donkey sends his compliments to you, and maintains that you are a cousin of his! or a near relation, at all events. He wishes, too, that you and Maggie would come, for he thinks that you will not be so heavy on his back as Tarley and Maggie Rutherford, who now ride him without mercy. This is Sunday, and Ali is at church—Granny and I taking care of Frankie till she comes back, and he is now hammering very busily at a corner of the carpet, which he says does not lie flat. He is very good, and really too pretty for a boy, though I think his two eyebrows are growing into one—stretching and meeting each other above his nose! But he has not near so many *freckles* as Tarley—who has a very fine crop of them—which she and I encourage as much as we can. I hope you and Maggie will lay in a stock of them, as I think no little girl can be pretty without them in summer. Our pea-hens are suspected of having young families in some hidden place, for, though they pay us short visits now and then, we see them but seldom, and always alone. If you and Maggie were

here with your sharp eyes, we think you might find out their secret and introduce us to a nice new family of young peas. The old papa cock, in the mean time, says he knows nothing about them, and does not care a farthing! We envy you your young peas of another kind, for we have none yet, nor any asparagus either, and hope you will bring some down to us in your lap. Tarley sends her love, and I send mine to you all; though I shall think most of Maggie to-morrow morning, and of you when your birth-morning comes. When is that, do you know? It is never dark now, here, and we might all go to bed without candles. And so bless you ever and ever, my dear, dimply pussie.—Your very loving Grandpa.

201.—*To Mr. Empson,*

(On receiving a proof of part of Macaulay's History.)

Craigcrook, Sunday.

But I have your nice Friday letter with its precious enclosure, which I have devoured with a greedy and epicurean relish. I think it not only good, but admirable. It is as fluent and as much coloured as Livy; as close and coherent as Thucydides; with far more real condensation, and a larger thoughtfulness than either; and quite free from the affected laconisms and sarcasms and epigrams of Tacitus. I do not know that I ever read any thing so good as the first forty pages; so clear, comprehensive and concise, so pregnant with deep thought, so suggestive of great views, and grand and memorable distinctions. What follows about the effects of the Reformation, and the circumstances which really gave its peculiar (and I have always thought mongrel) character to the Church of England, though full of force and originality, and indispensable to the development of his subject, are, to me, less attractive, and seem somewhat to encumber and re-

tard the grand march on which he had begun. But he will soon emerge from that entanglement, and fall into the full force of his first majestic movement. I shall send back these sheets to the Albany to-morrow, unseen, certainly, by any eye but my own. I suppose they are already thrown off, or I would suggest the alteration of two or three words and some amendment of the *punctuation*, &c.

I have been looking into Sir W. Hamilton's edition of Reid, or rather into one of his own annexed dissertations "On the Philosophy of Common Sense;" which, though it frightens one with the *immensity* of its erudition, has struck me very much by its vigour, completeness, and inexorable march of ratiocination. He is a wonderful fellow, and I hope may yet be spared to astonish and overawe us for years to come. Do look into that paper, and make Jones look at it, and tell me what you think of it. But I am also reading Bulwer's *Lucretia*, which is a remarkable work too. You should read it all, but Charley may stop, if she pleases, (and I think she will please) at the first volume, which, in so far as I have read, is by far the most pleasing part of the work. I have always thought Bulwer a great artist, and with so much more profound and suggestive remarks than any other novelist, not excepting Sir Walter, though not comparable either to him or Dickens, in genial views and *absolutely true* presentiments of nature, &c.—Ever yours.

202.—*To Mr. Cayley.*

Craigcrook, Tuesday, 8th August, 1848.

My very dear Cayley—A great calamity has fallen on you, and you must bear it.* It will be hard to bear; and you will long feel its bitterness and its weight. But you

* The death of Mrs. Cayley.

have duties that must not be deserted, and affections that must be met and cherished, and will turn at last to comfort and soothing. Heaven support and direct you. I cannot tell you how much we have all been afflicted and surprised by this sad intelligence. She was so well, and so full of heart, and hope, and kindness, in that short glimpse we had of her in London in May. And now all that light is extinguished—and so suddenly! I sit up in bed to write this to you, having been confined (and with a good deal of pain) for the last ten days, in consequence of a sharp surgical operation I had to undergo to get rid of an old wen on my leg. But I could not rest last night for thinking of you, and Sir George and all the rest of your house of mourning; and feel that it relieves me to give you this needless assurance of my deep sympathy, and indeed true participation, of your sorrow. Ever since the days, now dim and distant, of our first intimacy at Edinburgh, I have always regarded myself almost as one of your family, and I am sure nobody out of it can feel more constant interest in all of you. You will not consider my writing, therefore, as an impertinence; I am sure you would not, if you could see into my heart at this moment, and indeed I feel sure that you will not, though I feel too that I can do you no good by writing. But you must let me know, by and by, how you come on; and I trust that your delicate health has not suffered materially by this shock.

Mrs. Jeffrey is almost well again, though still weak and thin. I have my daughter and all her children with me. They will stay out the summer, and Empson also —And so God bless you, &c.

203.—*To Charles Dickens, Esq.*

Craigcrook, 5th November, 1848.

My dear Dickens—We must not grow quite out of acquaintance, if you please! &c.

You have put my name alongside of your own, on a memorable little page, and have solemnly united them again, on the head of a child, who will live, I hope, neither to discredit the one, nor to be ashamed of the other. And so, for the sake even of decent consistency, you must really take a little notice of me now and then, and let me have some account, as of old, of your health and happiness—of your worldly affairs, and your spiritual hopes and experiences—of your literary projects and domestic felicities—your nocturnal walks, and dramatic recreations—of the sale of cheap copies, and the conception of bright originals—of your wife and children; in short, your autumn migrations and winter home—of our last parting, which was more humid than usual, and our next meeting, which, alas! I feel to be more and more uncertain.

We have had a good deal of sickness, though really but very little sorrow, in our home this year. But we are all better now, and the continued welfare and gayety of the children and grandchildren should make the grandfather and mother ashamed, if they let themselves be depressed by their own natural infirmities. We make a very good fight against them accordingly, and I hope do not materially depress those around us by the spectacle of our not ungentle decay. I was charmed to find you giving signs of life the other day by an advertisement of a new Christmas book, though I can make but a poor guess at its scope by the ——— title you have given it. You must let me have an early copy of it, I think, but not if at all inconvenient, or against the wish of the publishers, &c.—Ever affectionately yours.

204.—*To Mr. Empson.*

Edinburgh, Monday, 7 o'clock, 1848.

We had no letter this morning, but suppose nothing worse than your being too late for the Saturday post, which will bring us the *post scriptum* to-morrow afternoon, &c.

It is a superb winter day, bright and calm; and we had a grand and pensive walk from Granton pier to Newhaven—the sea rippling slow and shrill among the pebbles, and the sky majestically hung, all over the west, with rich canopied clouds, of crimson and deep orange.

A very good *Examiner* I think this last. I fancy I should like to read those letters and reliques of old William Taylor. Is he any relation of Sarah's? There is something very creditable in the extreme frankness with which he and Southey tell each other of their faults; though it makes an odd contrast with the soreness and intolerance with which they both receive any similar intimations from other quarters, &c.

205.—*To Mr. Empson.*

19th January, 1849.

I have been reading Sidney's Lectures, which I told you Mrs. Smith had sent me; and have been so much struck with their goodness, cleverness, vivacity, courage, and *substantial modesty*, that I have loudly retracted my former judgment, that they would do him no credit, and ought not to be published. I now think them nearly as good as any thing he ever wrote; and far better, and more likely to attract notice, than any of his sermons, or most of his reviews; and have consequently recommended an enlarged impression for general use (she had only printed 100 for private circulation). I am very glad to make this *amende*, and I make it most conscientiously. I had read

but a few lectures in *manuscript*, when I formed the unfavourable opinion I expressed to her some years ago; and suppose I must have fallen on bad specimens, though I doubt not I was (too much) guided by a preconceived conviction that dear Sidney had never taken the trouble to master the subject, or any part of it, and merely thrown out to his shallow Albemarle Street auditory a frothed-up *rechauffé* of Brown and Stewart, from imperfect and mistaken recollections. I do not yet believe that he took much pains, or fitted himself to grapple with the real difficulties of the subject. But it is surprising how bravely and acutely he has clutched at the substance of most things; and how pleasantly he has evaded, or extricated himself from, most perplexities.

206.—*To John Macpherson Macleod, Esq.*

(Late of the Civil Service, Madras, one of the authors of the Indian Penal Code.)

[Mr. Macleod had sent Lord Jeffrey a copy of a very able pamphlet by him, "On some popular objections to the present Income Tax," in which he endeavoured to show that the objections to it, because of its inequality, as applied to temporary and to permanent incomes, were groundless.]

Edinburgh, Thursday Night,
15th February, 1849.

My dear M'Leod—I have read your little tractate with very great pleasure and admiration. It is a pattern of precise and vigorous reasoning, beautifully lucid, and delightfully concise. I am proud of it for your sake, and for the confirmation it affords of the opinion I have long held, of your eminent qualifications for this kind of writing, as well as for the hope it suggests that the success it must meet with may tempt you to employ that fine and dexterous hand on other and more important subjects, for I must tell you that, though you have made a dazzling fence of dialectics, and gained a triumph over the narrow

battle array which you have been pleased to assign to your opponents, I am not satisfied that you have broken their substantive strength, or done more than oblige them to form their old objections anew, on a ground less exposed. I am a desperate heretic, in short, and proclaim myself, not only unconverted, but unshaken in all the substantial articles of that creed, on *one formula* of which you have made so brilliant an assault. But I despair of being able to render you a reason for my belief, till I have more leisure for such an exposition, than I can venture to hope for, for some time to come. My first movement was merely to thank you for your book, and to tell you how charmingly I thought it written, as soon as I had done reading it. But then, as I was conscious of a resolute dissent from all its practical conclusions, it occurred to me that it would not be fair to you not to let you know this, nor to myself not to enter into the grounds of that disagreement; and so I put off my acknowledgments, in the hope of being able to make them in a manner more worthy of the occasion, and of the confidence there should always be between us. But I have been so long detained in court, and so worried with other cases out of it for the last week, that I have found it impossible to find a single quiet hour in all that time for this purpose; and seeing no prospect of any relief for weeks yet to come, I have sat desperately down, at this midnight hour, to disburden myself of this *impenitent* confession, and to try to tell you, in two sentences, the general nature of the grounds on which I am compelled to refuse any adhesion to doctrines which I foresee will now have many proselytes.

The root of my objection is—that I conceive no tax, on what *you* understand by *income*, can be otherwise than unjust and unequal, and that it ought in all cases to be laid substantially on *property*. I think it a very reasonable proposition, that men should contribute for the support of the government which protects their interests, as nearly as

possible in proportion to the value of the interests protected; and that in this, as in every other case, they should be required to pay only as, in vulgar phrase and fact, they *can afford* to pay. Every one feels and acts upon this plain maxim in ordinary life. The man who has a fixed and perpetual income *spends more* of it than the man with one that is temporary or precarious, and thus pays a larger share of all taxes laid on consumption or expenditure. In the same way he is expected to pay, and *does pay*, more in charity and voluntary benefactions. Why, then, should he not pay his direct taxes in the same proportion? and be required to relieve the necessities of the state, as he feels it his duty to do those of the destitute? and subscribe to the exchequer in the same higher column which he occupies among the contributors to the Infirmary or ragged schools? This is the view which common sense and common feeling impress, I believe, on all men, and out of which no logical refinements can ever drive them.

But if we must come to quilllets and quiddities, and embarrass ourselves with logomachies and verbal distinctions, I say, that *income* derived from realized property is *generically a different thing* from income derived from labour, or any other source, and that the short and temporary annuities, about which all your reasonings are conversant, do not, properly speaking, constitute *income at all*, but are really instalments of capital formerly invested, and now repaid in this fashion, and should no more be taxed as income than any other form of capital. Take this illustration:—I sell a farm for £10,000, which is all paid over in one year. I formerly paid income-tax on my *rent*, and now pay it on *the interest* only of the price. But suppose the bargain is, that the price should be paid in *five yearly instalments* of £2000 each, will anybody say that for these five years I am to pay as for an income of £2000 a year? But is this substantially different from the case of a man who buys an annuity of £2000 a year for five years, at a

price of £9000 or £10,000. Before the purchase, he only paid income-tax on *the interest* of the price so invested, and why should he pay more on the annual instalments by which, in substance and reality, that investment is merely replaced to him? and it is the same with all terminable annuities. All that exceeds *the interest* of the price originally paid for them, or rather the interest of their present value, is truly an instalment of the principal repaid; and *income-tax* should only be paid on the part which is interest.

You observe somewhere, that the holder of a *short* annuity, if he does not like to pay tax on its annual amount, may sell it, and purchase a *perpetual one* with the money, when he will only have to pay on a smaller income. But, supposing this conversion to be always practicable, can any thing present so strange a picture of gross and unjust inequality, as that a man, whose actual means, wealth, credit, and power of spending, remain substantially the same, should pay four times as much, one year as another, as direct tax on all that property, merely in consequence of a change in the mode of its investment? The tax now is but light, and people grumble and submit to it. But if it were substituted for all other taxes, and consequently raised from 3 per cent. to 20 or 25, it is quite plain that no more capital would be invested in terminable annuities, and that the holders of temporary and precarious incomes would be driven into actual rebellion—as the inequality, though not really greater than now, would be then found intolerable.

When I say that the tax can only be fairly laid on property, I do not mean that it should not be actually so levied on any thing but income, but only that it should be so levied on an income representing property, and proportionate to it—on the actual receipts—that is, where these are the permanent proceeds of property, and, in all other cases, only on such parts of the annual receipts as can be shown to be what the actual present value of what is vested in the party, could produce annually in all time to come. I do

not propose, therefore, to tax income derived from realized property higher than any other *income*, but only to discriminate those parts of the annual receipts of other persons, which are truly *the income*, or *permanent* proceeds of the sum of their possessions, from those parts which are truly varying investments of the principal, and to charge the tax only on the former.

I am afraid I do not make this so clear as you would do, if you were of my way of thinking. But my notion is, that the only definition of *income*, which can ever make it a fair basis of taxation, is, that it is the annual produce of some property or vested value, which remains entire to the owner, after yielding such produce. Such undoubtedly is the definition of *the income* of those who live on the rents of land, or the interest of lent money; and if they pay only a certain portion of this *income* to the state, it is inconceivable to me how any other persons should be required to make a proportional payment, except out of an income of the *same description*. If it is required out of annual receipts of any other description, it is not paid out of income, in the same sense as that paid by landlords or monied men. But I take their case as the standard; and not proposing at all to enhance the assessment on them, or in any way to tax prospective or reversionary interests, I mean merely to bring the incomes of other persons down to their standard—to reduce it to its true value, according to that standard, and to tax it equally and alike.

The proposition then is, that all men should be taxed, only on that part of their annual receipts which it can be shown that the present value of all they are vested with might yield annually, in all time to come. The owners of land and of lent money pay only on what is thus yielded, and why should the owners of any other source of produce pay on any thing else? There may be practical and insurmountable difficulties in adjusting the actual levy of the tax in certain quarters, but no difficulty at all in fixing *the*

principle, or even in applying it, in the great majority of cases.

In that of the holders of fixed annuities for definite terms, there would be no difficulty at all. The present value of the annuity may be calculated with absolute certainty, and the ordinary interest on that value, brought to a capital, would show the taxable amount of his income ;—all beyond being as much realized portions of the principal, as if the landlord, in addition to his rents, were every year to receive the price of a farm which he had directed to be sold.

The case of *life* annuities, or incomes, as they are called, may be a little more difficult, as not admitting at once of a precise arithmetical solution. But every one knows that the present value of these also, is every day calculated in the insurance offices, and may therefore be brought to a capital as easily as the former.

Professional incomes are no doubt more perplexing, but are so plainly within the principle, that I have not the least doubt that an able actuary, with all the *data* before him, could make a very reliable estimate of the probable present value of all the future receipts of any professional person, or at least a pretty near approximation to such an estimate. And here I am tempted to observe, that I have not been at all moved by the case you state at page 15, and which rather seems to be addressed to the feelings than to the judgment of your readers, since, in my view of the matter, there would be no higher per-centage charged on the *proper income* of either of the parties, than on that of the other. The present value of all the future annual receipts of the man now actually drawing £10,000 a-year, would be estimated, say at ten years' purchase, and brought to a capital of £100,000, and on the ordinary interest of that or some £25,000 a-year, he would have to pay tax just as his less prosperous brother did on the interest of the £4000 or £5000 which yielded his income of £200. If you did not mean to suborn our feelings a little on behalf of your arguments, why make the retired capitalists

the least healthy and wealthy of the two? It is quite as common a case to find a jobbing lawyer retired on a fortune of £100,000, and a sickly scholar plodding on at the bar, and not earning £200 a-year by his precarious practice. But would it *then* seem unjust to say that he ought not to be made to pay, as if this £200 was secured for ever by a capital of £5000, which was also entirely at his disposal?

I am aware that there may be difficulties in showing that the excess over the interest of the estimated present value of a future professional income is to be regarded as instalment of capital, and so distinguishable from income, as in the case of fixed incomes, or annuities for life or terms of years; and I feel that I have not now time, or strength, to enter into the necessary explanation. But my notion generally is, that this excess, too, is truly but a replacing or realizing of a vested capital, and so not fit to be taxed as income, more than in the other cases. Part of this capital is the money actually expended (or invested) by or for the party himself in his education, and in the books, instruments, or tools necessary for carrying on his profession. But the greater part, no doubt, (for this might soon be replaced,) must be held to consist in the talent, industry, strength, and ambition with which his Maker (like a munificent parent) has endowed him, and invested, so to speak, in his person, to be *reproduced* in the shape, not merely of pecuniary gain, but of gratitude, affection, and fame. It is only with the worldly profits that we have now to do, and these I conceive are to be considered as truly the return, or reproduction in a material form, of that intellectual capital, which is at all events wholly consumed and expended in the result, and does not remain, after yielding this temporary produce, like the lands or lent money of the landed or monied man. It comes under the same category, therefore, with that part of the temporary annuitant's receipts which is over the ordinary interest of its present value, and plainly resolves itself into a partial repayment of invested capital.

But it is past two o'clock, and so good night, and God bless you! I shall be ashamed, I daresay, to look over this to-morrow!

Friday morning.—And *I am ashamed*;—pretty thoroughly, both of the length and the crudity; and therefore, though I see much to be supplied, I do not venture to add any thing. Only, you will understand, that I apply the views last stated to the case of incomes derived from *trade* and *manufactures*, holding that the only proper or taxable income, in these cases, is that constituted by the interest on the stock at any time held in the concern, and that all *surplus* receipts are to be considered as *capital* in a state of transition. I had something to say also as to the modifications the argument may receive from the income-tax being taken as *temporary* or *perpetual*, as to which I think you have fallen into some fallacies, and as to the income derived from mere labour, or the wages of unskilled artizans, though I think you will easily guess how I would deal with these questions.

And so at last I have done, and feel sure that however you may pity my judicial blindness, you will not be at all angry at the irreverent petulance with which you know (I hope) that I claim the privilege of talking *inter familiares*.

I fear we shall never thoroughly understand each other, even on these subjects, till we have a long midnight conversation at Craigcrook, or St. Kilda,* where we can hold our Tusculan disputation face to face, without the nausea of reading and writing these dull and blotty pages. Remember though, that I am not, by many degrees, so confident and presumptuous as these familiar petulances would make me appear to the uninitiated; so that, if you will put yourself right, and me as wrong as you please, in a future edition, you will find me as meek and submissive as a lamb, and ready to make any *palinode* (do you know that word of the Canonists?) but in the mean time I hold you at defiance!

* St. Kilda belongs to Mr. Macleod.

And so God bless you again my dear M'Leod. We are all pretty well here, and actually meditating a run up to your latitudes about the beginning of April, though I cannot help having misgivings as to the prudence of such a movement on Charlotte's part. She has, I thank God, had no recurrence of her malady for many months; but has been living so very careful and cautious a life that I shrink from the prospect of any such disturbance of it, when the time comes, and certainly shall run no risks.

I trust Mrs. M'Leod has got over her influenza long ago. This sweet vernal weather should scatter the seeds of all such disorders.—Ever and ever yours.

207.—*To Mr. Empson.*

(On seeing a letter about Macaulay's History.)

Craigcrook, Tuesday, 20th March, 1849.

My dear E.—I have read ——'s letter with some surprise. I really do not know what it is that he would exact from a historian—a deduction it seems to be, and authentic announcement of all the great “universal and eternal truths,” which it is supposed that a due consideration of events would enable him to establish in *law, religion, political economy, and morals!* A modest addition this to the province and task of a historian; and in regard to sciences, too, in which what are held to be established truths by one set of authorities, are impugned as pestilent heresies by another as weighty. If there are catholic and eternal truths, now so proved and matured as to be capable of being demonstrated in any of these sciences, it is plain at least that this can only be done by reasoning and controversy, and not by dogmatic deduction from the local history of a very brief period; and I cannot think it any part of the historian's duty to supply this demonstration. If it be, at least, it must be admitted that it is a duty which has been hitherto neglected. No historian that I know of, either ancient or modern, has professed or at-

tempted to add such an encyclopædia to his chronicle. Macaulay *has* made one addition to the task, that of exhibiting, not only the great acts and great actions of the time, but the great body of the nation affected by these acts, and from whose actual condition they truly derive, not merely their whole importance, but their true moral character. By this innovation, he has, to the conviction, I think, of all men, added so much, not only to the interest, but to the utility and practical lessening of history, that I feel confident it will be universally adopted, and no future writer have a chance of success who neglects it. But the addition which ——— now requires and demands, indeed, under pain of most grave censure, would be quite as much an innovation; and, instead of adding to the interest of our histories, would render them unreadable for all but the indefatigable indagators of transcendental truths. But I deny utterly the two propositions upon the assumption of which all this *anathema* is rested—1st. That Macaulay has aimed chiefly at interesting and entertaining his readers; and 2d. That he has (either studiously or indolently) put them on a scanty allowance of instruction, admonition, or suggestion. As to the last, I will maintain boldly to the face of ——— and any twelve select jurymen he may himself name, that no historian of any age has been so prodigal of original and profound reflective suggestion, aye and weighty and authoritative decision also, on innumerable questions of great difficulty and general interest; though these precious contributions are not ostentatiously ticketed and labelled as separate gifts to mankind, but woven with far better grace and effect, into the net tissue of the story. And then, as to his aiming only to interest and amuse, I say, first, that, though he has attained that end, it is only incidentally, and not by aiming at it, as an end, at all; and, second, that, in good truth, it is chiefly by his success in the higher object at which he did aim that he has really delighted and interested his readers. The vivacity and colour of his style

may have been the first attraction of many to his volumes; but I feel assured that it is the impression of the weight, and novelty, and clearness of the information conveyed—the doubts dispelled—the chaos reduced to order—the mastery over facts and views formerly so perplexing, and now so pleasingly imparted, that have given the book its great and universal charm, and settled it in the affections of all its worthy admirers.

I forgot to say that *the general* historian has hitherto been dispensed from settling all debateable questions in law, public policy, religion, &c., by leaving these to writers who confine themselves each to one of these great subjects. Hallam writes a *constitutional* history—and others, histories of *commerce—philosophy—religion—and law*; and very large and very valuable works are produced under these titles. But what dimensions would a work assume that undertook to embody *all* these, or even the substance of them, in a general history. Macaulay has been reproached with expanding the history of four years into two large volumes; I think quite unjustly. But how many would he have required if he had attempted to incorporate with his narrative a satisfactory deduction of all the great truths upon which it had any bearing? He has given details and *reasons* too—very fully in so far as they were necessary to the exposition of the great truths which *he did propose* to establish. For I take it that *it was* with a view to certain great truths that his history was undertaken; and these, which I think it has made out beyond all future contradiction, are—1st, the *intolerable and personally hateful* tyranny of the Stuarts; 2d, the absolute *necessity* of at least as radical and marked a revolution as was effected in 1688; and, 3d, the singular felicity with which that revolution was saved from the stain of blood, and all crimes of violence, by the peculiar relation in which William stood to the dynasty, and the still more peculiar character and European position of that great prince. Had he not been in the line of succession we should have

had an attempt at a new commonwealth, and another civil war; and had he not been partly an alien, and looking more to European than merely English interests, the victory in that war must have been of one section of the people over another, with all the ranklings and aggravated antipathies, which the mere predominance of a sort of neutral party or common umpire tended to suppress and extinguish. On these points, I think Macaulay has made out triumphantly—and not by eloquent and lively writing, but by patient and copious accumulation and lucid arrangement of facts and details, often separately insignificant, but constituting at last *an induction* which leaves no shade of doubt on the conclusion. This book, therefore, has *already*, in the course of three little months, scattered to the winds, and swept finally from the minds of all thinking Englishmen, those lingerings of Jacobite prejudice, which the eloquence and perversions of Hume, and the popular talents of Scott and other writers of fiction, had restored to our literature, and but too much familiarised to our feelings, in the last fifty years. This is a great work, and a great triumph, and ought, I think, so to be hailed and rejoiced in. All *convertible* men must now be disabused of their prejudices, and all future generations grow up in a light, round which no cloud can again find means to gather. As to the objections that he is too much on a footing of personal intimacy with his characters, I cannot say I see much weight in it. If he speaks of them with more confidence than we should feel entitled to do, I am willing to think that this is because he has been at pains to get at more knowledge of them. And with regard to the most remarkable, the means of getting very minute knowledge were fortunately very abundant. Halifax, and Churchill, and Sunderland, and Burnet, are drawn from their own writings and recorded sayings; and I have no idea that the accuracy of M.'s portraiture of any of them will ever be seriously questioned.

208.—*To Charles Dickens, Esq.*

Craigcrook, 27th July, 1849.

My ever dear Dickens—I have been very near dead; and am by no means sure that I shall *ever* recover from the malady which has confined me mostly to bed for the last five weeks, and which has only, within the last three days, allowed me to leave my room for a few hours in the morning. But I must tell you, that, living or dying, I retain for you, unabated and unimpaired, the same cordial feelings of love, gratitude, and admiration, which have been part of my nature, and no small part of my pride and happiness, for the last twenty years. I could not let *another* number of your *public* benefactions appear, without some token of my private and peculiar thankfulness, for the large share of gratification I receive from them all; and therefore I rise from my couch, and indite these few lines (the second I have been able to make out in my own hand since my illness), to explain why I have not written before, and how little I am changed in my feelings towards you, by sickness, or a nearer prospect of mortality. I am better, however, within these last days; and hope still to see your bright eye, and clasp your open hand, once more at least before the hour of final separation. In the mean time, you will be glad, though I hope not surprised, to hear that I have no acute suffering, no disturbing apprehensions or low spirits; but possess myself in a fitting and indeed cheerful tranquillity, without impatience, or any unseemly anxiety as to the issue I am appointed to abide.

With kindest and most affectionate remembrances to your true-hearted and affectionate Kate, and all your blooming progeny, ever and ever, my dear Dickens, affectionately yours.

209.—*To Mr. Alexander Maclagan, Edinburgh,*

(Who had just sent him a volume of his Poems.)

24 Moray Place, Friday, 4th January, 1850.

Dear Sir—I am very much obliged to you for the poems,

and the kind letter you have sent me, and am glad to find that you are meditating an enlarged edition.

I have already read all these on the slips, and think them, on the whole, fully equal to those in the former volume. I am most pleased, I believe, with that which you have entitled "Sister's Love;" which is at once very touching, very graphic, and very elegant. Your summer sketches have beautiful passages in all of them, and a pervading joyousness and kindness of feeling, as well as a vein of grateful devotion, which must recommend them to all good minds. "The Scorched Flowers" I thought the most picturesque. Your muse seems to have been unusually fertile this last summer. It will always be a pleasure to me to hear of your well-being, or to be able to do you any service.

If you publish by subscription, you may set me down for five or six copies; and do not scruple to apply to me for any farther aid you may think I can lend you. Mean time, believe me, with all good wishes, your obliged and faithful, &c.

210.—*To Charles Dickens, Esq.*

Edinburgh, 16th January, 1850.

Bless you, my dear Dickens, and happy new years for centuries to you and yours! A thousand thanks for your kind letter of December, and your sweet, soothing Copperfield of the new year. It is not a hinging or marking chapter in the story of the life, but it is full of good matter, and we are all the better for it. The scene with Agnes is the most impressive, though there is much promise in Traddles. Uriah is too disgusting; and I confess I should have been contented to have heard no more of the Micawbers. But there is no saying what *you* may make of them, &c.

It cheers and delights me, too, to have such pleasing accounts of the well-being and promise of your children; and it is a new motive for my trying to live a little longer,

that I may hear of the first honours attained by my name-boy. God bless him, and all of you!

We are all tolerably well here, I thank you; Mrs. Jeffrey, I am happy to say, has been really *quite well* for many months, and, in fact, by much the most robust of the two. My fairy grandchild, too, is bright and radiant through all the glooms of winter and age, and fills the house with sunshine and music. I am old and vulnerable, but still able for my work, and not a bit morose or querulous; "and by the mass the heart is in the trim." I love all that is loveable, or can respond to love as intensely as in youth, and hope to die before that capacity forsakes me.

It is like looking forward to spring to think of seeing your beaming eye again! Come, then, to see us when you can, and bring that true-hearted Kate with you,—but not as you did the last time, to frighten us, and imperil her. Let that job be well over first, and consider whether it had not better be the last? There can never be too many Dickenses in the world; but these *overbearings* exhaust the parent tree, and those who cannot hope to repose in the shade of the saplings, must shrink from the risk of its decay.

I daresay you do right to send one boy to Eton; but what is most surely learned there is the habit of wasteful expense, and, in ordinary natures, a shame and contempt for plebeian parents. But I have faith in races, and feel that *your* blood will resist such attainments. You do not think it impertinent in me to refer to them? I speak to you as I would to a younger brother. And so God bless you again, and ever, yours.

211.—*To Mr. John Crawford, Alloa.*

(Who had sent him a volume of his Poems.)

Edinburgh, 6th January, 1850.

Dear Sir—I am very much obliged to you for the pretty little volume you have had the kindness to send me, and

beg to offer you my sincere thanks for the honour you have done, and the pleasure you have afforded me. For though it only came to my hands yesterday, I have already read every word it contains, and have really been much gratified by the perusal. It has always been a source of pride and satisfaction to me to find so many of my countrymen, in the humbler and more laborious walks of life, addicted to pursuits so elevating and refined as those with which you appear to have dignified and solaced your hours of leisure; and particularly gratifying when they succeed in these lofty endeavours, as I think you may be said to have succeeded. Not, however, that I think you, strictly speaking, will attain either fortune or fame by your poetry, but because you have done enough to show that you have acquired a genuine relish for those ennobling studies, and a capacity for enjoying an elegant amusement, which will both promote your moral culture, and bring you into contact with minds of a higher order than might otherwise have claimed affinity with you.

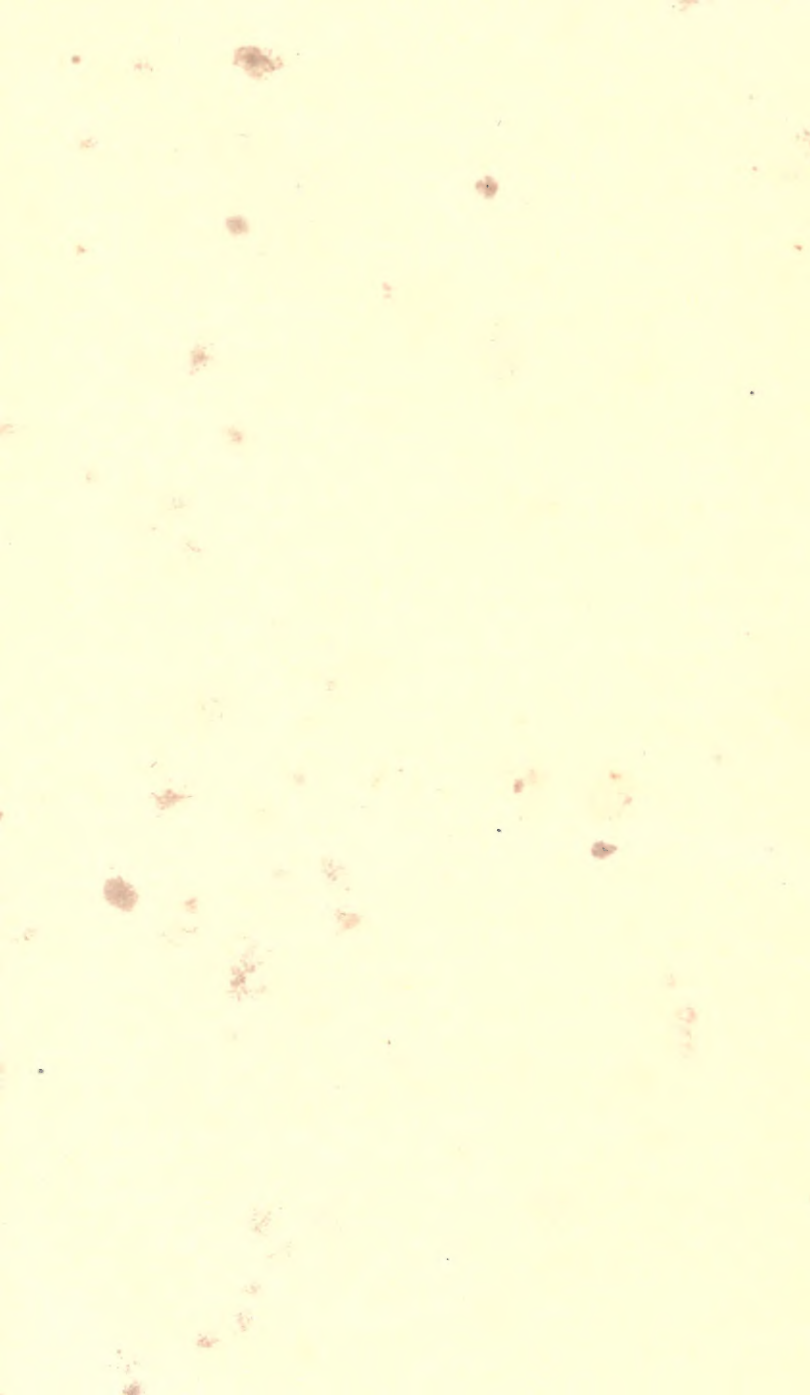
There is much graphic beauty, and many pleasing touches of kindly feeling, in almost all your pieces. But I am most pleased with those that embody the boundless tenderness of maternal affection, or shadow forth the ineffable loveliness of sinless and trusting childhood. Indeed I have always been charmed, and in some measure surprised by the delicate soft-heartedness which has so generally distinguished the recent poetical productions of our Scottish tradesmen and artizans, and which contrast so favourably with the license in which many of their rivals in higher stations indulge.

It will give me pleasure to hear of the success of your modest publication, and still more to be able to do you any service. Meantime, believe me, with all good wishes, your obliged and faithful.

THE END.







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